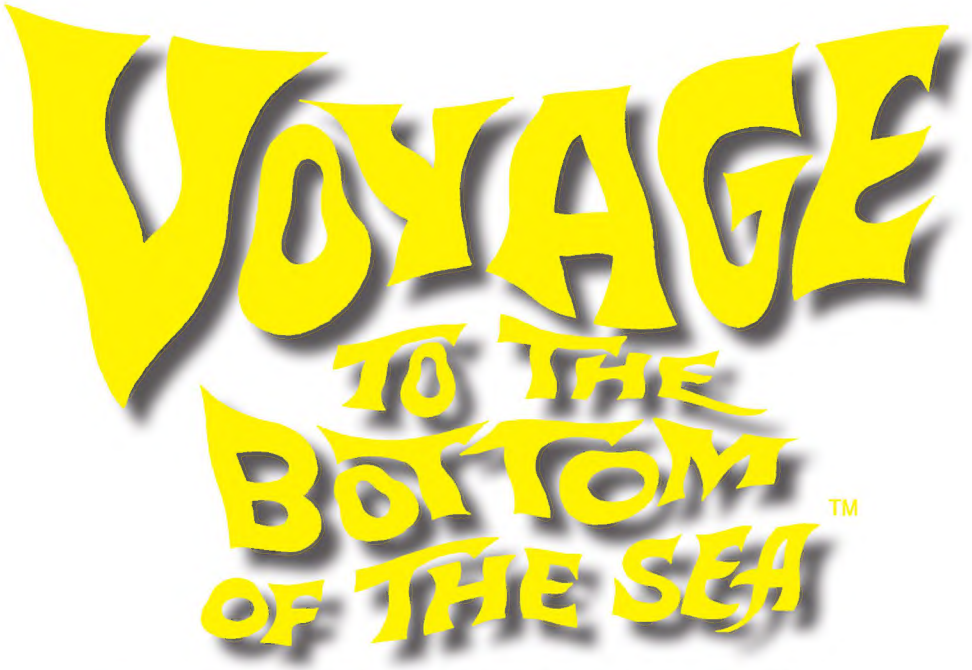
Hp
Voyage
To The
Bottom
of The Sea™
THE COMPLETE SERIES: VOLUME ONE



THE COMPLETE SERIES: VOLUME ONE

HERMES
PRESS
neshannock, pennsylvania

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From Dan, Louise, Sabrina, and D'zur for Gort and Maya

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Acknowledgments

Hermes Press would like to thank Sheila Allen, Kevin Burns, John Jashni, and the folks at Synthesis Entertainment for their permission to reprint the comic book stories featured in this volume. Also of great assistance was Anthony Taylor, a dedicated *Voyage to the Bottom of Sea* fan (incidentally, he'll be penning the intro for the final volume in this series) for getting the ball rolling, so-to-speak.

Publisher's Note

Forty-three years ago the Herman family took a trip to the great city of Denver. During a stop at one of the town's large department stores I bought a copy of the fourth issue of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* which is one of the stories reprinted in this volume. I was hooked. All the kids in my neighborhood in Amarillo, Texas were already fans of the show, now we had the comic book incarnation of the series to read as well. I can remember that my dad read the book with me on that day almost half-a-century ago, and the funny thing is, he thought it was pretty neat too! We at Hermes Press hope that this reprint provides contemporary readers with some good ole fashion storytelling and maybe, for some of us, a trip down memory lane.

— *Daniel Herman*, Publisher

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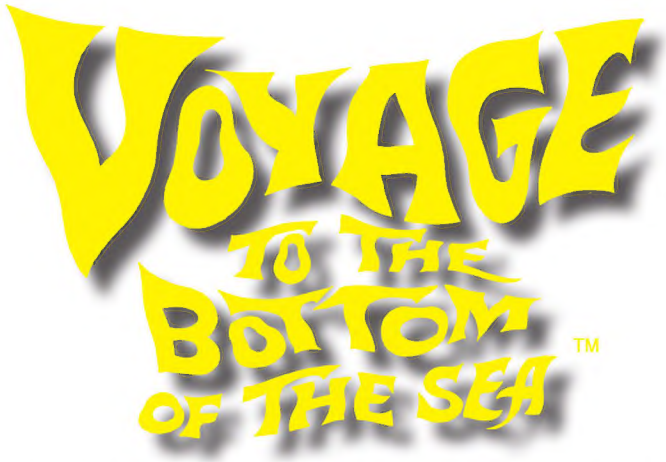

THE COMPLETE SERIES: VOLUME ONE

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SEE THE VAN ALLEN RADIATION BELT SURROUNDING EARTH EXPLODE!

RIDE A FABULOUS NUCLEAR SUPER-SUB THROUGH A SEA OF CRASHING ICEBERGS!

FLEE A RAIN OF FIRE FROM THE SKY!

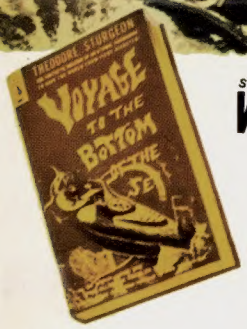
RACE FROM OUTER SPACE TO SEVEN MILES BELOW THE SEA...WITH AMAZING AQUANAUTS OF THE DEEP!

20th Century-Fox presents

IRWIN ALLEN'S VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

BATTLE PREHISTORIC OCTOPODS IN THE TREACHEROUS UNEXPLORED DEEP!

CINEMASCOPE AND BREATHTAKING COLOR by DE LUXE



STARRING

WALTER PIDGEON · JOAN FONTAINE · BARBARA EDEN · PETER LORRE
ROBERT STERLING · MICHAEL ANSARA and FRANKIE AVALON

PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY **IRWIN ALLEN** SCREENPLAY BY **IRWIN ALLEN** and **CHARLES BENNETT**

Hear **FRANKIE AVALON** sing: "VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!"

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Introduction

Voyage Back to the 1960s

It all started in July, 1961 when the movie *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* was released in theaters and became a surprise hit of the summer. Despite a cast including Walter Pidgeon (as Admiral Harriman Nelson), Peter Lorre, and Joan Fontaine, all the kids watching the movie knew who (or what) the real star of the film was: the super-neat submarine, Seaview. The rights for the comic book adaptation of the movie were licensed to Dell Publishing and saw print in the company's anthology title *Four Color Comics* in issue #1230 (1961).

By 1964, Irwin Allen, the film's producer, had successfully pitched a small-screen incarnation of the concept that became the ABC television show *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*. The show premiered on the tube on September 14, 1964. Admiral Nelson was now portrayed by seasoned actor Richard Basehart and David Hedison was cast as the captain of the Seaview – he'd originally been picked to helm the super-sub for the film but turned the role down. The show ran for four seasons and was licensed to Western Publishing as the basis for a series of comic books, the first six issues of which are contained in this volume.

In the 1950s and 1960s comic book publishers had periodically turned to the movies and television for properties to supplement their own titles, but it was Dell that led the pack with such fare. Dell published comic book versions of such popular TV shows as *77 Sunset Strip*, *Sea Hunt*, and *Zorro*. Movies featured in Dell comic books ranged from John Ford and John Wayne's classic *The Searchers* to the Ray Harryhausen fantasy *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*. While it may not be obvious with today's emphasis on comic book superheroes, there was a time when publishers of "four color books of comics" offered an extremely broad range of material. The drug store comic racks were filled with funny books offering adventure, war stories, comedy, romance, horror, sci-fi, good girls, and crime stories. After the infamous hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency in 1954, the Comics Code Authority was created which imposed tight censorship on the industry. Dell, however, did not participate in the Comics Code; it was too big and financially successful to be bothered. Dell might have been the name in the little rectangular logo on the comic books, but Western Publishing and Lithography were really the folks who actually packaged and prepared the company's wares.

By 1962 Dell's management decided to try to produce its own products, the result: the two companies split with Western taking all the

U.S. one sheet, movie poster, 27 x 41 inches, from *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*.

good licenses and creating its own company, Gold Key. The series of comic books reprinted here were published under the Gold Key logo and were in production longer than the show. The last issue, #16 – even if it was a reprint of issue #6 – has a publication date of April, 1970.

The stories presented in these comic books, attributed to comic book veteran writers Dick Wood and Marshall McClintock, mirror the tone of the show quite effectively. The plots have a very 1950s-1960s sensibility: science and technology, that is the Seaview and its leaders, can always solve a problem.

For years Western had developed a staff of dependable writers and free-lance artists to create its products. The artists frequently relied upon by the company for its adventure titles included (among others) Alex Toth, Russ Manning, Jesse Marsh, Dan Spiegle, Phil DeLara, Harvey Eisenberg, Mike Arens, Bob Fujitani, Tom Gill, Frank Bolle, Al McWilliams, Frank Thorne, Mike Sekowsky, George Tuska, Don Heck, and Alberto Giolitti. The last four of these artists pencilled the stories in this book.

It should also be apparent from the dustjacket of this collection, as well as from the artwork gracing the covers in this volume, that they are more reminiscent of pulp magazines than comic books. Gold Key was famous for its painted covers. The artist responsible for the six cover compositions prefacing each story is George Wilson. During his career he painted literally thousands of book and comic book covers including art for such titles as *Turok, Son of Stone*, *Magnus Robot Fighter*, *Dr. Solar*, *Star Trek*, *Space Family Robinson*, *Boris Karloff Tales of Mystery*, *The Twilight Zone*, and *The Phantom*.

The comic book storytelling presented in the six "episodes" featured in this volume is indicative of what the best professionals in the business were capable of turning out during the 1960s. The stories are well paced, use multiple "camera angles," effective composition and cutting, from one scene to the next, and create the scope and look of a theatrical movie. Not bad for comic books. The first issue of the series was pencilled by Mike Sekowsky. Sekowsky was born in 1926 and attended the School of Industrial Arts in New York. By the early 1940s he had found work on superhero strips the like of *Captain America* and the *Human Torch*. He also spent considerable time paying his dues, doing anything he could do to get work, which included churning out "funny animal" strips. In the 1950s he worked in a number of venues in virtually every genre. Sekowsky developed an intelligent and thoughtful style of storytelling, which helped him get in the door at DC Comics in 1954. His work was an interesting mix of action/adventure storytelling told in a more cartoony style, which clearly owes a debt to master comic book artist Alex Toth. The un-Tothlike aspect of his work was that many of his heroes appear to be in need of a diet. Today he is best remembered for his eight years of service pencilling DC Comics' *Justice League of America* from 1960-1968.

The art for the second story presented in this reprint, "The Monsters of the Moho," was pencilled by artist George Tuska. Tuska has had a varied career as an artist of comic strips and comic books. He was born in 1916 in Hartford, Connecticut. He studied at the National Academy of Design in New York and got his first work in the business at the Will Eisner/Jerry Iger studio. He went on to work for the Harry "A" Chesler (the "A" was his middle name and not an initial, hence it's always in quotation marks) comic shop producing artwork for Fawcett publication's Captain Marvel titles. As with most artists in the comic book business he made the rounds and found work in various venues. In 1954 he started a five-year run on the newspaper strip *Scorchy Smith*; from 1959 to 1965 he pencilled the daily installments of *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*. He also did double duty turning out artwork for Marvel on the *Iron Man* and *Daredevil* titles and,

of course, for Gold Key. He ended his artistic career working on a *Superman* newspaper strip.

The third comic book adventure in this collection, "The Jonah Cruise of the Seaview," was pencilled by one of the most underrated artists to work during the Silver Age of comic books, Don Heck. Heck was born in Jamaica, New York in 1929 and got his art education reading *Terry and the Pirates*, taking correspondence courses, and at vocational school. He was in the first class to graduate from what is now known as New York State Tech. By 1949, Heck got his first work in the business in the production department of comic book publisher Harvey. By 1954, he was working at Marvel Comic's predecessor, Atlas. By the 1960s he had loads of work with Marvel collaborating with editor Stan Lee on such strips as *The Avengers* and *Iron Man*. Although remembered primarily as an artist of superhero fare, his best work was with adventure strips telling tales of mortals in unusual adventures as in *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*.

The final three stories in this volume were pencilled by artist Alberto Giolitti with assistance from Giovanni Ticci. Giolitti's 54-year career as an artist of comic book stories spanned three continents and the production of thousands of pages of art. Fans of comic books probably know him best as the definitive artist for Western Publishing mainstay *Turok, Son of Stone*. Giolitti was born in Rome in 1923. When he was a mere 16-years-old he was already hard at work providing illustrations for a local magazine. He attended the Academy of Fine Arts in Rome and later the University of Rome. Even though he could have worked painting movie sets and designing film poster artwork the call of creating art for comic books lured him to New York City in 1946 to work in the business. Kind of. Because Giolitti only had a transit visa, he couldn't stay; his next port of call was Venezuela, where he made a brief pit stop quickly moving on to Argentina where he spent the next several years honing his skills as an artist. By 1949 he was back in NYC with plenty of samples which landed him work with Western. Giolitti provided artwork for a number of titles for Western including *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon* and *Tonto – The Lone Ranger's Companion*. He also helmed television tie-in adaptations such as *Gun Smoke*, *Have Gun, Will Travel*, and *Tales From Wells Fargo*. In short order Giolitti became a US citizen, married an American wife, and had loads of assignments to boot. Fate intervened though and Giolitti and his family went back to Italy to take care of his ailing father. What had been anticipated as a brief stay turned into a permanent move.

In order to help him with production on his various assignments Giolitti took on an assistant in 1960, Giovanni Ticci. Ticci assisted Giolitti for seven years, providing backgrounds, and later working on figures as well, for such titles as *Turok, Son of Stone*, *Boris Karloff Tales of Mystery*, *The Twilight Zone*, and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*.

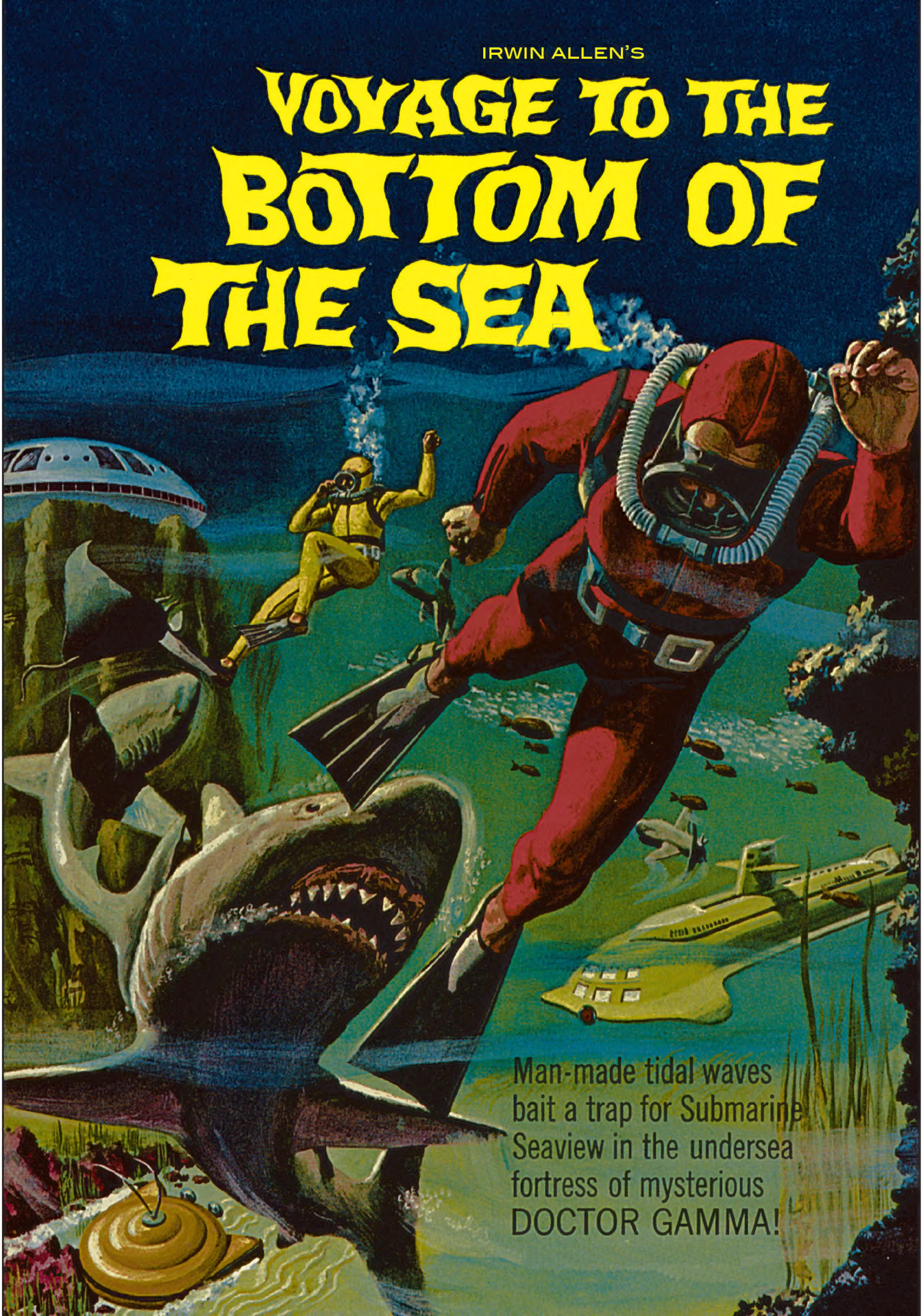
By 1962 Giolitti had set up a shop to deal with his assignments and to help out a number of his artist friends. The shop worked on dozens of projects including Gold Key's *Star Trek*. Even after the demise of Gold Key and Western Publishing's successor Whitman, he continued to draw tales of adventure, science-fiction, and the old West, until his untimely death in 1993.

Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea combined the creative talents of producer Irwin Allen and the actors, actresses, production designers, and special effects staff to produce a television show that is fondly remembered by legions of grown-up kids forty-five years after its premiere. The result of this symbiosis was a television show that has become a classic of sorts; its comic book incarnation, the product of several of the more talented comic book artists of the era was a worthy counterpart. So without further adieu, on to the stories.

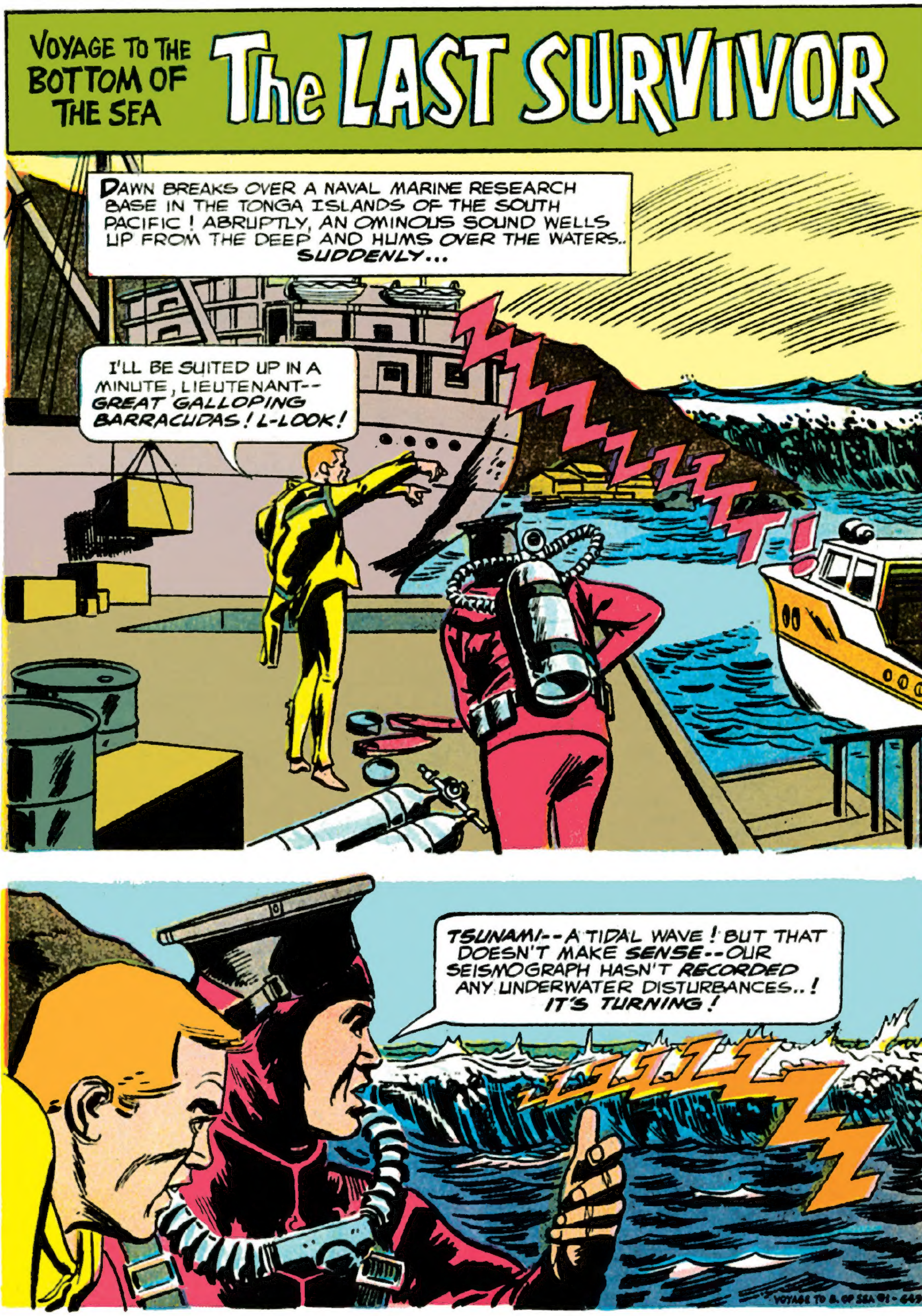
— Daniel Herman

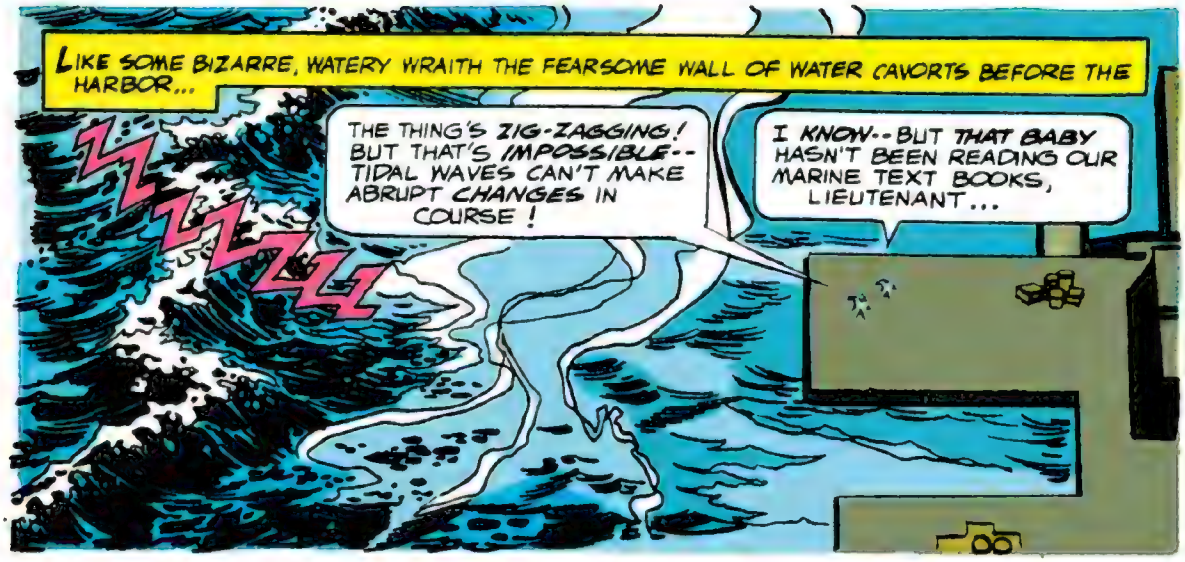
IRWIN ALLEN'S

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA



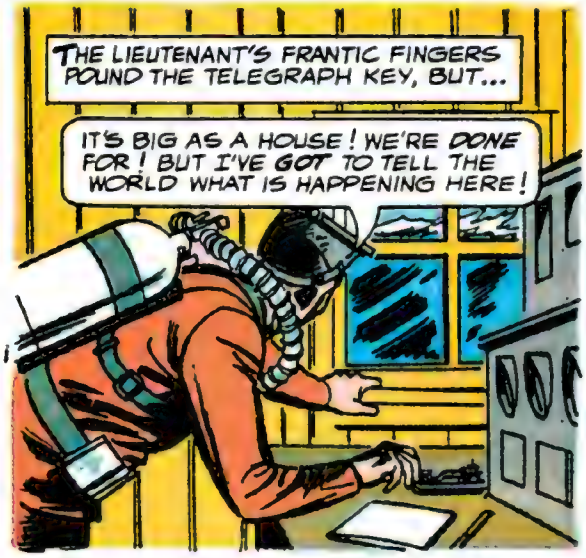
Man-made tidal waves bait a trap for Submarine Seaview in the undersea fortress of mysterious DOCTOR GAMMA!


VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
The LAST SURVIVOR
DAWN BREAKS OVER A NAVAL MARINE RESEARCH BASE IN THE TONGA ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC ! ABRUPTLY, AN OMINOUS SOUND WELLS UP FROM THE DEEP AND HUMS OVER THE WATERS.. SUDDENLY...
I'LL BE SUITED UP IN A MINUTE, LIEUTENANT-- GREAT GALLOPING BARRACUDAS ! L-LOOK !
ZZZZZZZT!
TSUNAMI--A TIDAL WAVE ! BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE--OUR SEISMOGRAPH HASN'T RECORDED ANY UNDERWATER DISTURBANCES..! IT'S TURNING !


LIKE SOME BIZARRE, WATERY WRAITH THE FEARSOME WALL OF WATER CAVORTS BEFORE THE HARBOR...
THE THING'S ZIG-ZAGGING! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- TIDAL WAVES CAN'T MAKE ABRUPT CHANGES IN COURSE!
I KNOW--BUT THAT BABY HASN'T BEEN READING OUR MARINE TEXT BOOKS, LIEUTENANT...

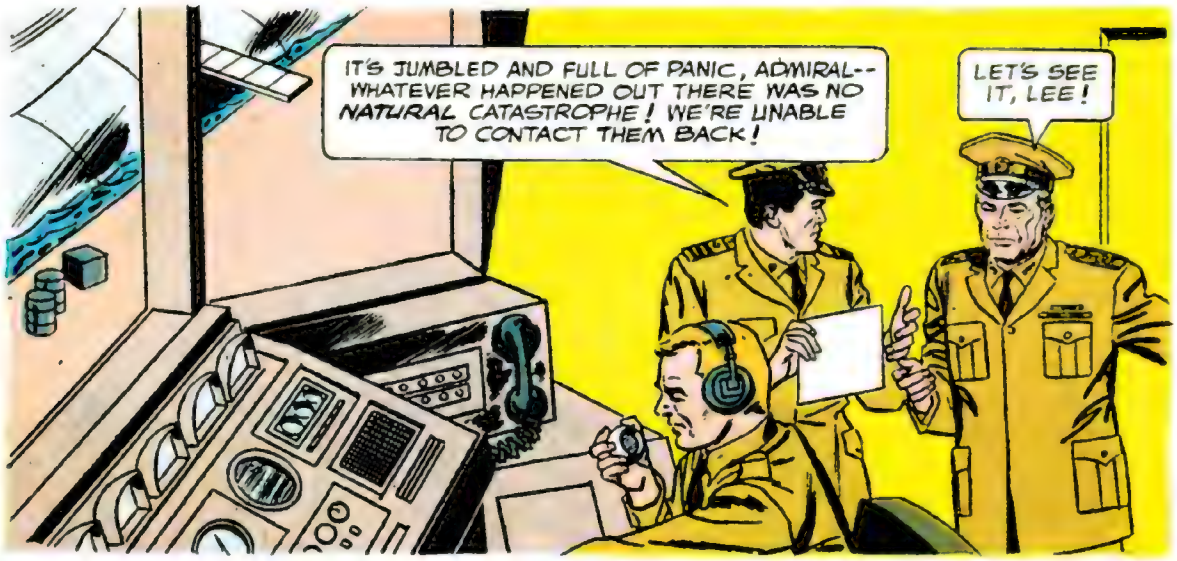
THAT HUMMING SOUND, LIKE ELECTRICITY-- WHAT IS IT?
YIPES! SHE'S MAKING A RIGHT TURN...

DEAD AT US!
SOUND THE ALARM-- ALERT THE MEN! I'LL TRY AND BUST OUT AN SOS!


THE LIEUTENANT'S FRANTIC FINGERS POUND THE TELEGRAPH KEY, BUT...
IT'S BIG AS A HOUSE! WE'RE DONE FOR! BUT I'VE GOT TO TELL THE WORLD WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE!

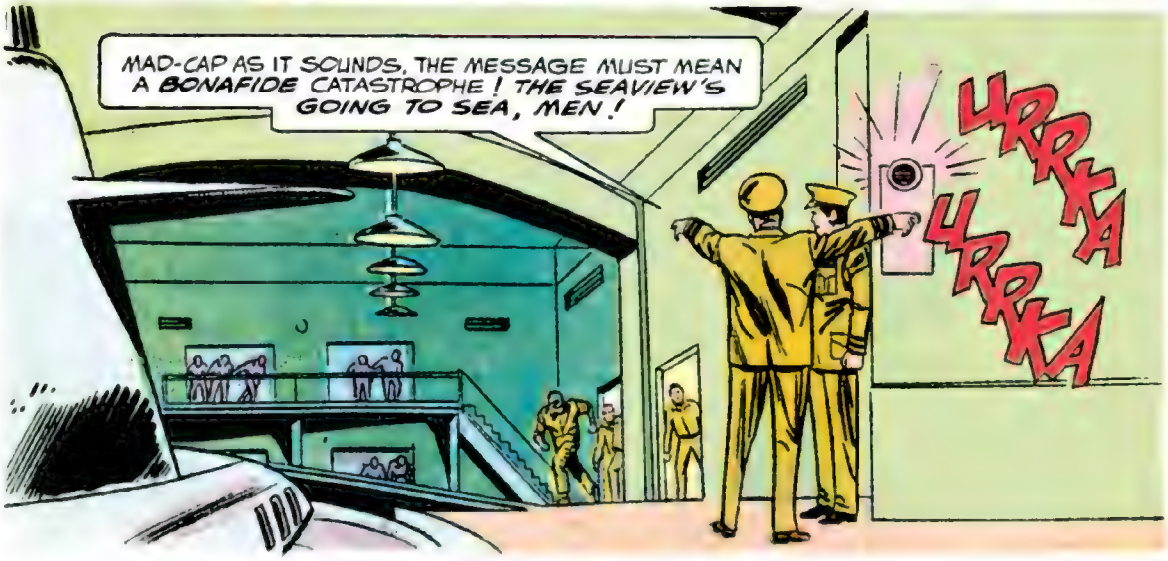
THE NELSON INSTITUTE...THE CREW OF THE SEAVIEW--G-GOT TO G-GOT A MESSAGE TO THEM...
DIT DIT DAH

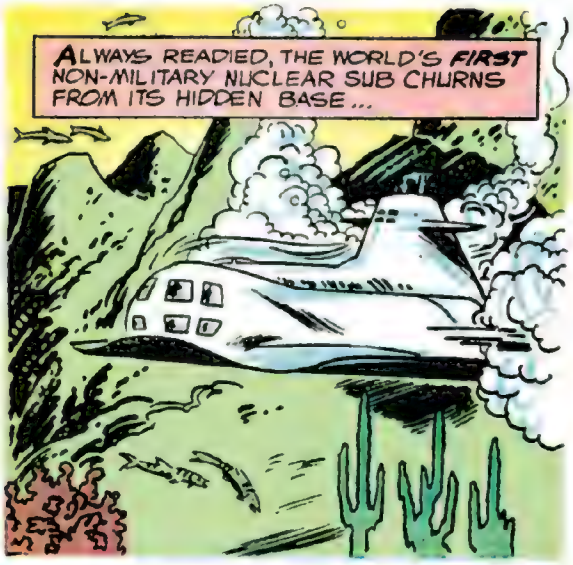
THEN, THE MONSTROUS TONS OF WATER STRIKE... UNLEASHING THE FURY OF A RUPTURED BOULDER DAM...

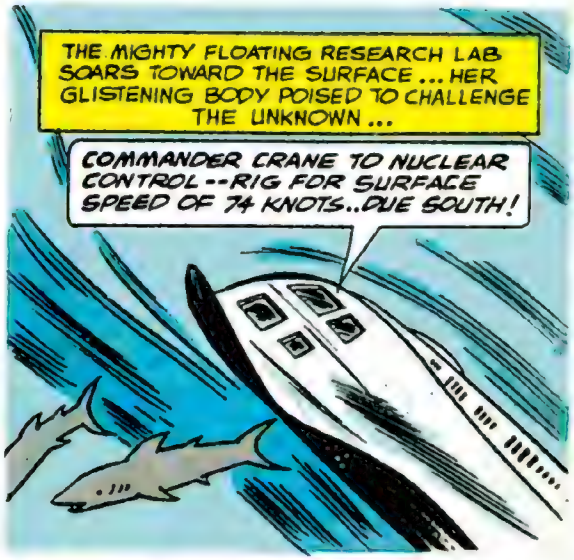

IT'S JUMBLED AND FULL OF PANIC, ADMIRAL-- WHATEVER HAPPENED OUT THERE WAS NO NATURAL CATASTROPHE! WE'RE UNABLE TO CONTACT THEM BACK!
LET'S SEE IT, LEE!

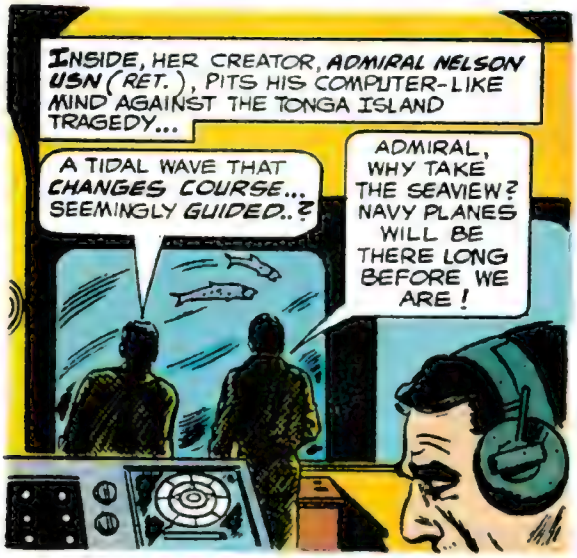
"MONSTROUS TIDAL WAVE... GUIDED BY UNKNOWN FORCE... SWINGING ABOUT TO HIT US HEAD-ON.. HELPLESS.. STRANGE BUZZING SOUNDS .. FISKE.."
PRETTY WILD, LEE! WHAT'S THIS FISKE MEAN?

IT MUST BE LT. FISKE, ADMIRAL -- HE WAS STATIONED THERE... WORKED ON ONE OF OUR MARINE RESEARCH TEAMS ONCE!
I SEE, AND OUR MEN ARE TRAINED NOT TO PANIC IN AN EMERGENCY..

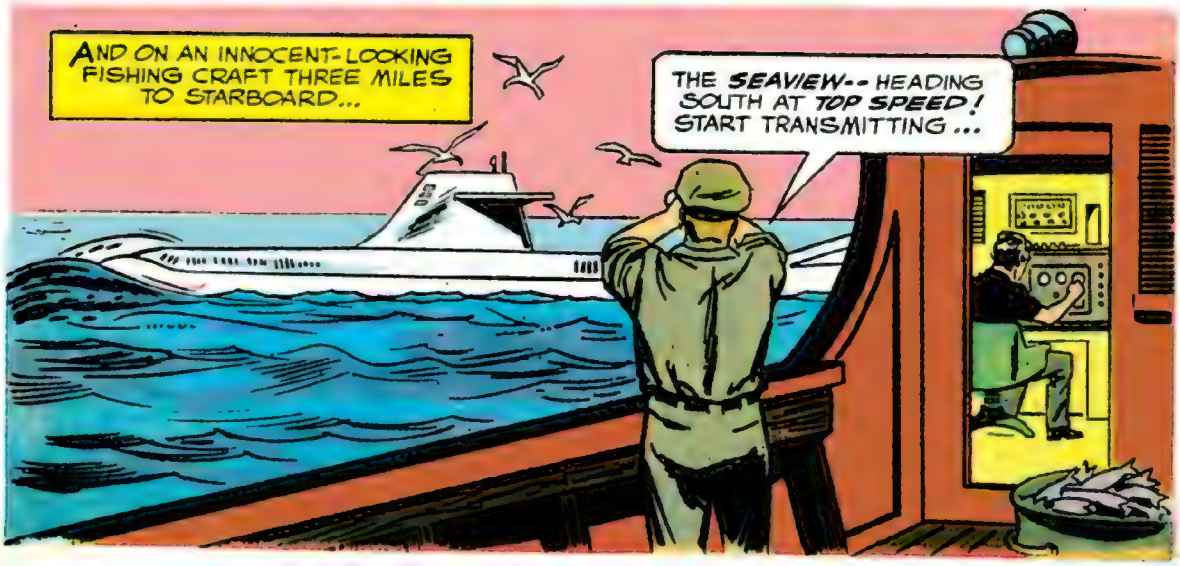

MAD-CAP AS IT SOUNDS, THE MESSAGE MUST MEAN A BONAFIDE CATASTROPHE! THE SEAVIEW'S GOING TO SEA, MEN!
URRKA
URRKA

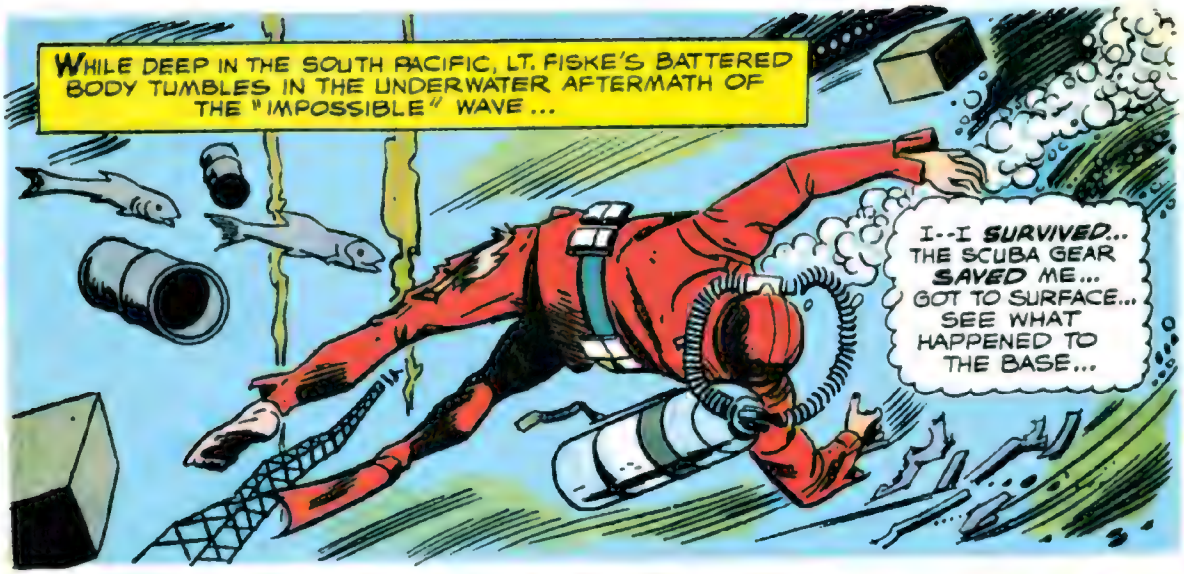

ALWAYS READIED, THE WORLD'S FIRST NON-MILITARY NUCLEAR SUB CHURNS FROM ITS HIDDEN BASE...


THE MIGHTY FLOATING RESEARCH LAB SOARS TOWARD THE SURFACE ... HER GLISTENING BODY POISED TO CHALLENGE THE UNKNOWN ...
COMMANDER CRANE TO NUCLEAR CONTROL -- RIG FOR SURFACE SPEED OF 74 KNOTS..DUE SOUTH!

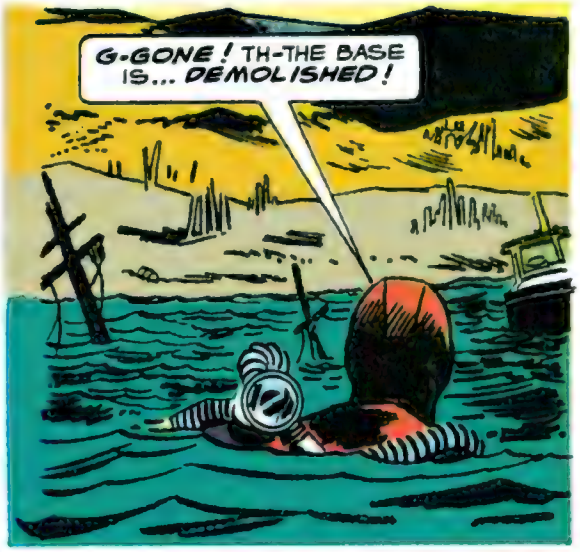

INSIDE, HER CREATOR, ADMIRAL NELSON USN (RET.), PITS HIS COMPUTER-LIKE MIND AGAINST THE TONGA ISLAND TRAGEDY...
A TIDAL WAVE THAT CHANGES COURSE... SEEMINGLY GUIDED..?
ADMIRAL, WHY TAKE THE SEAVIEW? NAVY PLANES WILL BE THERE LONG BEFORE WE ARE!

THEY CAN SCOUT ONLY ABOVE THE SURFACE, LEE! I HAVE A HUNCH WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS UNDER THE WATER!
BUT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

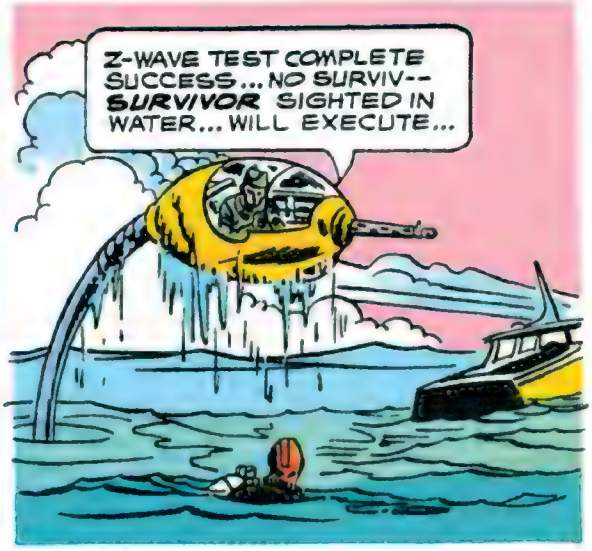

AND ON AN INNOCENT-LOOKING FISHING CRAFT THREE MILES TO STARBOARD...
THE SEAVIEW-- HEADING SOUTH AT TOP SPEED! START TRANSMITTING ...

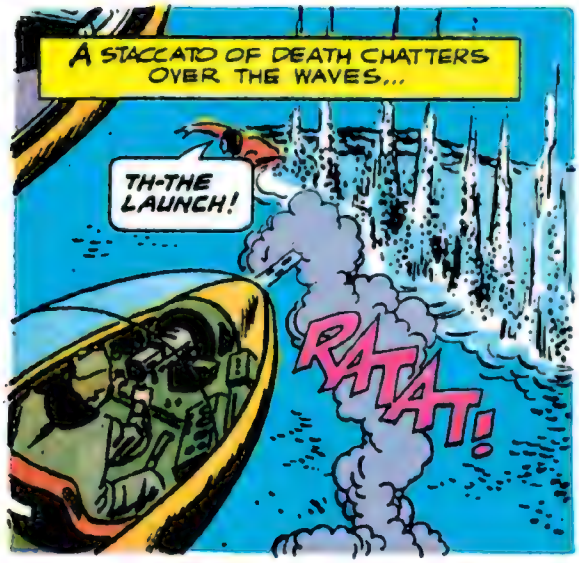

WHILE DEEP IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, LT. FISKE'S BATTERED BODY TUMBLES IN THE UNDERWATER AFTERMATH OF THE "IMPOSSIBLE" WAVE...
I--I SURVIVED... THE SCUBA GEAR SAVED ME... GOT TO SURFACE... SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BASE...

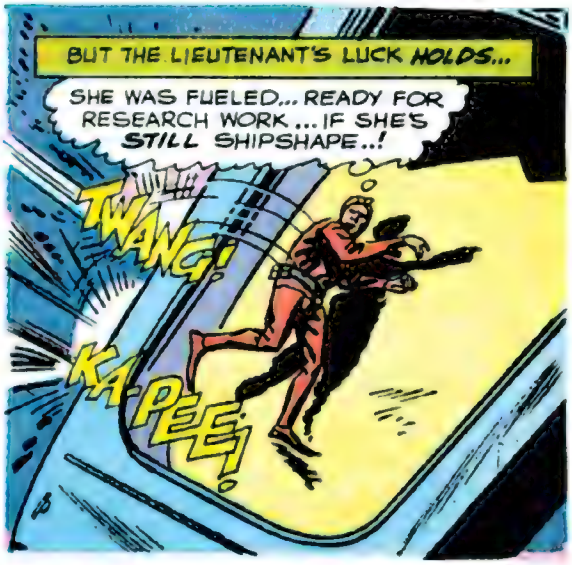
A MACHINE--IMPLANTED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR...?


G-GONE! TH-THE BASE IS... DEMOLISHED!

WHIRRRRRR
WH-WHAT'S THAT..?


Z-WAVE TEST COMPLETE SUCCESS... NO SURVIV-- SURVIVOR SIGHTED IN WATER... WILL EXECUTE...

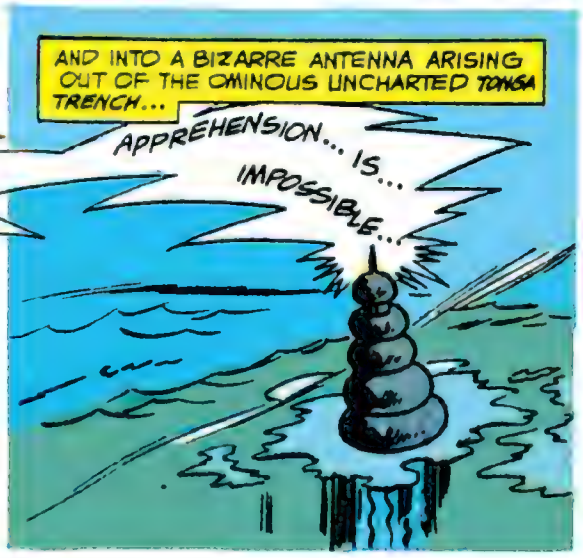

A STACCATO OF DEATH CHATTERS OVER THE WAVES...
TH-THE LAUNCH!
RATATAT!


BUT THE LIEUTENANT'S LUCK HOLDS...
SHE WAS FUELED... READY FOR RESEARCH WORK ... IF SHE'S STILL SHIPSHAPE..!
TWANG!
KA-PEEE!

ZING! ZING!
GO, BABY... GO!
VAROOM!

ABRUPTLY, A FRANTIC MESSAGE IS RADIOED FROM THE BIZARRE DEPTH SPHERE...
SURVIVOR... HAS... ESCAPED... IN... NAVAL... LAUNCH...

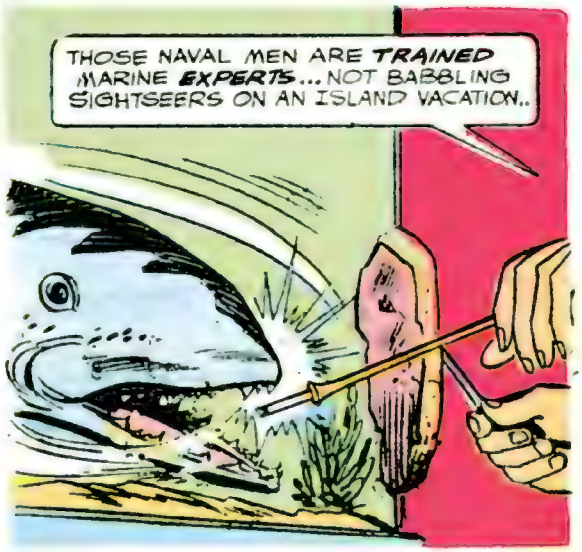
THE MESSAGE STREAKS ACROSS THE ISLANDS...
HEADED... NORTHWEST... TOWARD... DISAPPOINTMENT... SEAMOUNT...

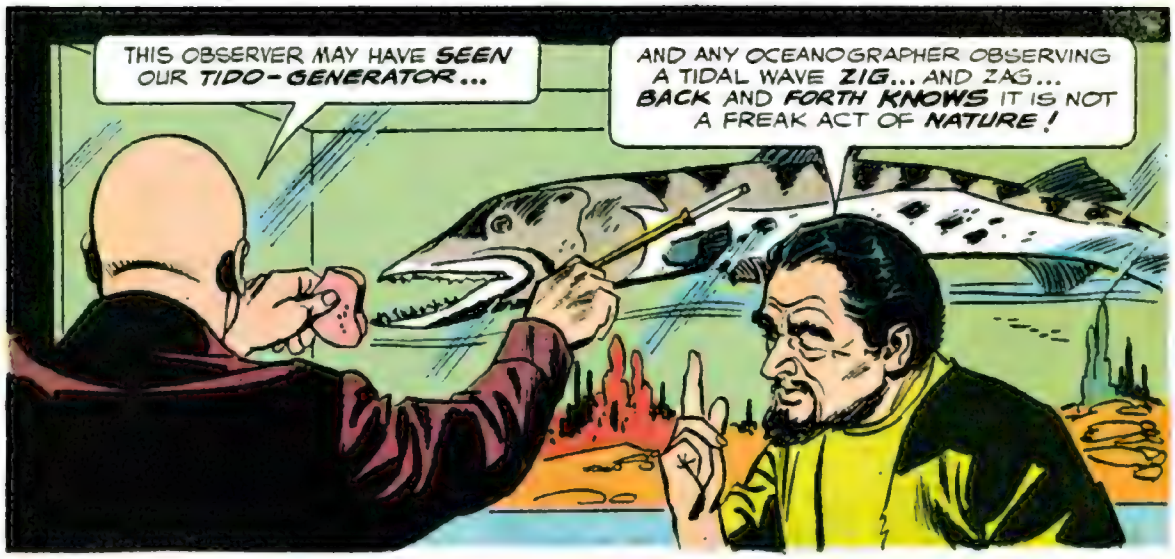

AND INTO A BIZARRE ANTENNA ARISING OUT OF THE OMINOUS UNCHARTED TONGA TRENCH...
APPREHENSION... IS... IMPOSSIBLE...

THEN THE ALARM STREAKS DOWNWARD... DOWN INTO AN INCREDIBLE UNDERWATER FORTRESS-- THE TONGA TRENCH LAIR OF DR. GAMMA...

ESCAPEE... WAS DISCOVERED... NEAR Z MACHINE... MAY HAVE SEEN IT...

IMBECILES!

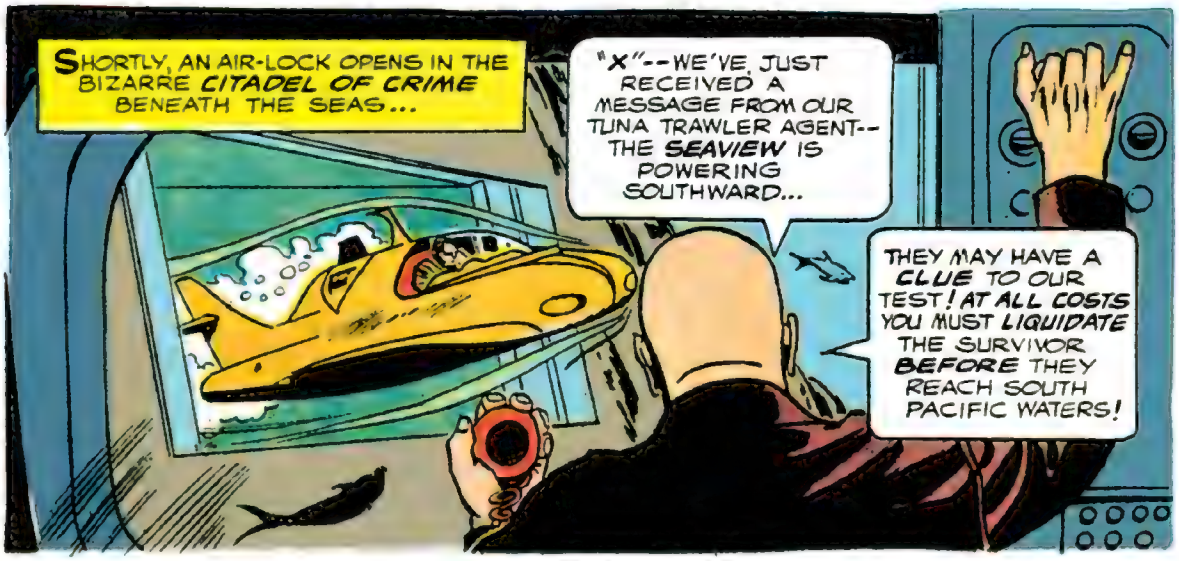


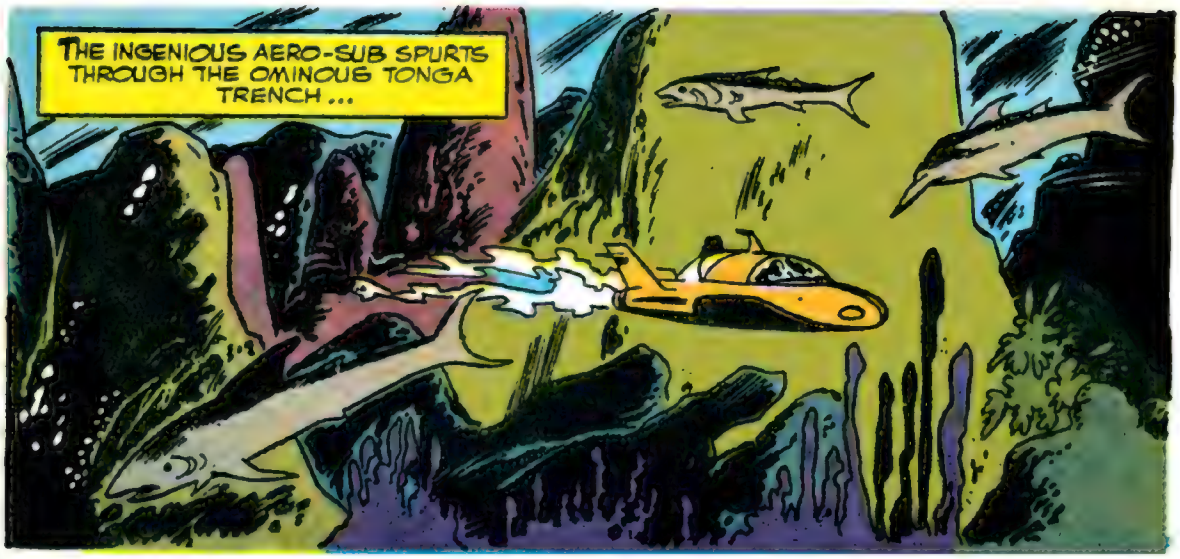

THIS OBSERVER MAY HAVE SEEN OUR TIDO-GENERATOR...
AND ANY OCEANOGRAPHER OBSERVING A TIDAL WAVE ZIG... AND ZAG... BACK AND FORTH KNOWS IT IS NOT A FREAK ACT OF NATURE!

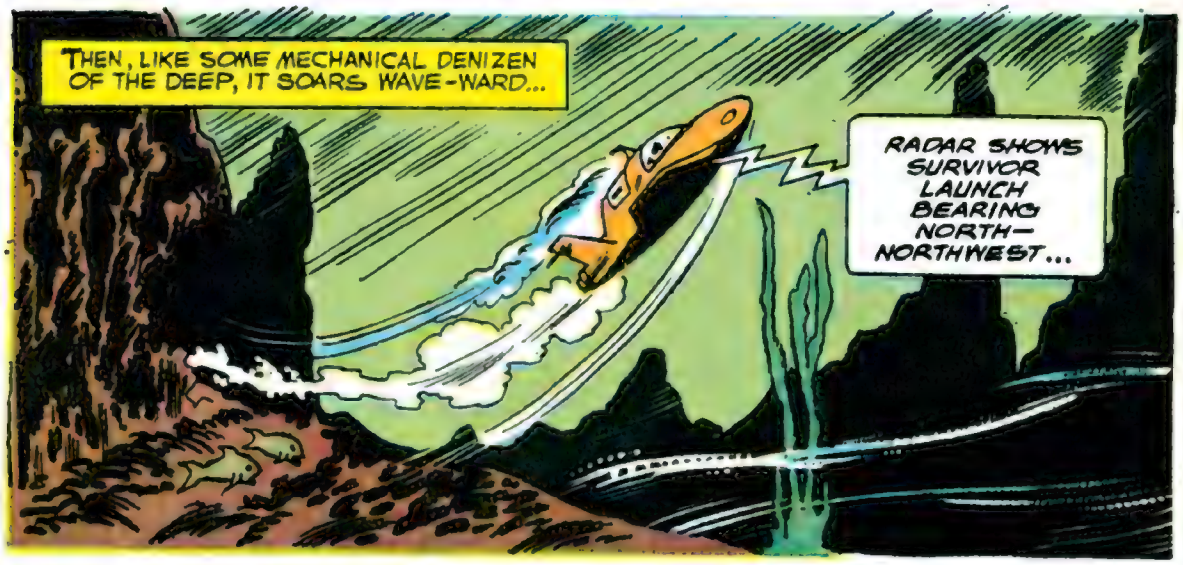
MY DEAR PROFESSOR "X", BEFORE THIS MARINE EXPERT CAN ALERT AUTHORITIES INTO AN INVESTIGATION...

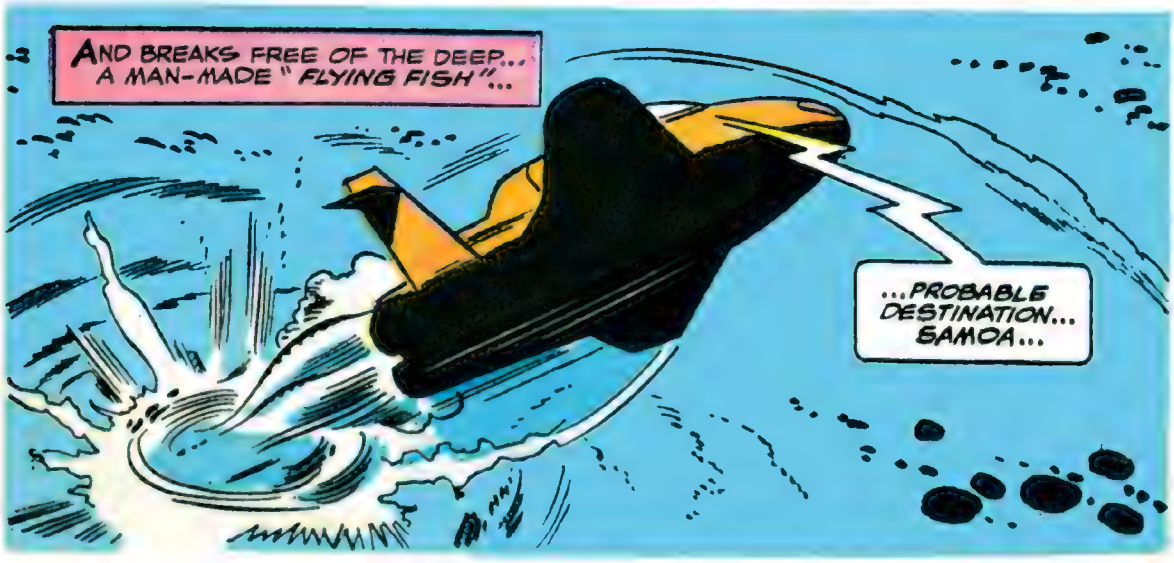
AND DISRUPT OUR PLANS TO TIDAL-STRIKE THE WORLD, HE MUST BE...

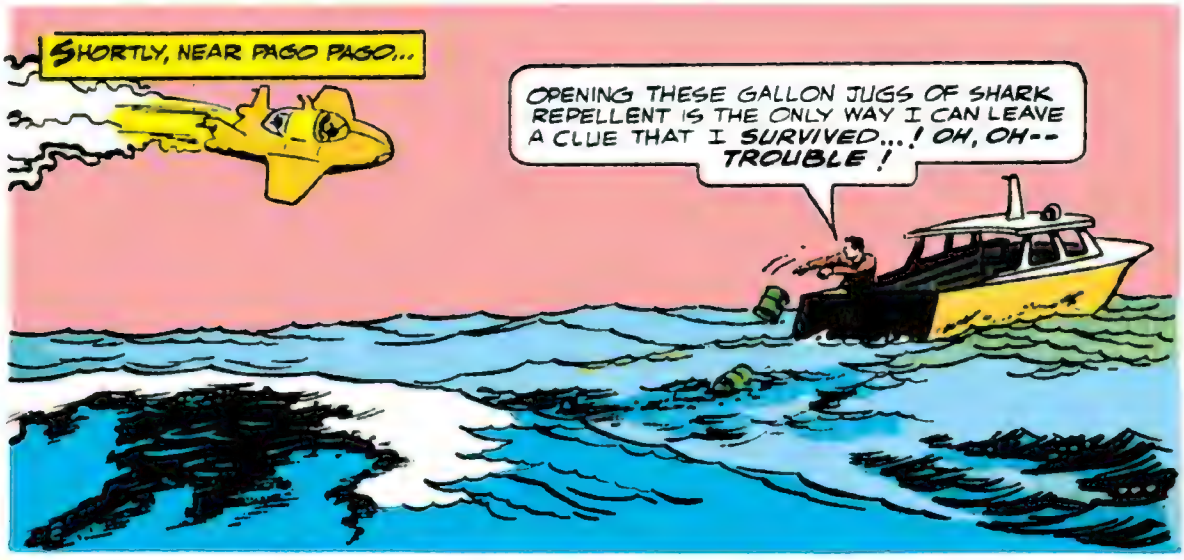
SNAPPED UP!
KA-LUNK!

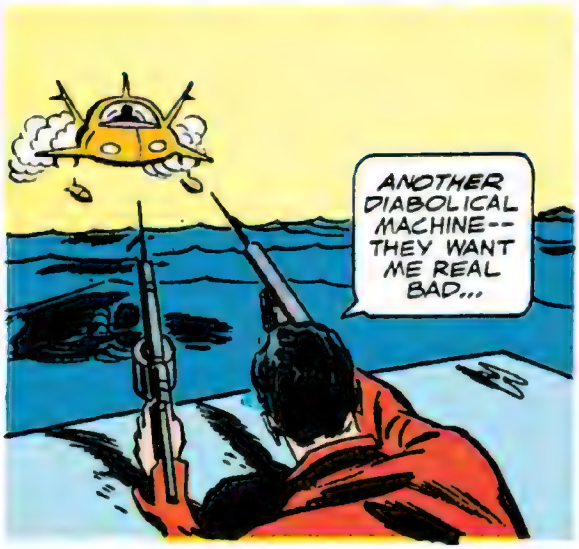

SHORTLY, AN AIR-LOCK OPENS IN THE BIZARRE CITADEL OF CRIME BENEATH THE SEAS...
"X"--WE'VE JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM OUR TUNA TRAWLER AGENT--THE SEAVIEW IS POWERING SOUTHWARD...
THEY MAY HAVE A CLUE TO OUR TEST! AT ALL COSTS YOU MUST LIQUIDATE THE SURVIVOR BEFORE THEY REACH SOUTH PACIFIC WATERS!

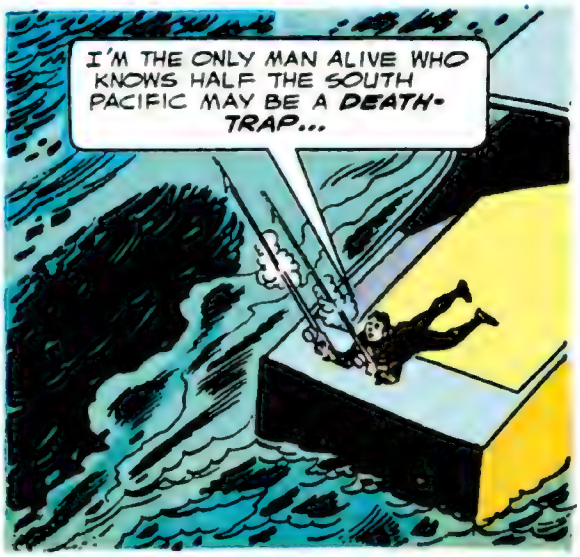

THE INGENIOUS AERO-SUB SPURTS THROUGH THE OMINOUS TONGA TRENCH...

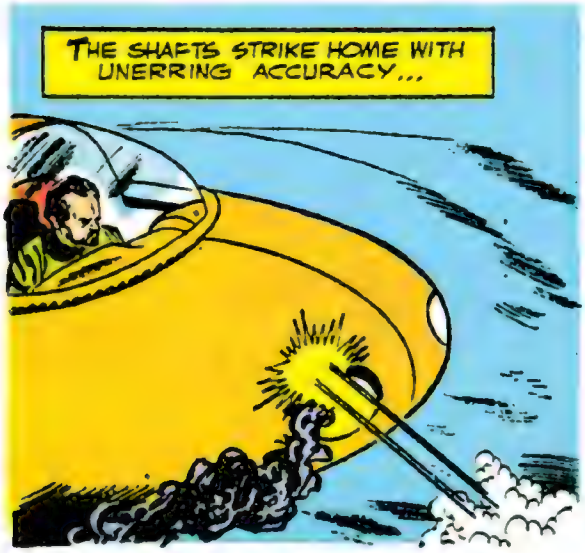

THEN, LIKE SOME MECHANICAL DENIZEN OF THE DEEP, IT SOARS WAVE-WARD...
RADAR SHOWS SURVIVOR LAUNCH BEARING NORTH-NORTHWEST...

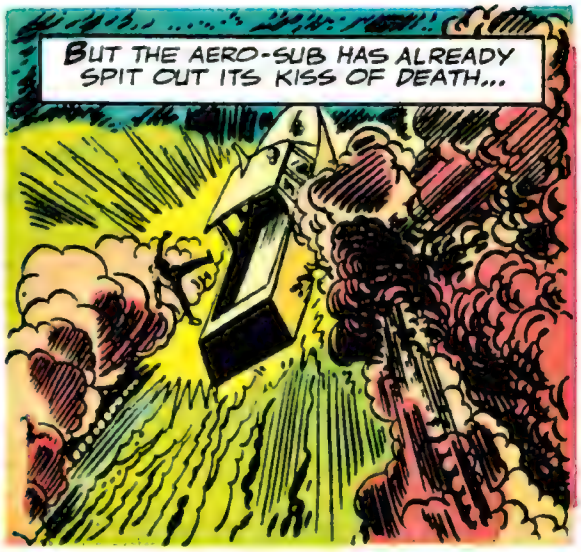

AND BREAKS FREE OF THE DEEP... A MAN-MADE "FLYING FISH"...
...PROBABLE DESTINATION... SAMOA...


SHORTLY, NEAR PAGO PAGO...
OPENING THESE GALLON JUGS OF SHARK REPELLENT IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN LEAVE A CLUE THAT I SURVIVED...! OH, OH-- TROUBLE!

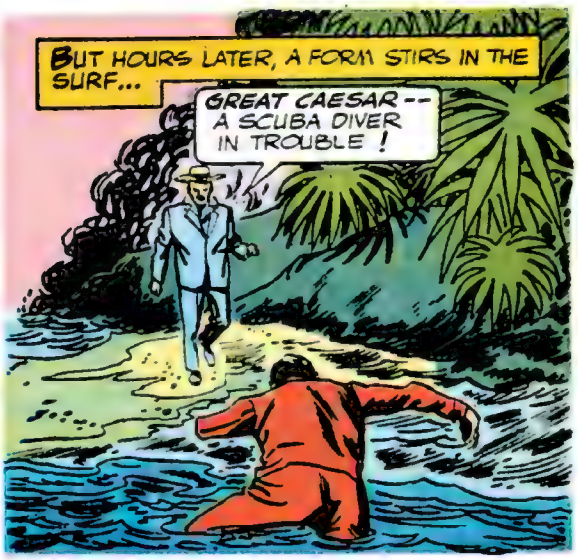

ANOTHER DIABOLICAL MACHINE-- THEY WANT ME REAL BAD...


I'M THE ONLY MAN ALIVE WHO KNOWS HALF THE SOUTH PACIFIC MAY BE A DEATH-TRAP...


THE SHAFTS STRIKE HOME WITH UNERRING ACCURACY...


BUT THE AERO-SUB HAS ALREADY SPIT OUT ITS KISS OF DEATH...

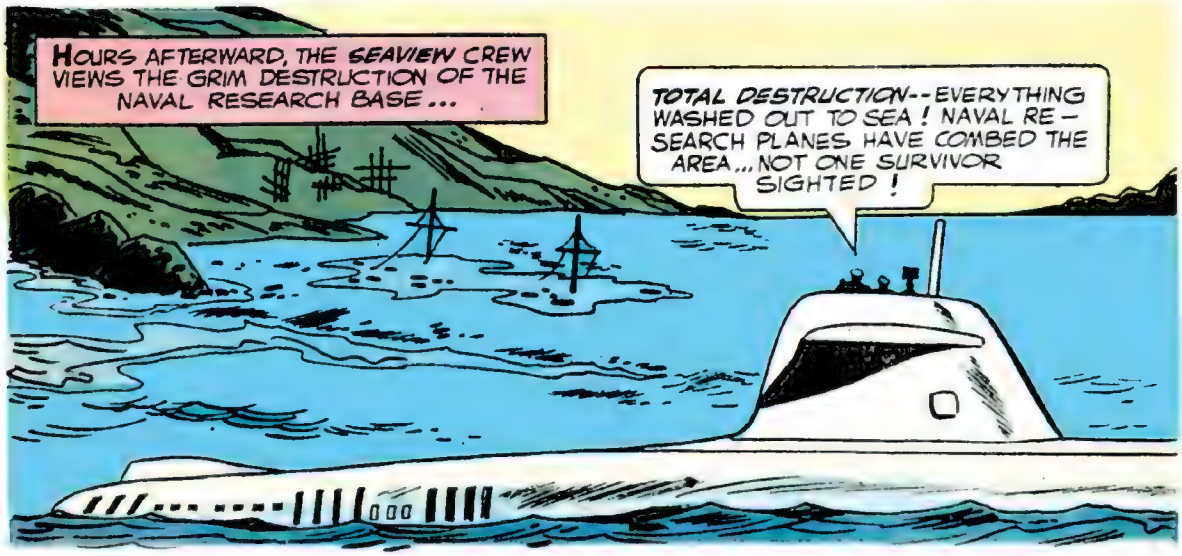
THEN...
SHORT CIRCUIT... I MUST LAND TO REPAIR... SURVIVOR'S FATE UNKNOWN!

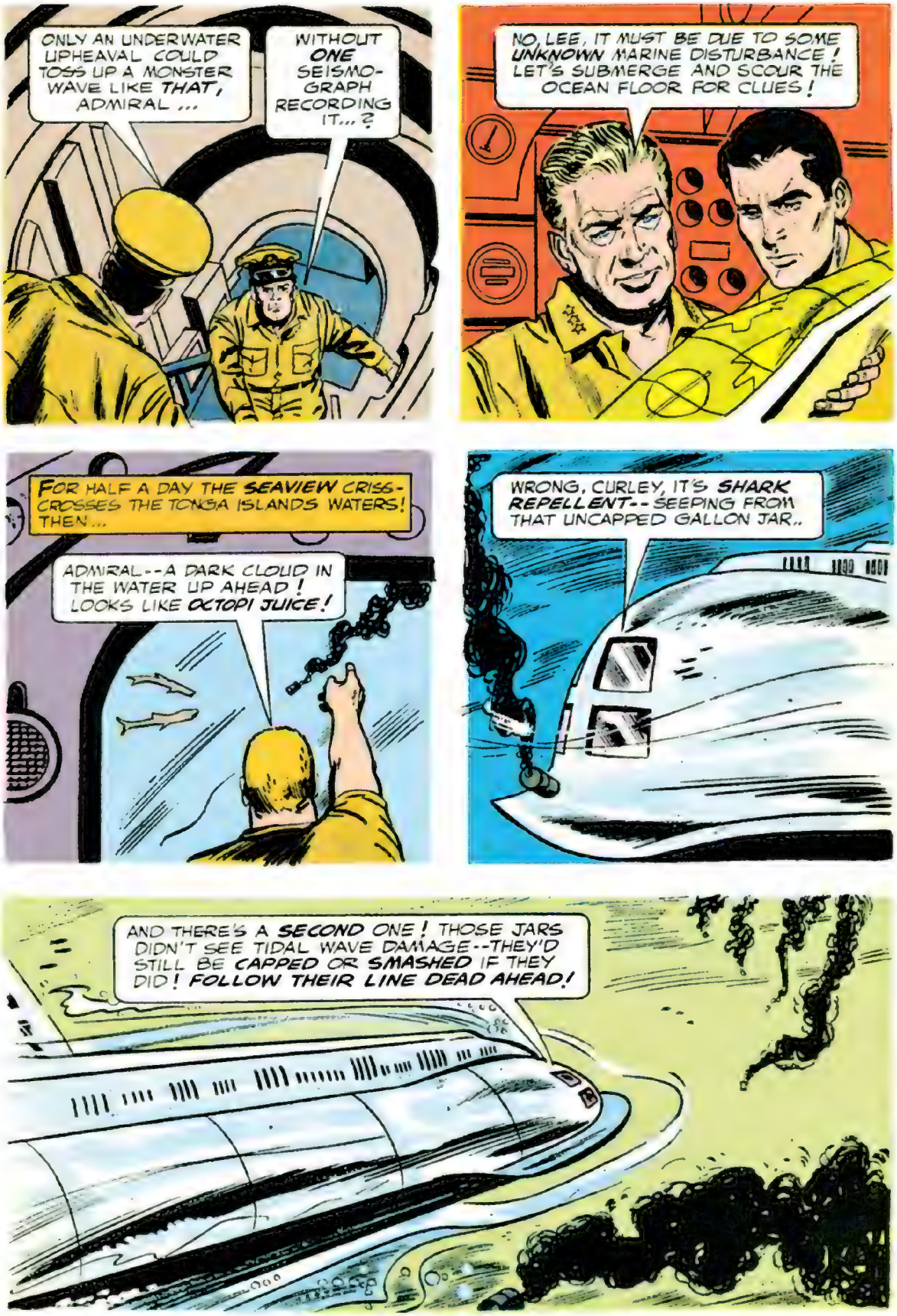

BUT HOURS LATER, A FORM STIRS IN THE SURF...
GREAT CAESAR -- A SCUBA DIVER IN TROUBLE!

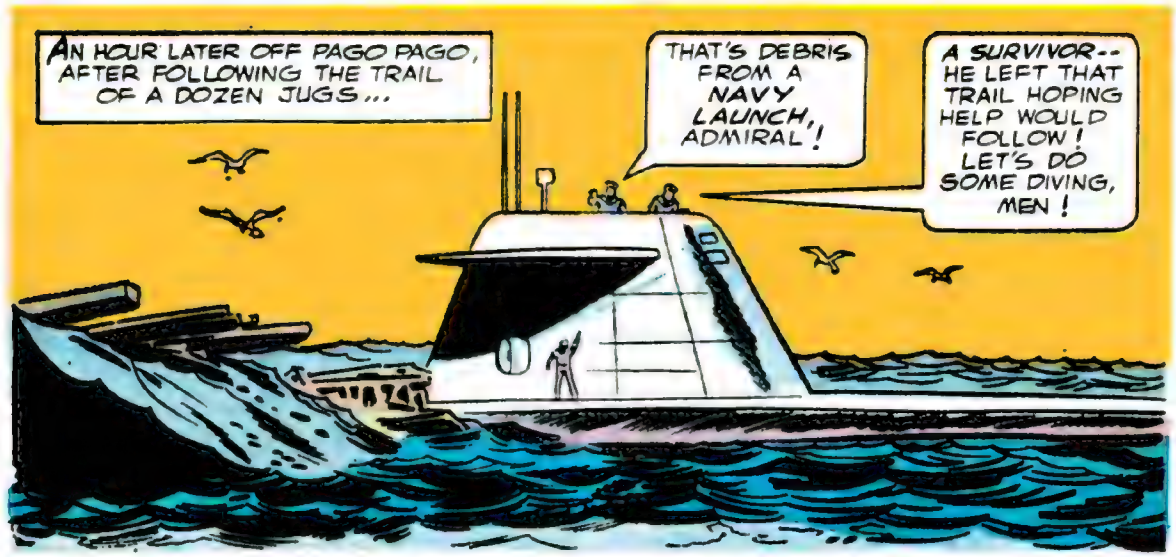
THE BEACH STROLLER COMES CLOSER...

HE BENDS DOWN...
WHO ARE YOU, SON?--WHAT HAPPENED?

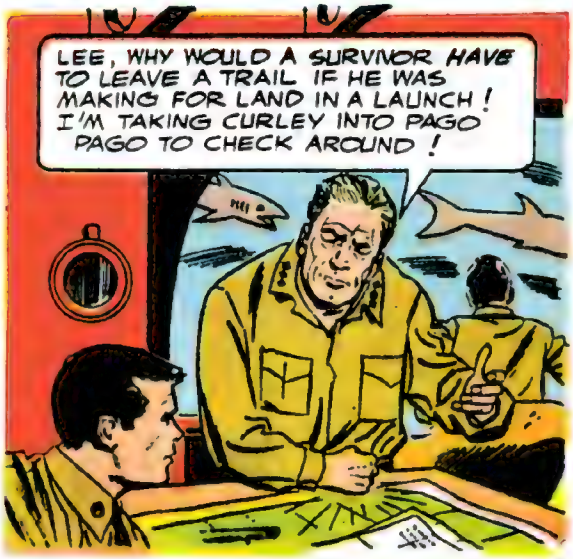
AND LOOKS INTO THE EYES OF A MAN DEEP IN SHOCK...
I... DON'T KNOW... I-I CAN'T... REMEMBER...


HOURS AFTERWARD, THE SEAVIEW CREW VIEWS THE GRIM DESTRUCTION OF THE NAVAL RESEARCH BASE...
TOTAL DESTRUCTION--EVERYTHING WASHED OUT TO SEA! NAVAL RESEARCH PLANES HAVE COMBED THE AREA... NOT ONE SURVIVOR SIGHTED!


ONLY AN UNDERWATER UPHEAVAL COULD TOSS UP A MONSTER WAVE LIKE THAT, ADMIRAL ...
WITHOUT ONE SEISMO-GRAPH RECORDING IT...?
NO, LEE, IT MUST BE DUE TO SOME UNKNOWN MARINE DISTURBANCE! LET'S SUBMERGE AND SCOUR THE OCEAN FLOOR FOR CLUES!
FOR HALF A DAY THE SEAVIEW CRISS-CROSSES THE TONGA ISLANDS WATERS! THEN ...
ADMIRAL--A DARK CLOUD IN THE WATER UP AHEAD! LOOKS LIKE OCTOPI JUICE!
WRONG, CURLEY, IT'S SHARK REPELLENT--SEEPING FROM THAT UNCAPPED GALLON JAR..
AND THERE'S A SECOND ONE! THOSE JARS DIDN'T SEE TIDAL WAVE DAMAGE--THEY'D STILL BE CAPPED OR SMASHED IF THEY DID! FOLLOW THEIR LINE DEAD AHEAD!

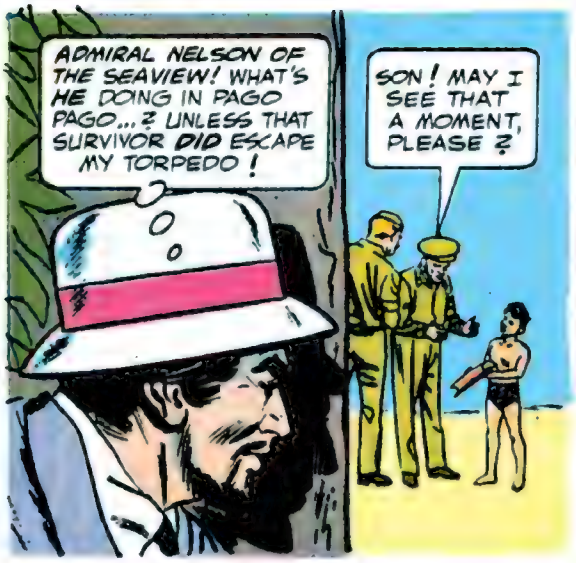

AN HOUR LATER OFF PAGO PAGO, AFTER FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF A DOZEN JUGS...
THAT'S DEBRIS FROM A NAVY LAUNCH, ADMIRAL!
A SURVIVOR-- HE LEFT THAT TRAIL HOPING HELP WOULD FOLLOW! LET'S DO SOME DIVING, MEN!

FOR AN HOUR TWO OF THE SEAVIEW CREW COMB THE BOTTOM...
NOT A THING, ADMIRAL--IF THE SURVIVOR WAS DROWNED HE MUSTA WASHED OUT TO SEA WITH THE OTHER DEBRIS!


LEE, WHY WOULD A SURVIVOR HAVE TO LEAVE A TRAIL IF HE WAS MAKING FOR LAND IN A LAUNCH! I'M TAKING CURLEY INTO PAGO PAGO TO CHECK AROUND!

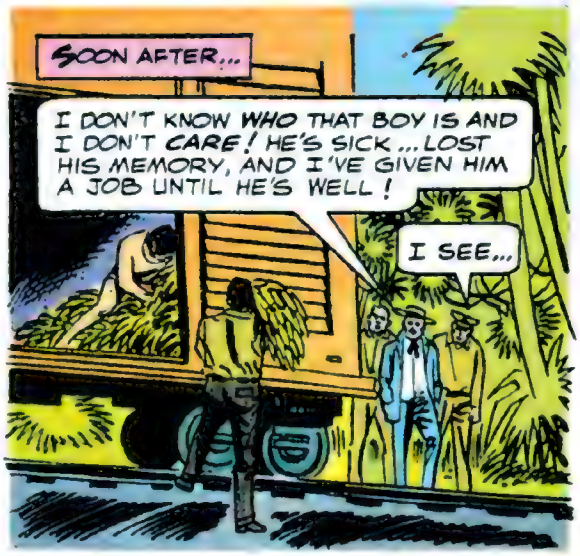
LATER, AS THE PAIR QUERY THE ISLAND CITIZENS...
NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT A SURVIVOR FROM A WRECK ON THE CORAL REEF, ADMIRAL...

AND AS THEY LEAVE...
AND IF THE SURVIVOR WASN'T INJURED, UNCONSCIOUS, HE'D CERTAINLY REPORT TO AUTHORITIES!
CERTAINLY SEEMS SO, CURLEY...


ADMIRAL NELSON OF THE SEAVIEW! WHAT'S HE DOING IN PAGO PAGO...? UNLESS THAT SURVIVOR DID ESCAPE MY TORPEDO!
SON! MAY I SEE THAT A MOMENT, PLEASE?

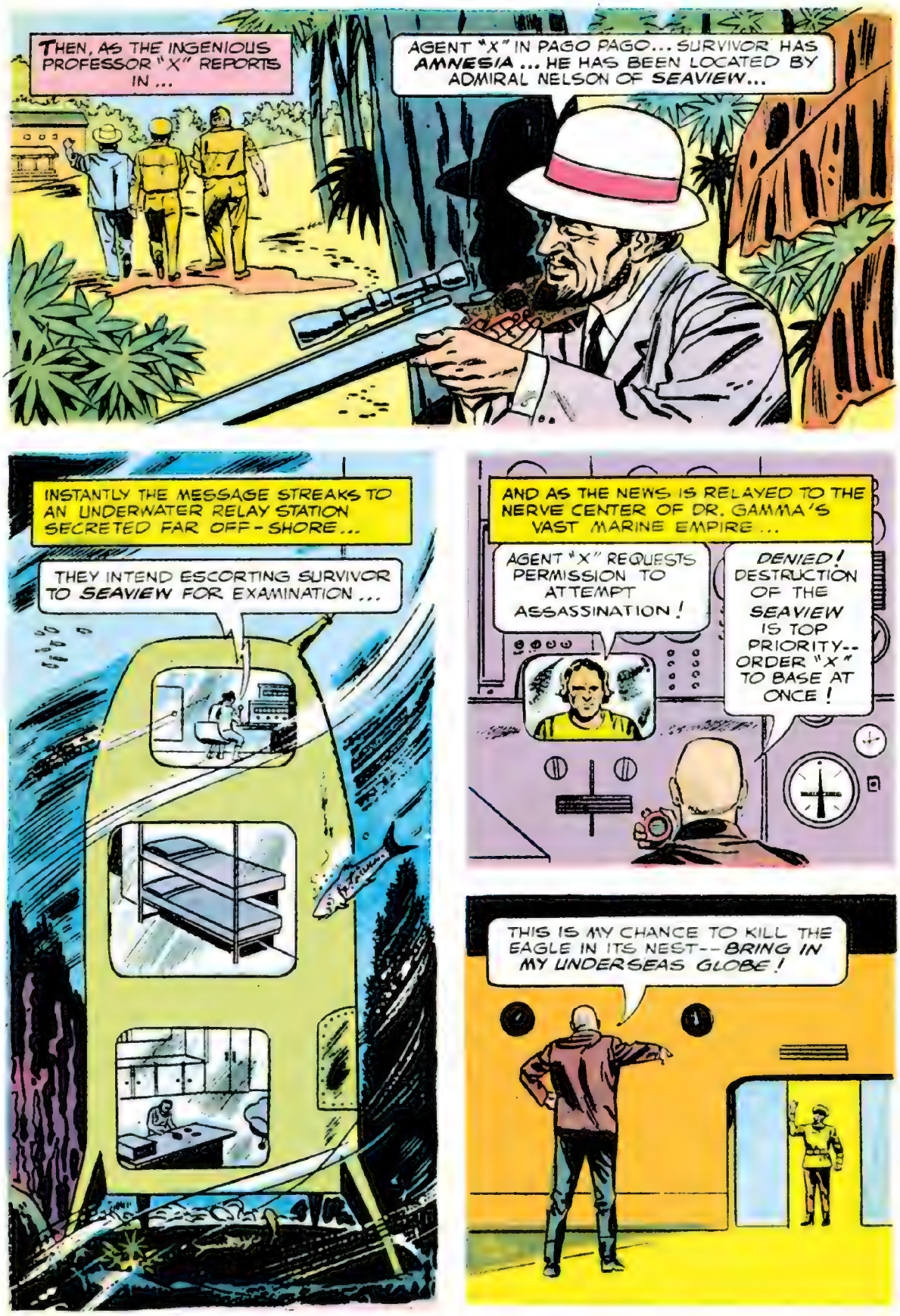
THEN...
IT'S NAVY ISSUE AND SMELLS OF SHARK REPELLENT! SON... JUST WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?
USN
GOLLY, DON'T TAKE IT FROM ME, MISTER...

A MAN OUT AT THE TULA BANANA PLANTATION GAVE IT TO ME...
THANKS, SON-- ON THE DOUBLE, CURLEY!


SOON AFTER...
I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT BOY IS AND I DON'T CARE! HE'S SICK... LOST HIS MEMORY, AND I'VE GIVEN HIM A JOB UNTIL HE'S WELL!
I SEE...

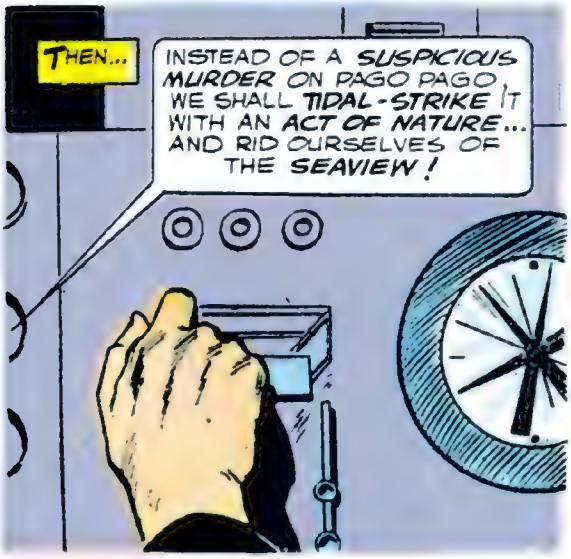
MR. TULA, THAT BOY MAY HAVE KNOWLEDGE THAT CAN SAVE COUNTLESS LIVES! WE MUST TRY TO REVIVE HIS MEMORY!
WELL, IF THAT'S THE CASE, COME ALONG...

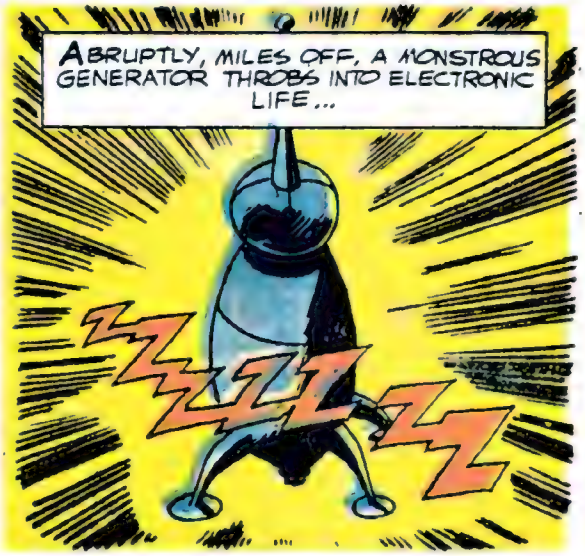
CLICK!


THEN, AS THE INGENIOUS PROFESSOR "X" REPORTS IN ...
AGENT "X" IN PAGO PAGO... SURVIVOR HAS AMNESIA ... HE HAS BEEN LOCATED BY ADMIRAL NELSON OF SEAVIEW...
INSTANTLY THE MESSAGE STREAKS TO AN UNDERWATER RELAY STATION SECRETED FAR OFF-SHORE...
THEY INTEND ESCORTING SURVIVOR TO SEAVIEW FOR EXAMINATION ...
AND AS THE NEWS IS RELAYED TO THE NERVE CENTER OF DR. GAMMA'S VAST MARINE EMPIRE ...
AGENT "X" REQUESTS PERMISSION TO ATTEMPT ASSASSINATION!
DENIED! DESTRUCTION OF THE SEAVIEW IS TOP PRIORITY-- ORDER "X" TO BASE AT ONCE!
THIS IS MY CHANCE TO KILL THE EAGLE IN ITS NEST--BRING IN MY UNDERSEAS GLOBE!

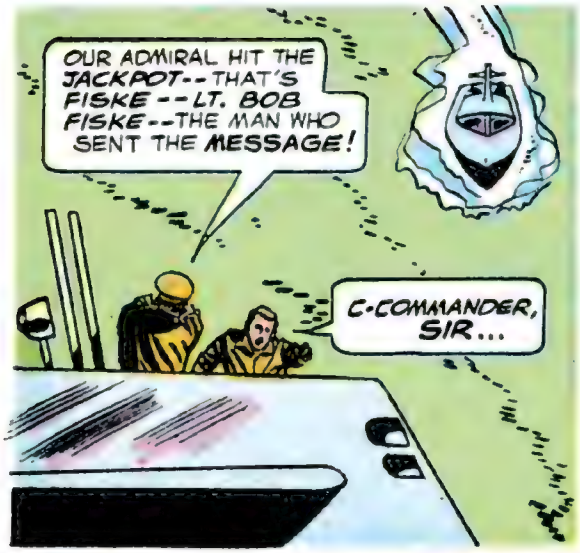
BEFORE A GIANT TOPOGRAPHICAL GLOBE OF HIS BIZARRE WORLD BENEATH THE SEA, DR. GAMMA MAKES RAPID CALCULATIONS...

EXCELLENT! PAGO PAGO IS WELL WITHIN RANGE OF EXPERIMENTAL TIDO-GENERATOR #2...

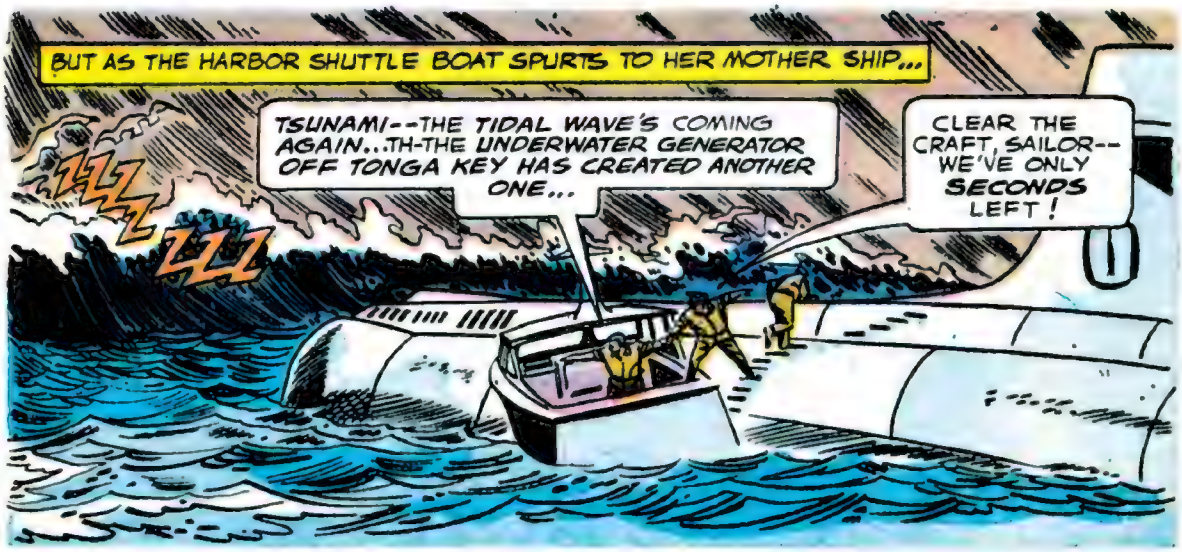


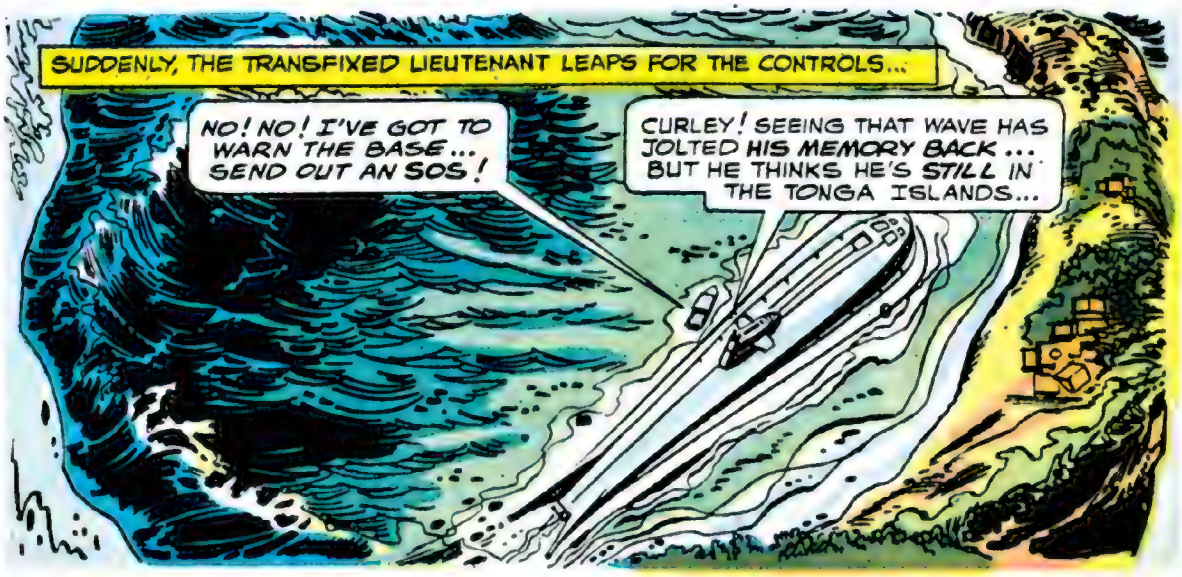


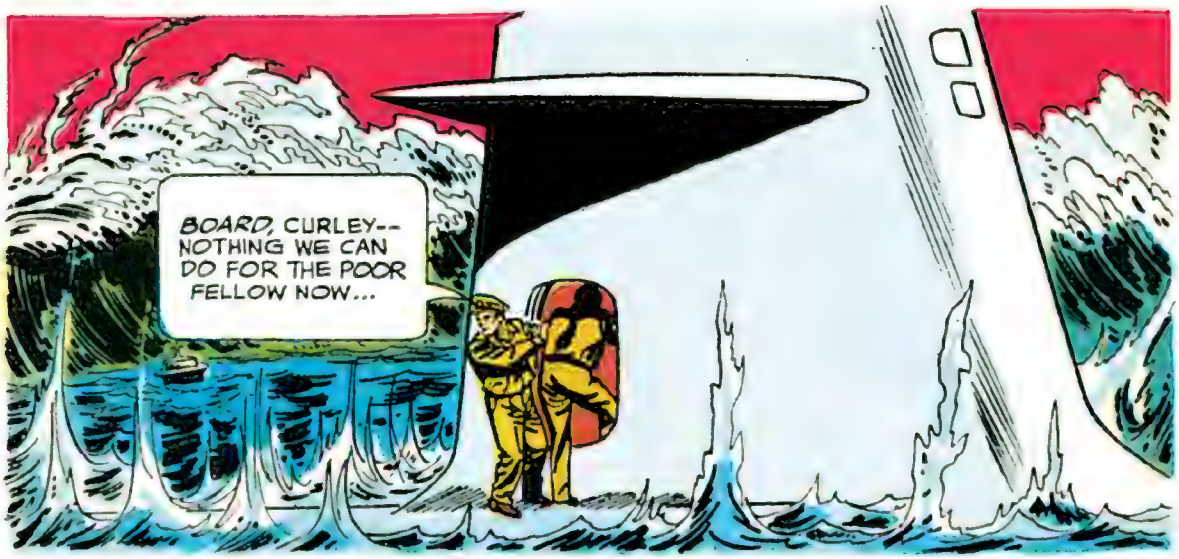
THE AGITATED WATERS FORM TINY WAVES...
THE ELECTRICAL POWER INCREASES...AND THE WAVES JOIN TO FORM LARGER ONES...
THEN, THE MIGHTY "SONIC RHYTHM" IS FORMED... THE ROLLING WAVES PICK UP MASS... AND A TIDAL WAVE IS BORN...
WHILE IN THE MYSTERIOUS REACHES OF THE TONGA TRENCH...
NO TELL-TALE TEST ZIG-ZAGGING THIS TIME, BOKA, MY PET... THE Z WAVE WILL ROLL STRAIGHT AND TRUE...
...SO THAT OBSERVERS WILL THINK IT ANOTHER NATURAL CATASTROPHE..
AH, YOU THRILL TO THE SMELL OF THE KILL, EH, BOKA!
WHILE IN PAGO PAGO HARBOR...
ADMIRAL, I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING NAVY--I-I COULD BE A THIEF... A BEACHCOMBER... A-ANYTHING!
STEADY UP, SON-- A MEMORY EXPERT COULD FLIP HIS GYRO AFTER WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH! WE'LL PUT YOU SHIPSHAPE...

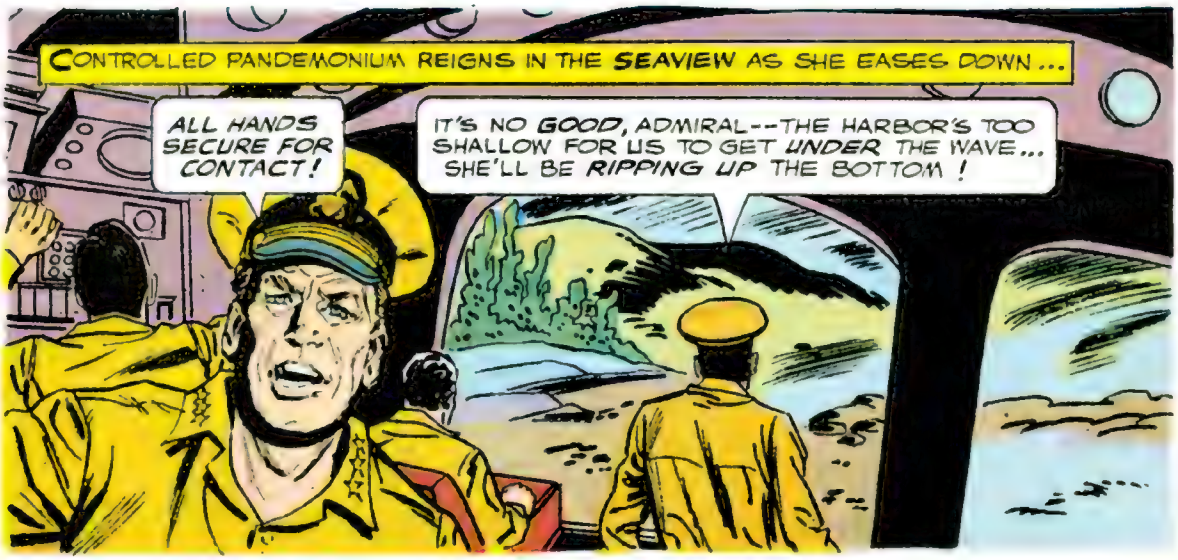

OUR ADMIRAL HIT THE JACKPOT--THAT'S FISKE--LT. BOB FISKE--THE MAN WHO SENT THE MESSAGE!
C-COMMANDER, SIR...

ABRUPTLY, THE SEAVIEW CREW TRIGGERS INTO ACTION...
WHOOP, WHOOP!
RIG FOR CRASH DIVE...
TIDAL WAVE OFF THE PORT BOW!

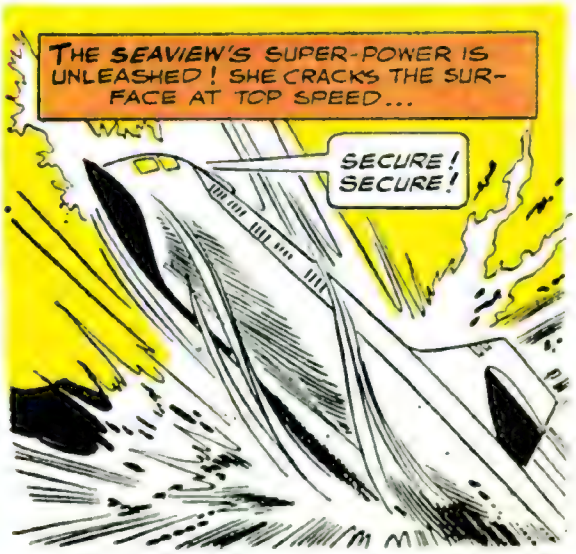

BUT AS THE HARBOR SHUTTLE BOAT SPURTS TO HER MOTHER SHIP...
TSUNAMI--THE TIDAL WAVE'S COMING AGAIN...TH-THE UNDERWATER GENERATOR OFF TONGA KEY HAS CREATED ANOTHER ONE...
CLEAR THE CRAFT, SAILOR--WE'VE ONLY SECONDS LEFT!

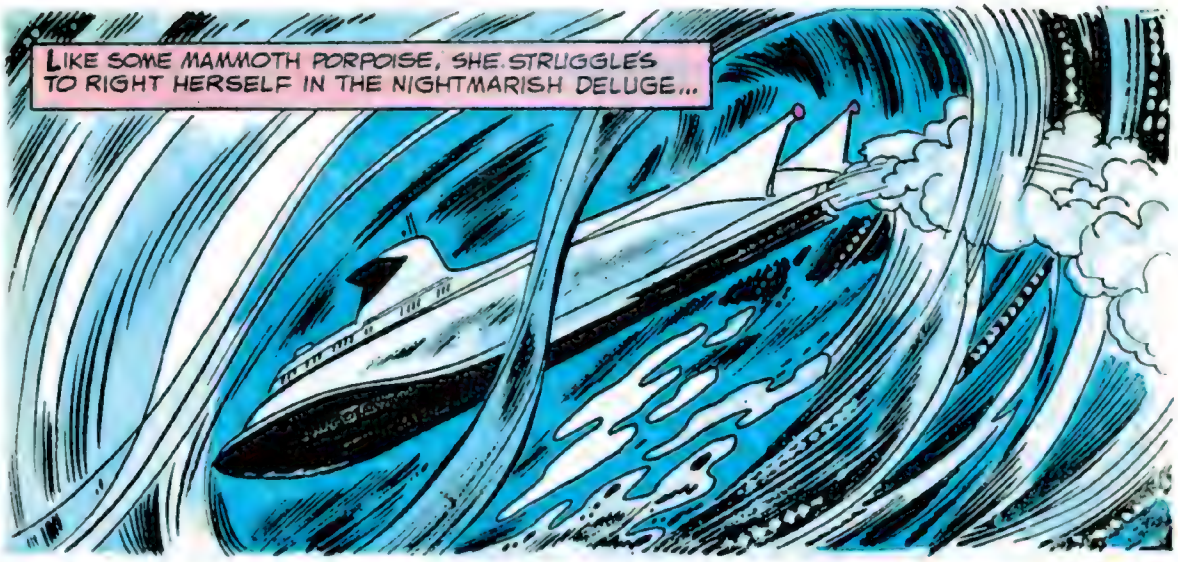

SUDDENLY, THE TRANSFIXED LIEUTENANT LEAPS FOR THE CONTROLS...
NO! NO! I'VE GOT TO WARN THE BASE... SEND OUT AN SOS!
CURLEY! SEEING THAT WAVE HAS JOLTED HIS MEMORY BACK... BUT HE THINKS HE'S STILL IN THE TONGA ISLANDS...

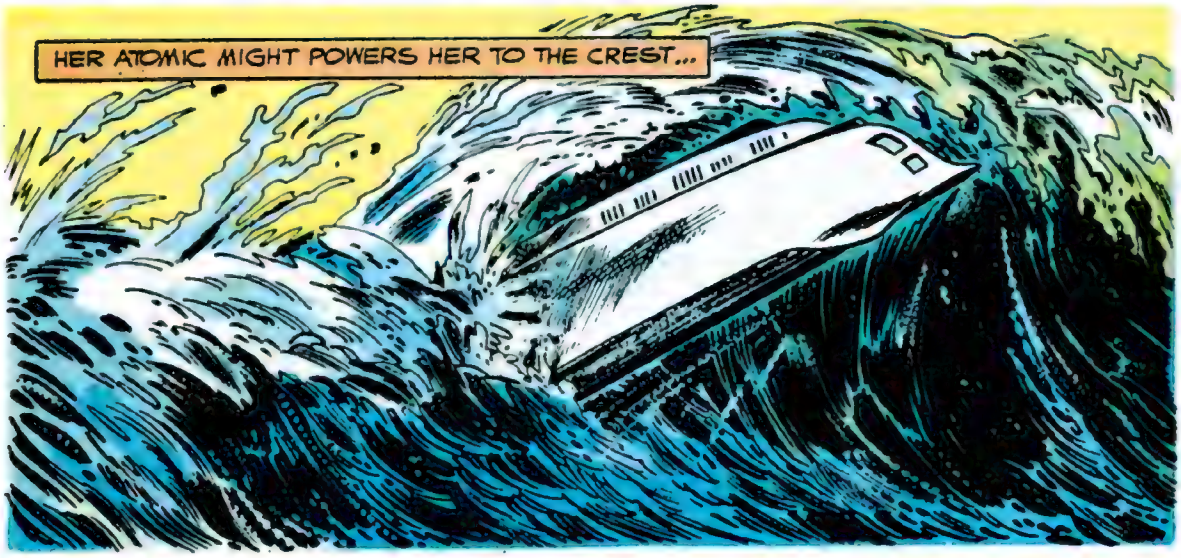

BOARD, CURLEY--NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR THE POOR FELLOW NOW...

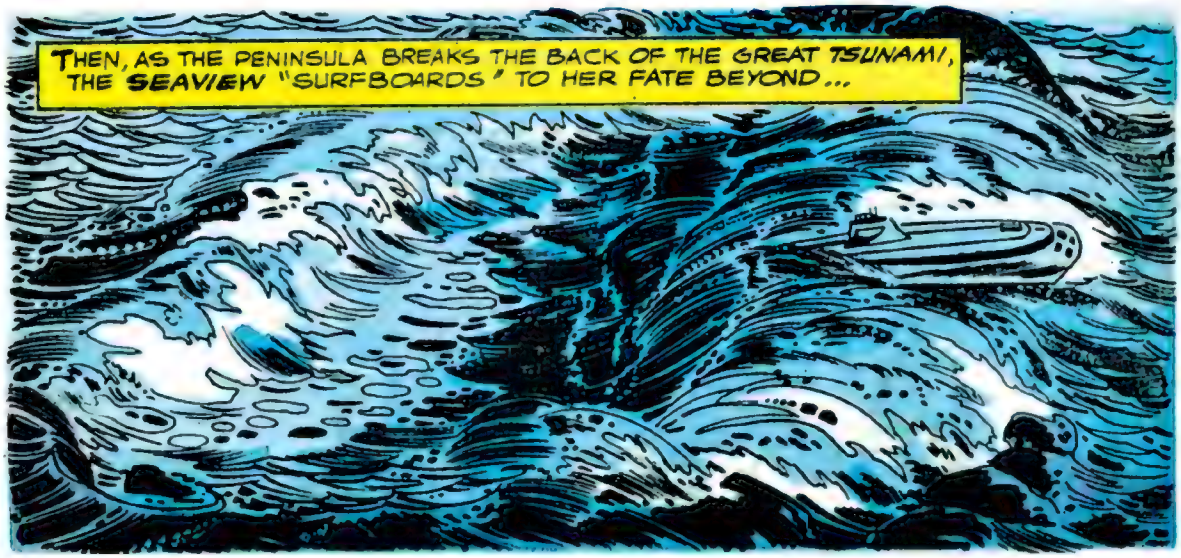

CONTROLLED PANDEMONIUM REIGNS IN THE SEAVIEW AS SHE EASES DOWN...
ALL HANDS SECURE FOR CONTACT!
IT'S NO GOOD, ADMIRAL--THE HARBOR'S TOO SHALLOW FOR US TO GET UNDER THE WAVE... SHE'LL BE RIPPING UP THE BOTTOM!

LEE--THE WAVE'S CUTTING ACROSS THE HARBOR... IF WE HIT HER HEAD-ON... TRY TO RIDE HER CREST OVER THE PENINSULA...
OUR ONLY CHANCE...


THE SEAVIEW'S SUPER-POWER IS UNLEASHED! SHE CRACKS THE SURFACE AT TOP SPEED...
SECURE! SECURE!


LIKE SOME MAMMOTH PORPOISE, SHE STRUGGLES TO RIGHT HERSELF IN THE NIGHTMARISH DELUGE...


HER ATOMIC MIGHT POWERS HER TO THE CREST...


THEN, AS THE PENINSULA BREAKS THE BACK OF THE GREAT TSUNAMI, THE SEAVIEW "SURFBOARDS" TO HER FATE BEYOND...

DOWN...DOWN INTO THE PAGO PAGO DEEP SHE PLUMMETS...HER EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLICKERING...
W-WE MADE IT... CLEARED THE REEF...HOLD TOGETHER, BABY... HOLD TOGETHER!

BATHED IN THE EERIE LIGHT, THE BATTERED CREW BATTLES BACK...
CHECK NUCLEAR CONTROL FOR DAMAGE--CURLEY, RESTORE THOSE LIGHTS!
AYE, AYE, SIR!

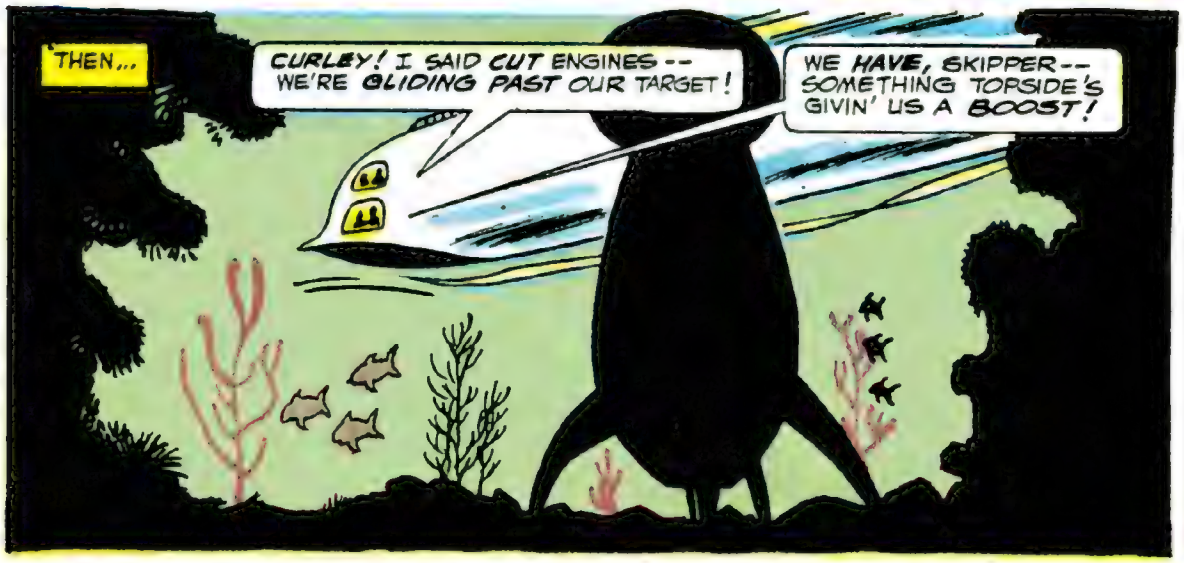
FINALLY, AS LIFE IS PUMPED BACK INTO THE WOUNDED BEHEMOTH OF THE DEEP...
WE'LL SURFACE FOR REPAIRS AND LEND A HAND RESCUING THE PAGO PAGO VICTIMS...
NO GOOD, LEE...

THE BEST THING WE CAN DO FOR PAGO PAGO AND THE WORLD IS DESTROY THE MACHINES THAT MAKE THOSE TIDAL WAVES!
SONAR PICKED UP A SIGNAL THAT MIGHT BE IT, ADMIRAL... BUT WE'RE NOT SEA-WORTHY YET!

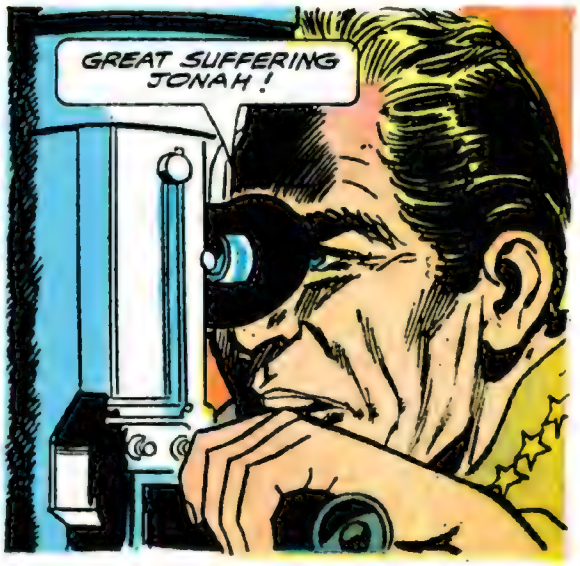
WE'VE GOT TO BE--LT. FISKE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE TO GIVE US THE INFORMATION WE NEED... WE MUST USE IT!
START ENGINES!

HALF CRIPPLED, THE SEAVIEW HOMES IN ON THE SONAR SIGNALS...
PING! PING! PING!

AND AN HOUR LATER...
STRANGE--FISKE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO TELL US WHAT ELSE HE SAW BESIDE THAT DEVILISH TIDAL WAVE MACHINE...
TARGET DEAD AHEAD-- CUT ENGINES!
PING-PING-PING

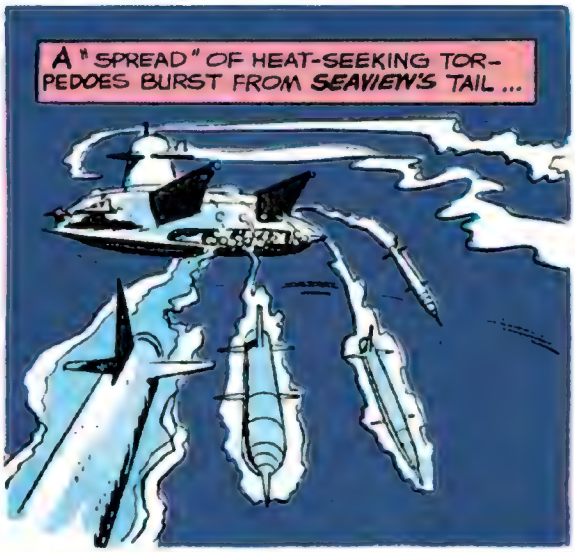

THEN...
CURLEY! I SAID CUT ENGINES -- WE'RE GLIDING PAST OUR TARGET!
WE HAVE, SKIPPER-- SOMETHING TOPSIDE'S GIVIN' US A BOOST!

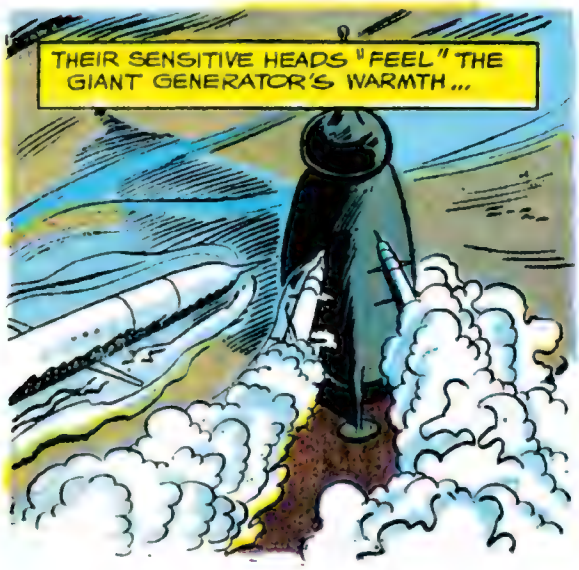
WHAT IN THUNDERATION? ARE YOU CHARACTERS GETTING RAPTURES OF THE DEEP...?
TH-THOUGHT I HEARD SOME-THING THUMP ON THE HULL, ADMIRAL...


GREAT SUFFERING JONAH!

SEA SAUCERS -- WE'RE BEING TOWED BY A PACK OF MECHANICAL PILOT FISH..!

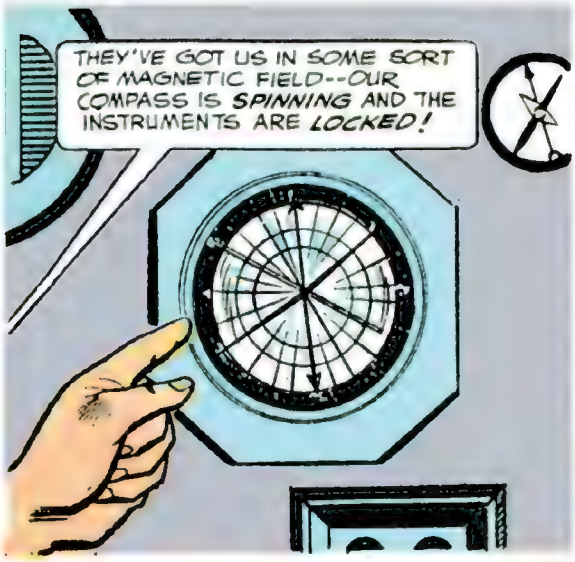
THEY'RE GUIDING US AWAY FROM THAT GENERATOR LIKE A SICK WHALE -- RELEASE STERN TORPEDO SPREAD #4!


A "SPREAD" OF HEAT-SEEKING TORPEDOES BURST FROM SEAVIEW'S TAIL...

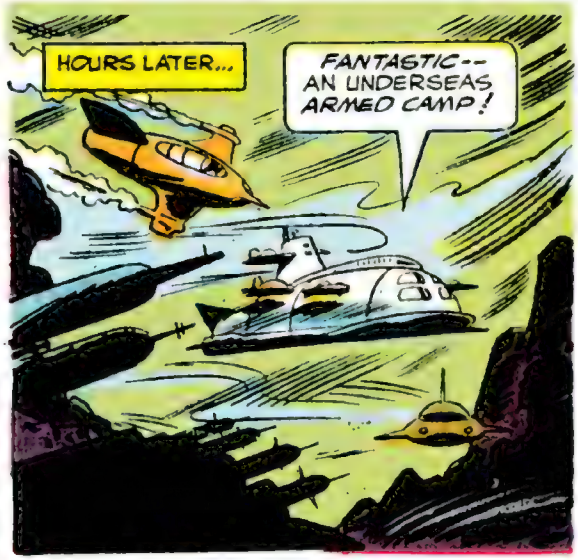

THEIR SENSITIVE HEADS "FEEL" THE GIANT GENERATOR'S WARMTH...

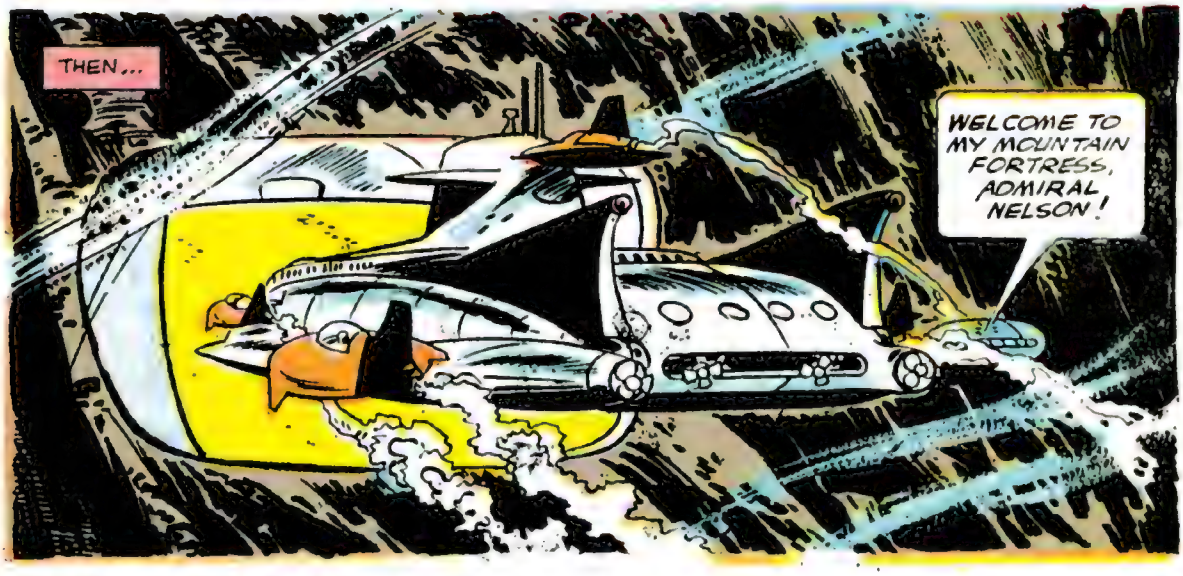
AND THE CRIPPLED SEAVIEW SCORES A DYING STING...

ADMIRAL, I'LL TAKE CURLEY OUTSIDE WITH SOME CHARGES--WE'LL TRY TO BLOW THOSE SEA BEETLES FROM OUR BACKS!
TOO LATE, LEE...


THEY'VE GOT US IN SOME SORT OF MAGNETIC FIELD--OUR COMPASS IS SPINNING AND THE INSTRUMENTS ARE LOCKED!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO, REPAIR THOSE TWO ENGINES--SO THERE'LL BE A SHIP UNDER US WHEN WE HAVE A CHANCE TO FIGHT!

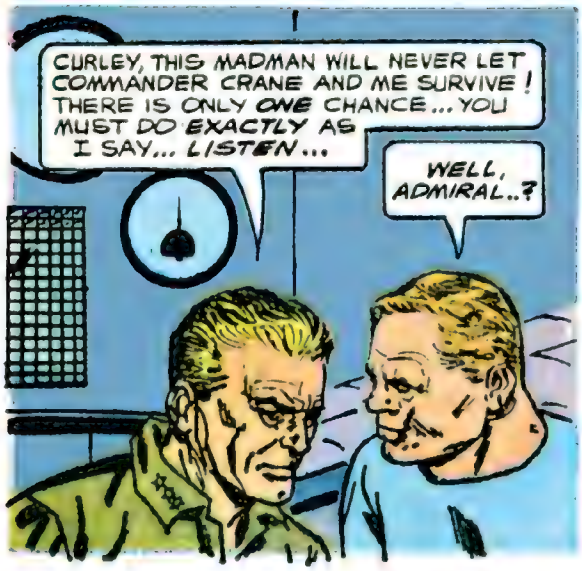

HOURS LATER...
FANTASTIC--AN UNDERSEAS ARMED CAMP!


THEN...
WELCOME TO MY MOUNTAIN FORTRESS, ADMIRAL NELSON!

PASSING THROUGH A GIANT SUB-LOCK, THE SEAVIEW IS ROLLED INTO A VAST CHAMBER--WHERE...

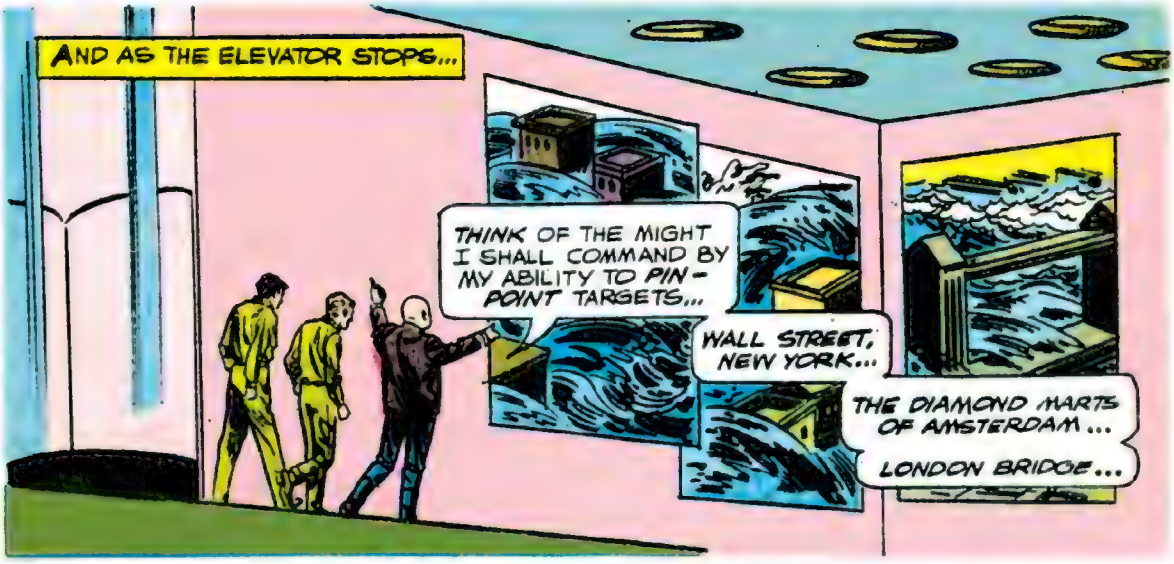
THIS IS THE HEART OF MY MARINE EMPIRE THAT WILL SOON CONTROL THE WORLD, NELSON...

THE SEAVIEW WILL BE AN EXCELLENT ADDITION TO MY ARMADA! YOUR CREW WILL REMAIN ABOARD- YOU AND YOUR COMMANDER JOIN ME!

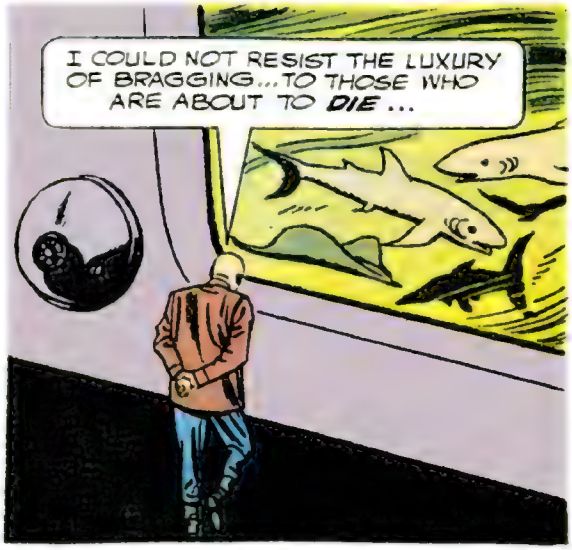


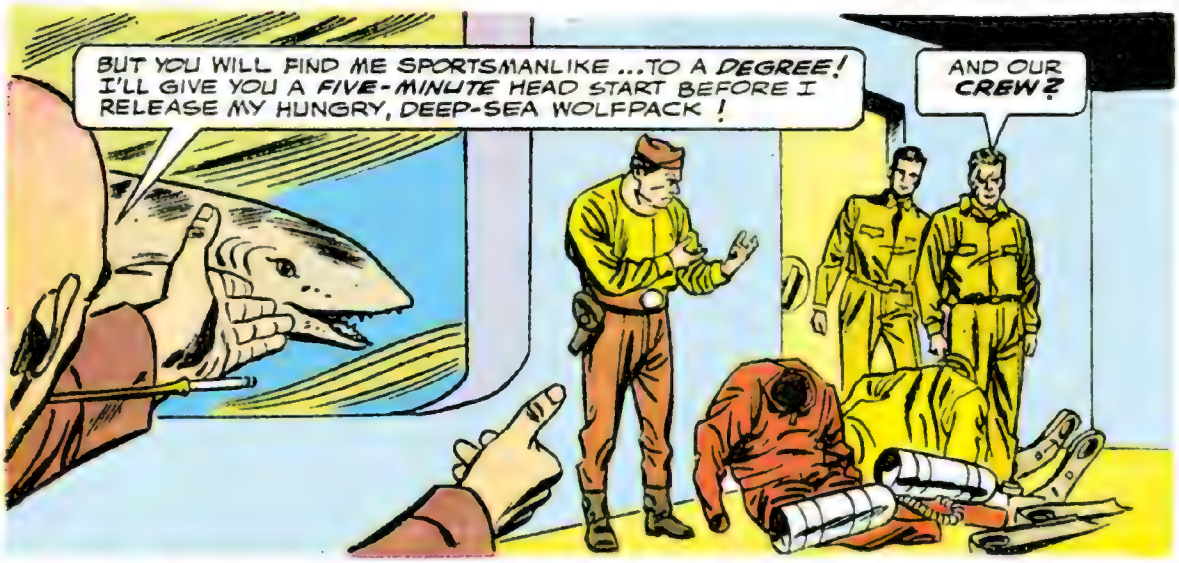
YOU WERE CURIOUS ABOUT MY TIDO—GENERATORS? THERE YOU SEE THE RESULTS OF TEN YEARS WORK...

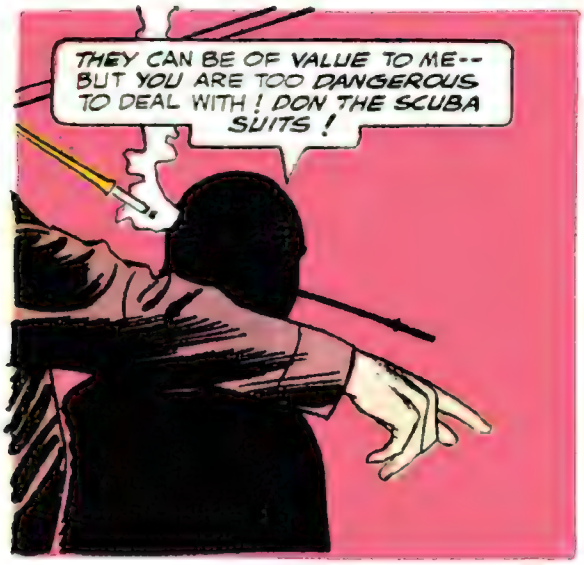
A FULL DOZEN--READY TO BE SET UP IN KEY HARBORS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD... AND CREATE TIDAL WAVES VIA SONIC FREQUENCY!

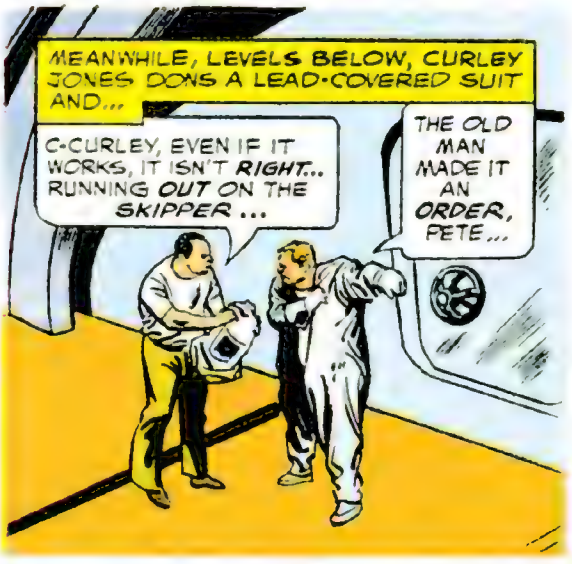

AND AS THE ELEVATOR STOPS...
THINK OF THE MIGHT I SHALL COMMAND BY MY ABILITY TO PIN-POINT TARGETS...
WALL STREET, NEW YORK...
THE DIAMOND MARTS OF AMSTERDAM...
LONDON BRIDGE...

SO YOU'RE GOING TO BLACKMAIL THE WORLD, GAMMA ?
OR MORE! BUT YOU MUST FORGIVE ME, GENTLEMEN !

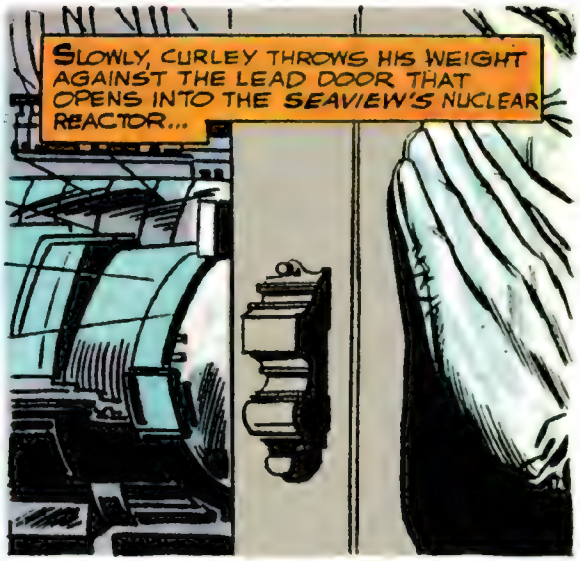

I COULD NOT RESIST THE LUXURY OF BRAGGING...TO THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE ...

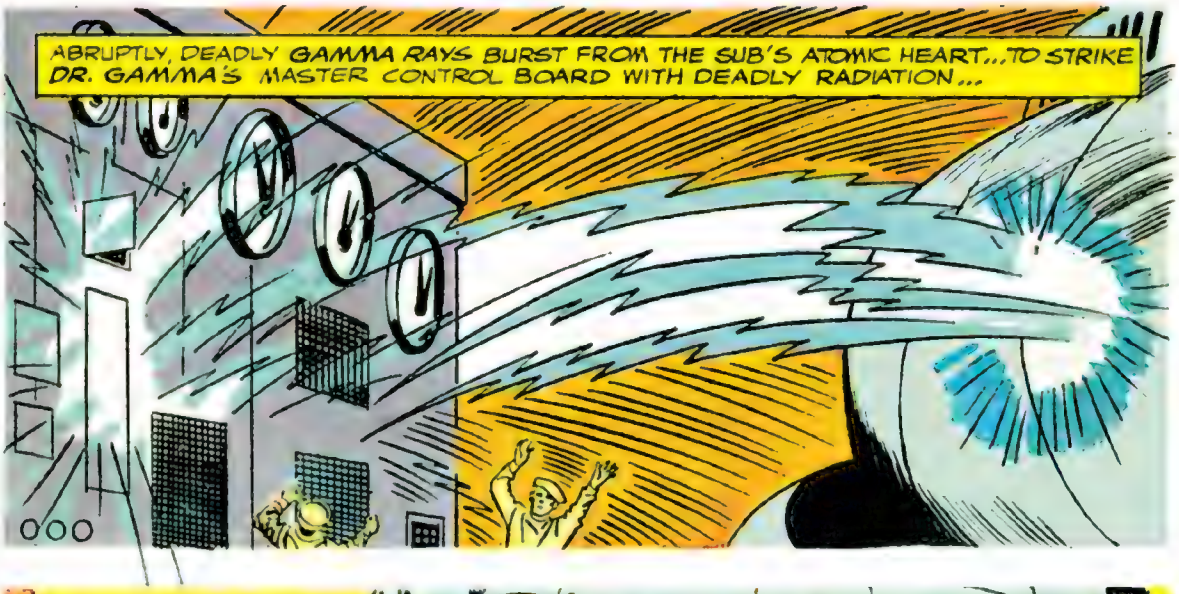

BUT YOU WILL FIND ME SPORTSMANLIKE ...TO A DEGREE! I'LL GIVE YOU A FIVE-MINUTE HEAD START BEFORE I RELEASE MY HUNGRY, DEEP-SEA WOLFPACK !
AND OUR CREW?

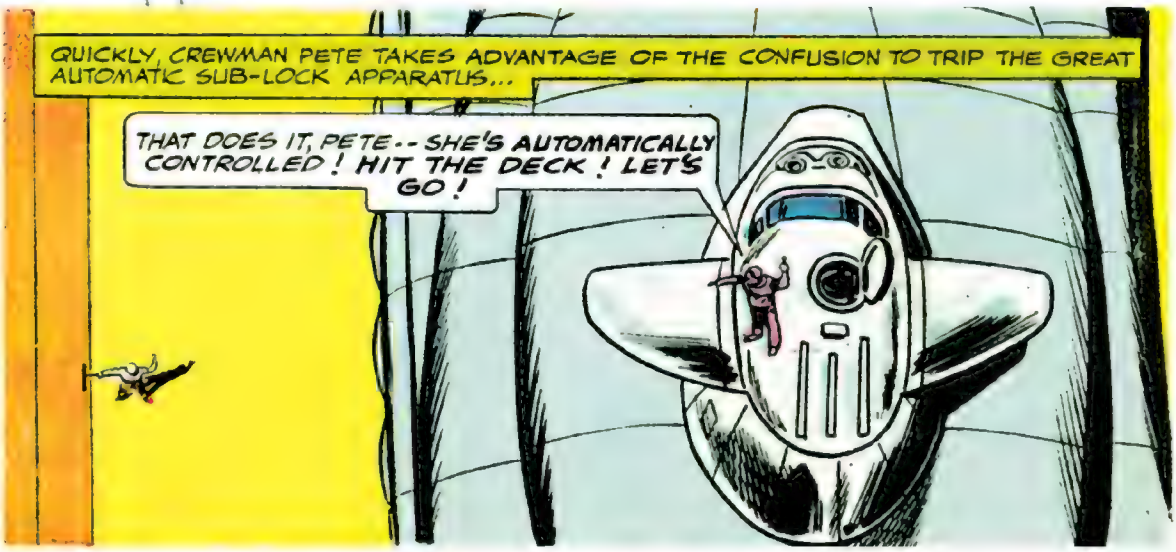

THEY CAN BE OF VALUE TO ME-- BUT YOU ARE TOO DANGEROUS TO DEAL WITH ! DON THE SCUBA SUITS !

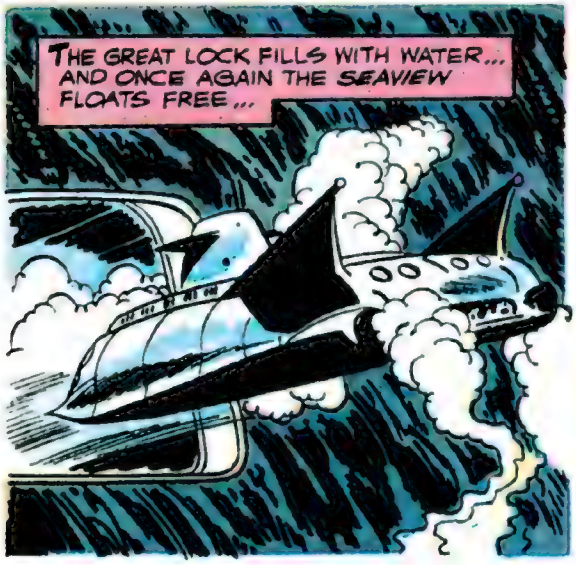

MEANWHILE, LEVELS BELOW, CURLEY JONES DONS A LEAD-COVERED SUIT AND...
C-CURLEY, EVEN IF IT WORKS, IT ISN'T RIGHT... RUNNING OUT ON THE SKIPPER ...
THE OLD MAN MADE IT AN ORDER, PETE...

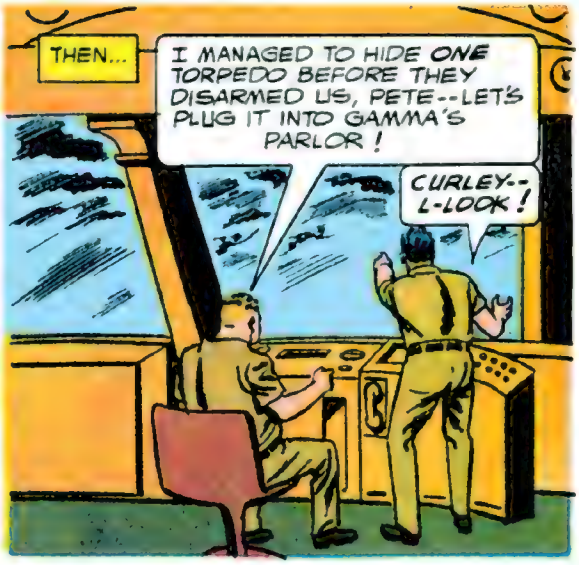
NOW HIT THAT CONNING TOWER HATCH AND GET READY TO MOVE ... AS PLANNED !
R-RIGHT !

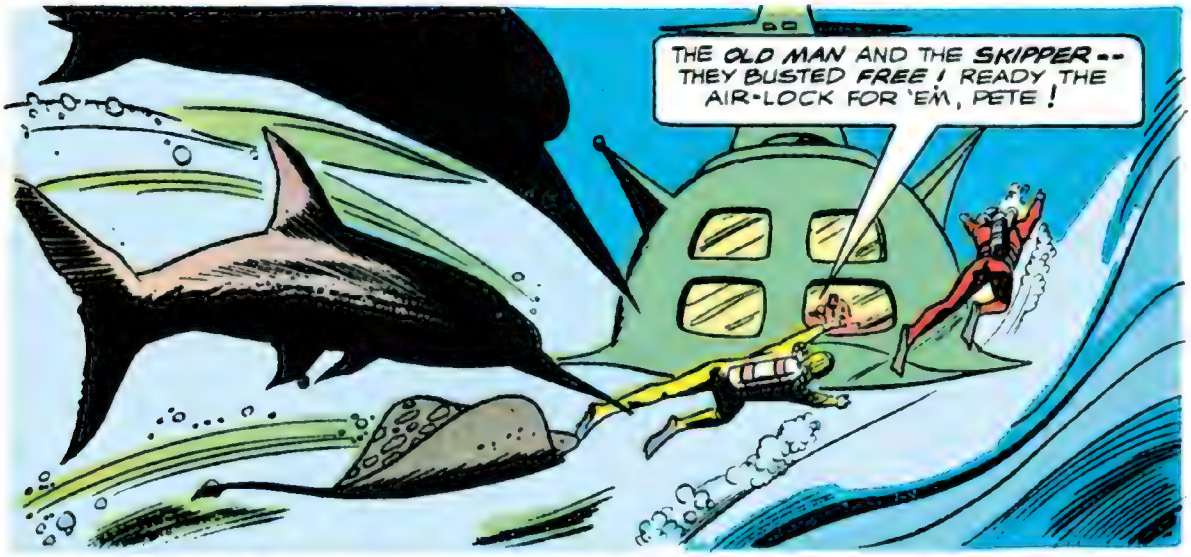

SLOWLY, CURLEY THROWS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE LEAD DOOR THAT OPENS INTO THE SEAVIEW'S NUCLEAR REACTOR...

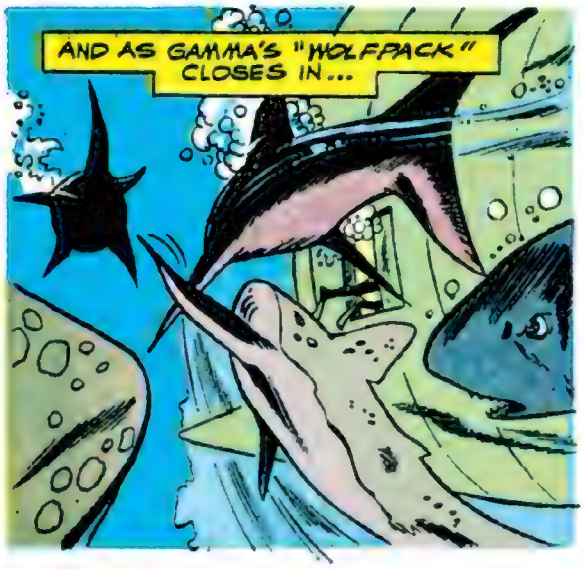

ABRUPTLY, DEADLY GAMMA RAYS BURST FROM THE SUB'S ATOMIC HEART...TO STRIKE DR. GAMMA'S MASTER CONTROL BOARD WITH DEADLY RADIATION...


QUICKLY, CREWMAN PETE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION TO TRIP THE GREAT AUTOMATIC SUB-LOCK APPARATUS...
THAT DOES IT, PETE -- SHE'S AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLLED ! HIT THE DECK ! LET'S GO !

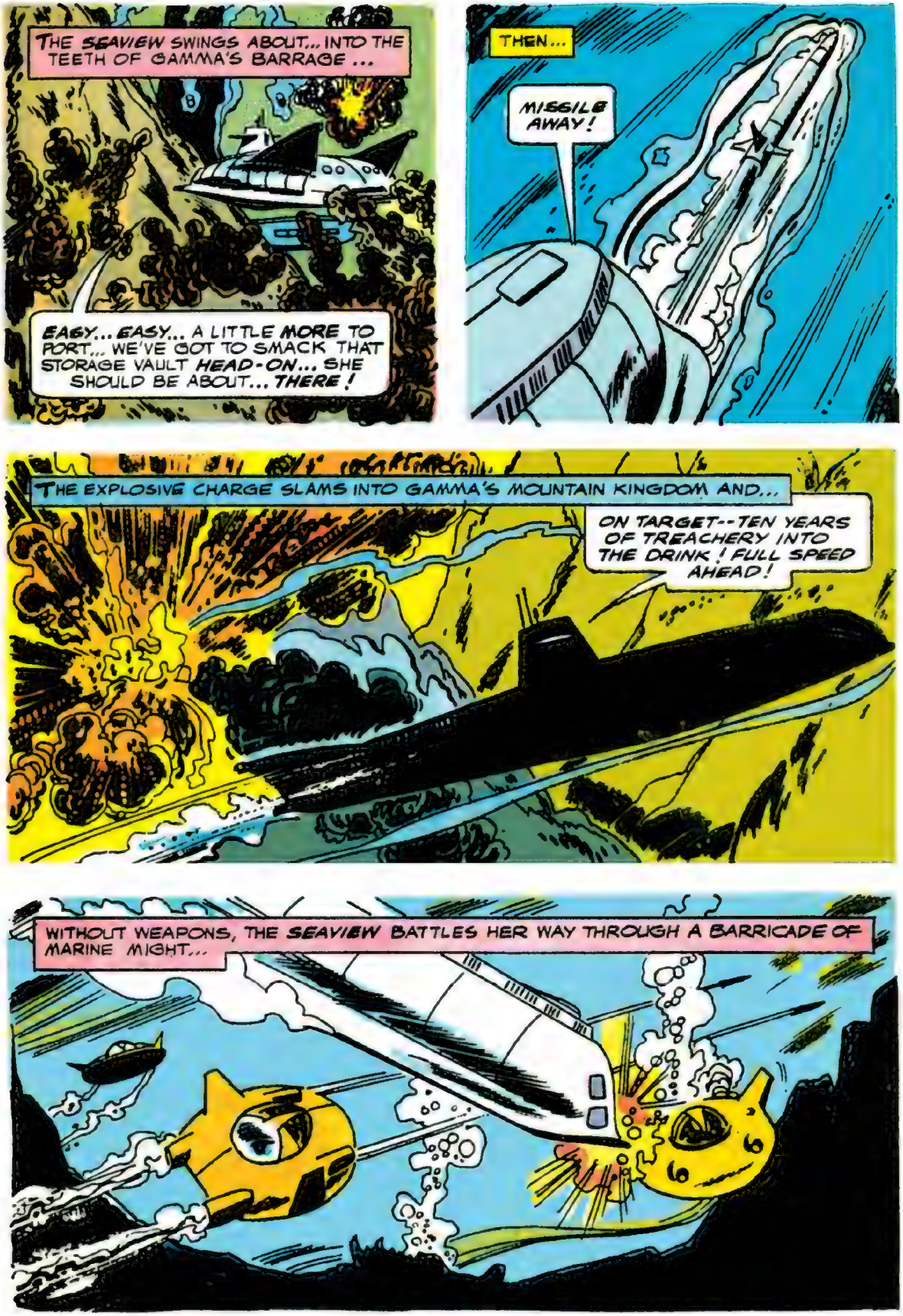

THE GREAT LOCK FILLS WITH WATER... AND ONCE AGAIN THE SEAVIEW FLOATS FREE...


THEN...
I MANAGED TO HIDE ONE TORPEDO BEFORE THEY DISARMED US, PETE--LET'S PLUG IT INTO GAMMA'S PARLOR!
CURLEY--L-LOOK!


THE OLD MAN AND THE SKIPPER--THEY BUSTED FREE! READY THE AIR-LOCK FOR 'EM, PETE!


AND AS GAMMA'S "WOLFPACK" CLOSES IN...

THEN...
HERE'S YOUR SEAT, SIR--THEY'RE DROPPING SOME BOOM BOOM EGGS REAL CLOSE... WE'VE GOT ONE TORPEDO TO PLAY WITH!
GOOD! SET HER UP, CURLEY--SHE'S GOT A SPECIAL TARGET!


THE SEAVIEW SWINGS ABOUT... INTO THE TEETH OF GAMMA'S BARRAGE ...
EASY... EASY... A LITTLE MORE TO PORT... WE'VE GOT TO SMACK THAT STORAGE VAULT HEAD-ON... SHE SHOULD BE ABOUT... THERE!
THEN...
MISSILE AWAY!
THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE SLAMS INTO GAMMA'S MOUNTAIN KINGDOM AND...
ON TARGET--TEN YEARS OF TREACHERY INTO THE DRINK! FULL SPEED AHEAD!
WITHOUT WEAPONS, THE SEAVIEW BATTLES HER WAY THROUGH A BARRICADE OF MARINE MIGHT...

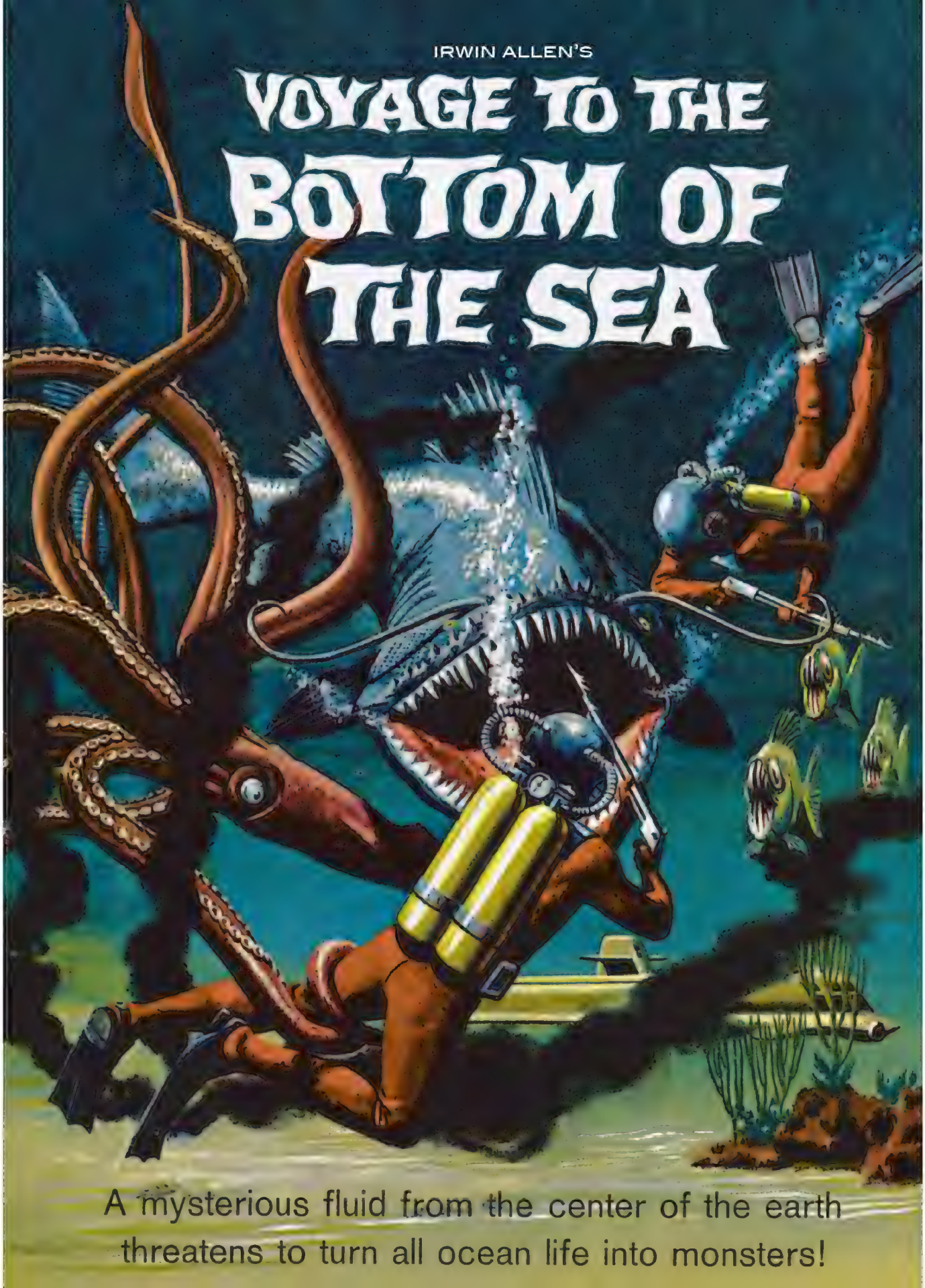
LIKE SOME GREAT MAMMAL, SHE TWISTS AND TURNS TO LOSE HERSELF IN THE MYSTERIOUS VEGETATION OF THE TONGA DEEP...
HOURS LATER, SHE SURFACES SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...
WE COULD BE ANYWHERE-- OUR COMPASSES HAVE BEEN WHACKED UP SINCE THEY WERE MAGNETIZED !
TAKE A READING FROM THE STARS, LEE...
RADIO FOR A DESTROYER TO MEET US OFF TONGA KEY WITH SOME DEPTH CHARGES... WE'VE GOT ONE LAST JOB TO DO... IN MEMORY OF LT. FISKE !
AND LATER, OFF TONGA KEY...
WELL, WE EXPLODED IT--BEFORE GAMMA HAD A CHANCE TO TRIGGER ANOTHER TIDAL WAVE--BY GENERATING THAT SONIC FREQUENCY !
YES, LEE--THANKS TO LT. FISKE ! I HAVE A FEELING, SOMEHOW, HE KNOWS WE'LL BE BACK TO FIND... DR. GAMMA !

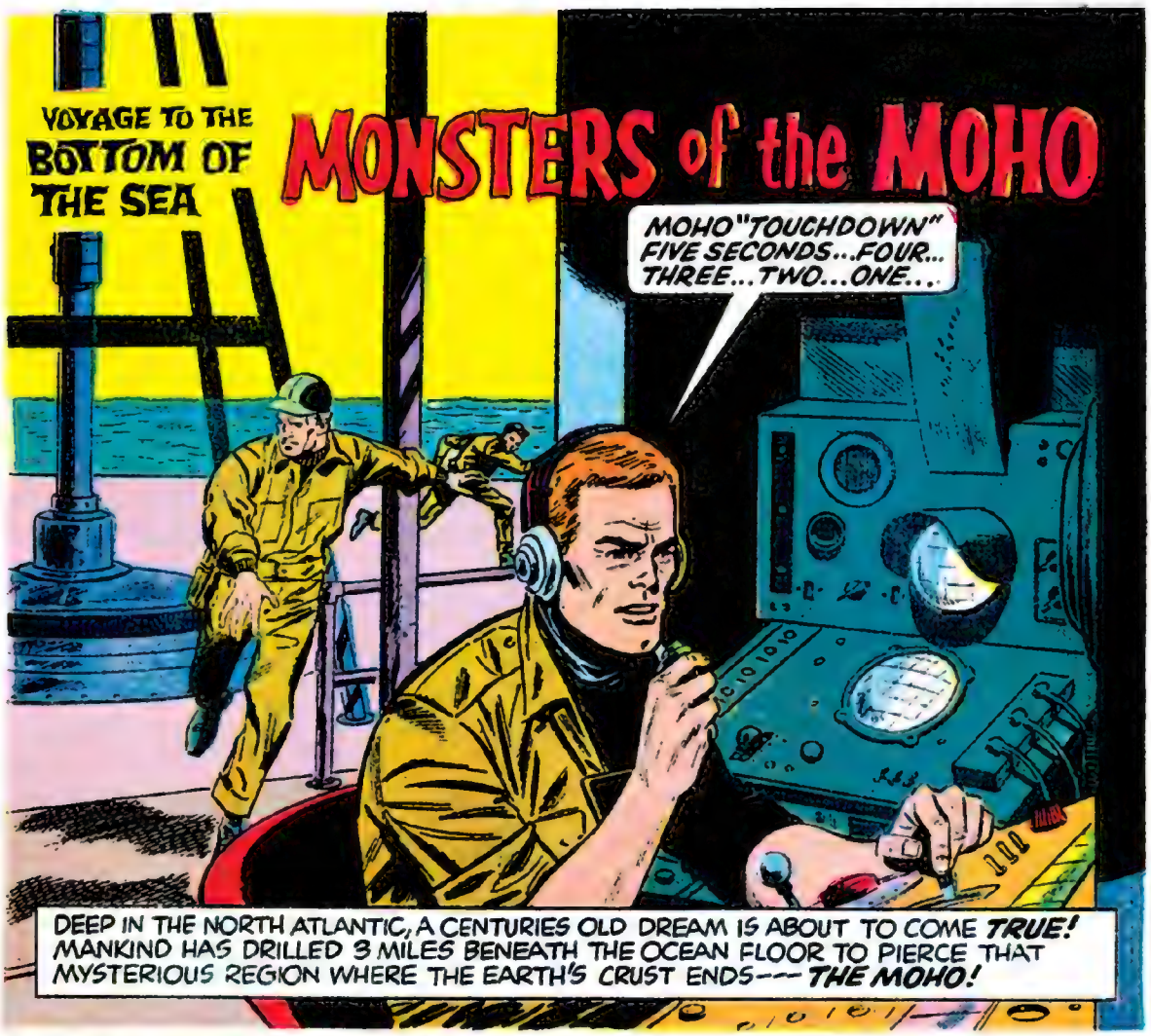
RICHARD BASEHART

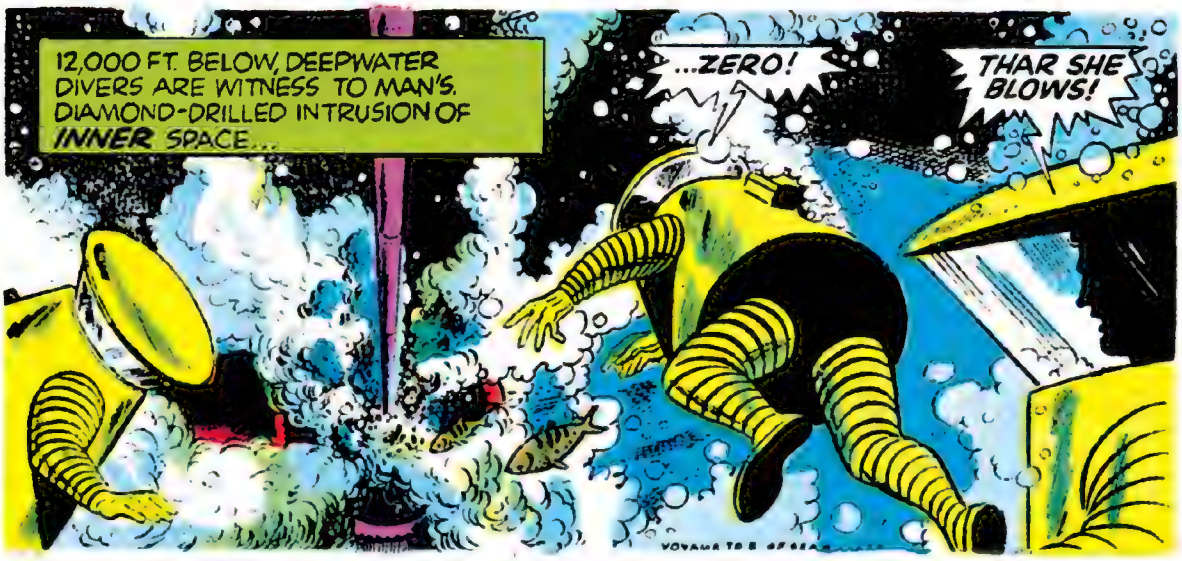
DAVID HEDISON

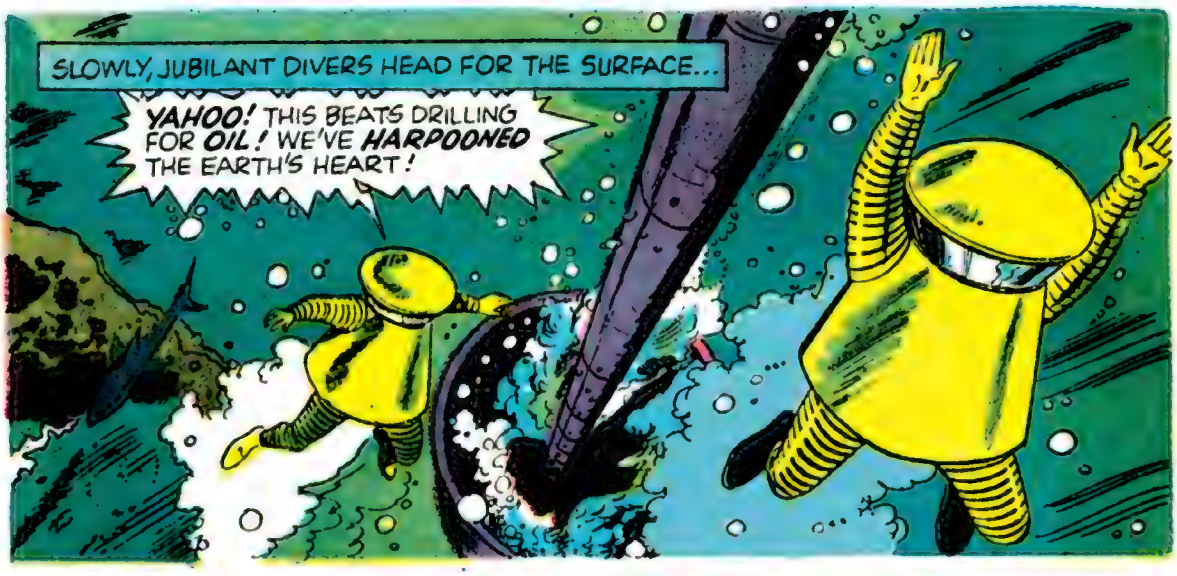
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

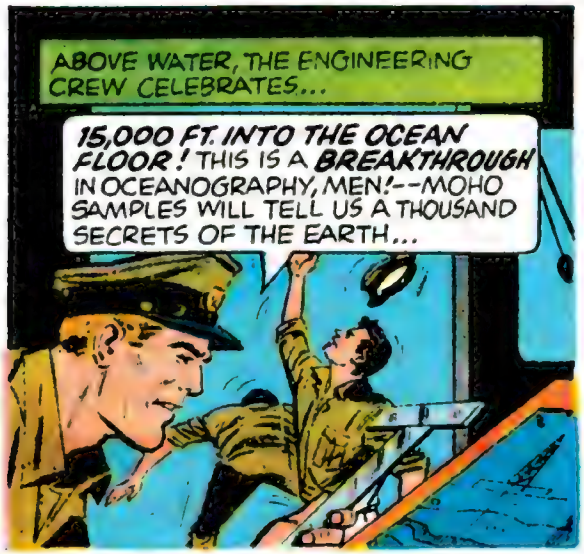
PIN-UP


IRWIN ALLEN'S
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
A mysterious fluid from the center of the earth threatens to turn all ocean life into monsters!

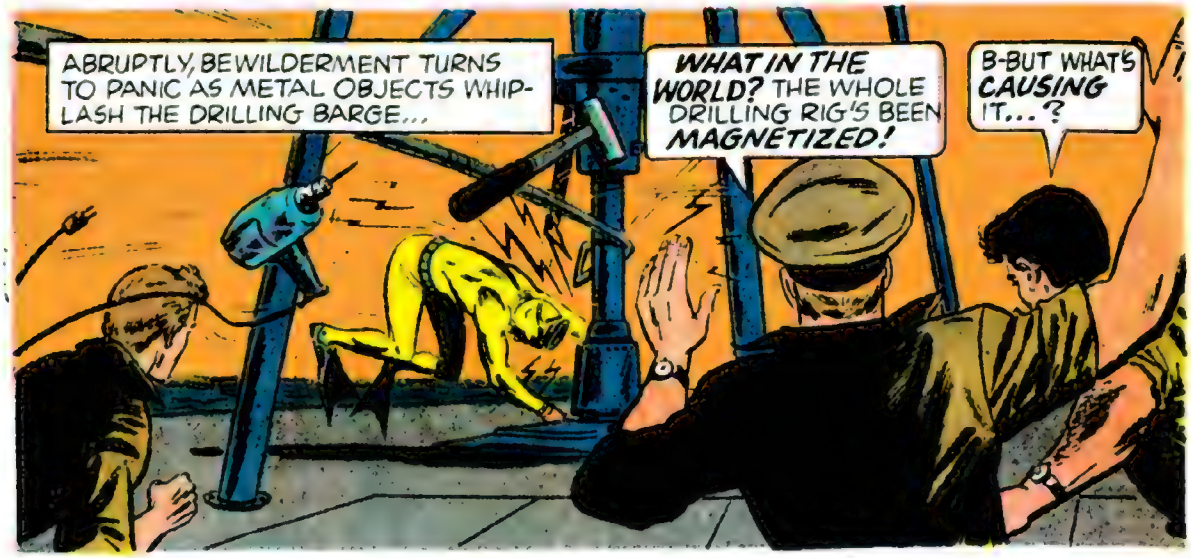

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
MONSTERS of the MOHO
MOHO "TOUCHDOWN" FIVE SECONDS...FOUR... THREE...TWO...ONE...
DEEP IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, A CENTURIES OLD DREAM IS ABOUT TO COME TRUE! MANKIND HAS DRILLED 3 MILES BENEATH THE OCEAN FLOOR TO PIERCE THAT MYSTERIOUS REGION WHERE THE EARTH'S CRUST ENDS--- THE MOHO!

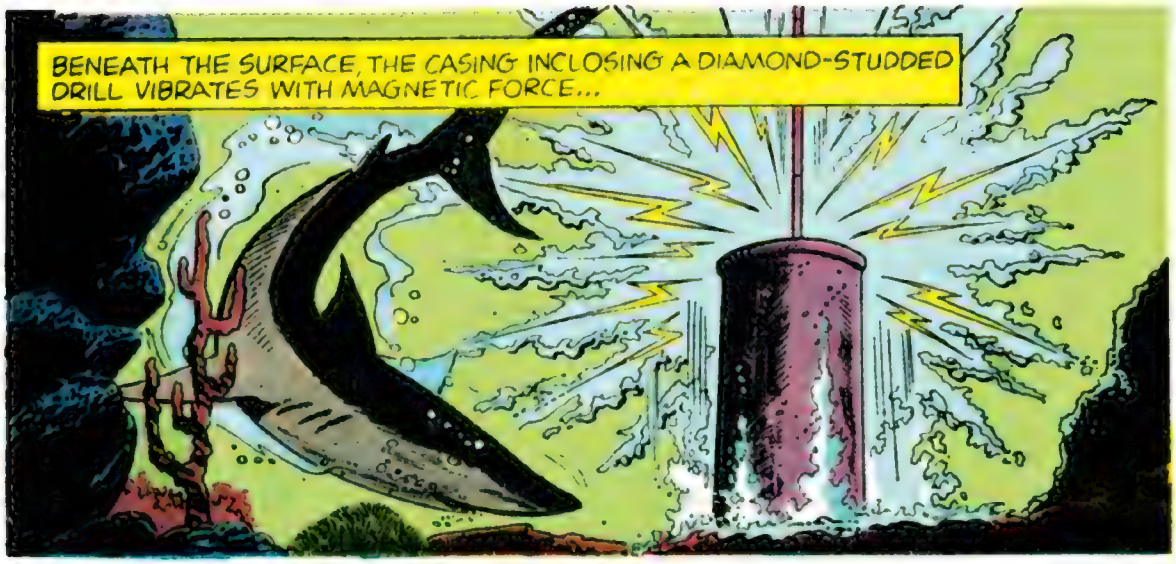

12,000 FT. BELOW, DEEPWATER DIVERS ARE WITNESS TO MAN'S DIAMOND-DRILLED INTRUSION OF INNER SPACE...
...ZERO!
THAR SHE BLOWS!

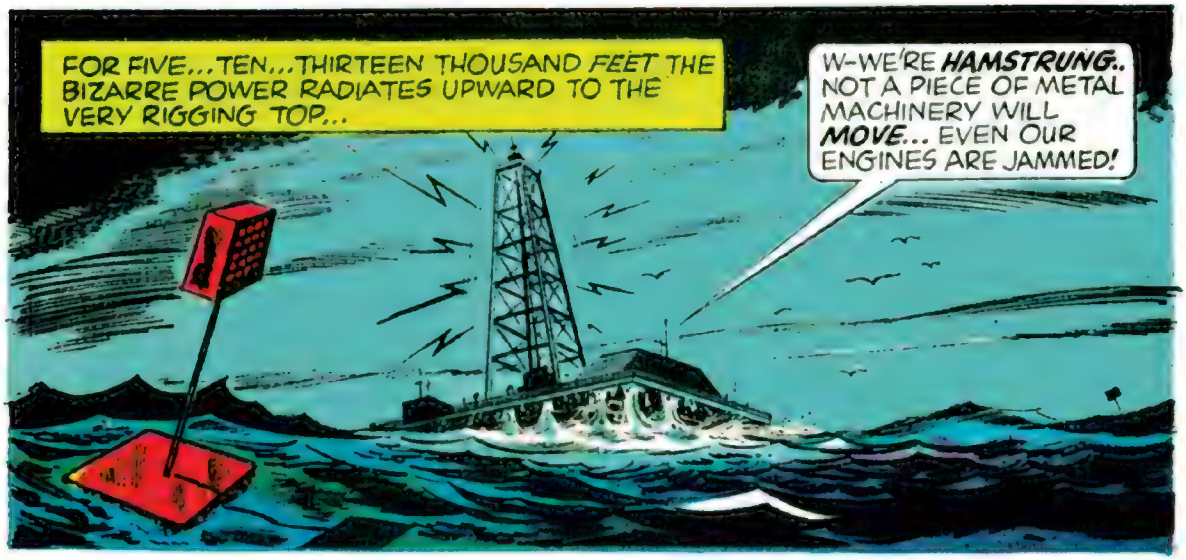

SLOWLY, JUBILANT DIVERS HEAD FOR THE SURFACE...
YAHOO! THIS BEATS DRILLING FOR OIL! WE'VE HARPOONED THE EARTH'S HEART!


ABOVE WATER, THE ENGINEERING CREW CELEBRATES...
15,000 FT. INTO THE OCEAN FLOOR! THIS IS A BREAKTHROUGH IN OCEANOGRAPHY, MEN!--MOHO SAMPLES WILL TELL US A THOUSAND SECRETS OF THE EARTH...

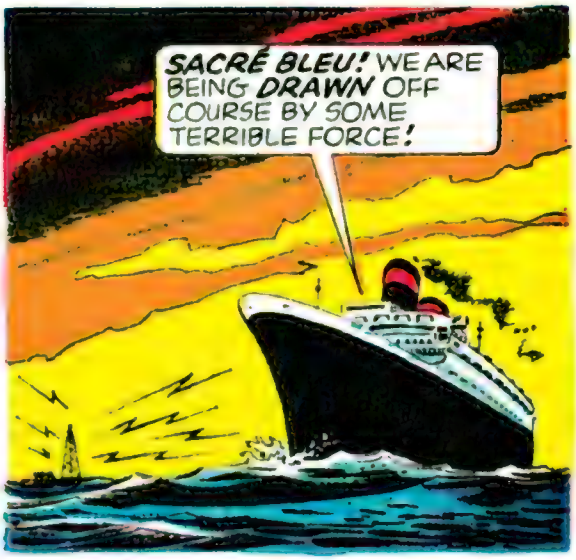
SUDDENLY...
WE CAN EVEN CONTINUE DEEPER AND...! W-WHAT HAPPENED...?

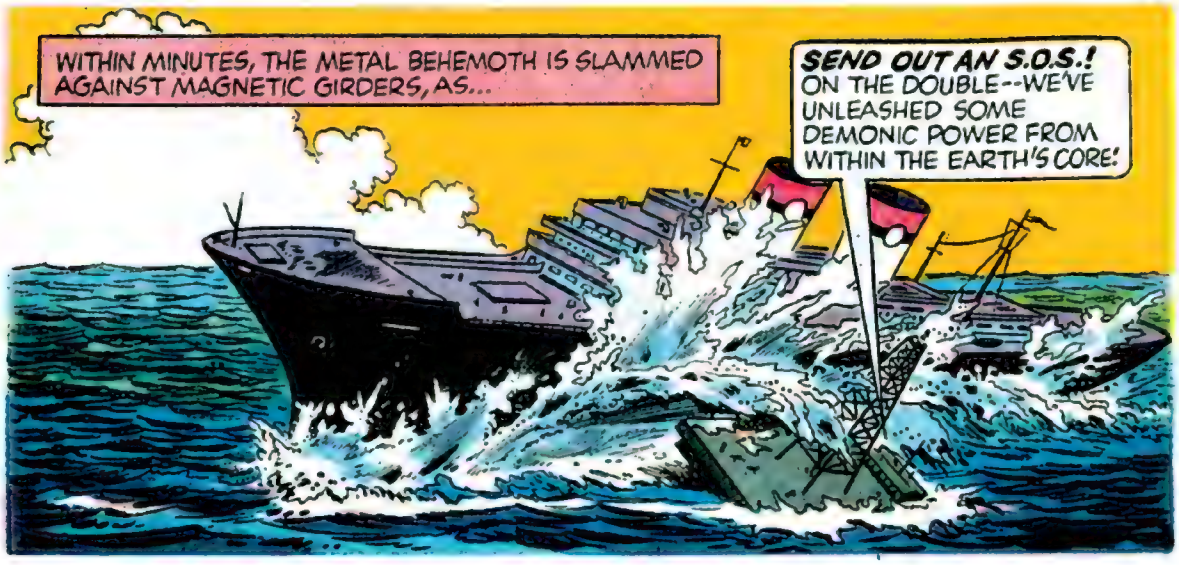

ABRUPTLY, BEWILDERMENT TURNS TO PANIC AS METAL OBJECTS WHIP-LASH THE DRILLING BARGE...
WHAT IN THE WORLD? THE WHOLE DRILLING RIG'S BEEN MAGNETIZED!
B-BUT WHAT'S CAUSING IT...?

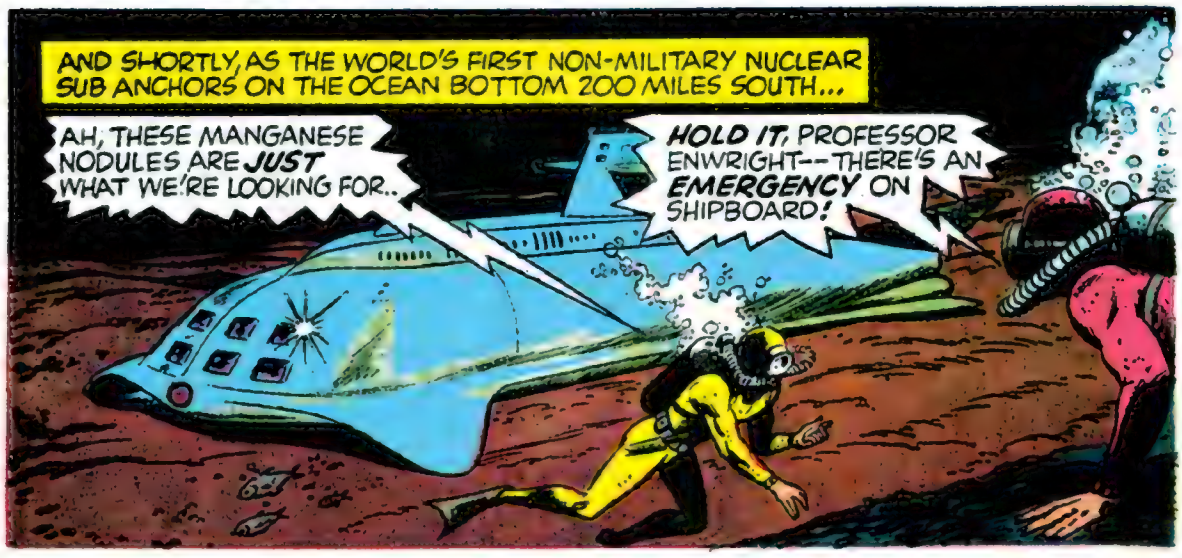

BENEATH THE SURFACE, THE CASING INCLOSING A DIAMOND-STUDDED DRILL VIBRATES WITH MAGNETIC FORCE...

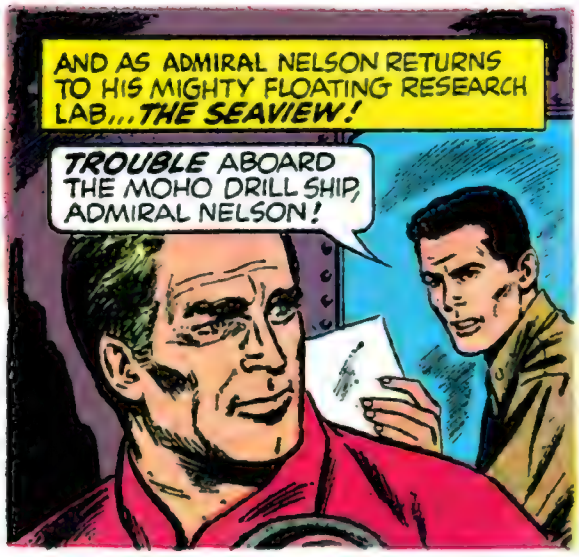

FOR FIVE...TEN...THIRTEEN THOUSAND *FEET* THE BIZARRE POWER RADIATES UPWARD TO THE VERY RIGGING TOP...
W-WE'RE ***HAMSTRUNG***.. NOT A PIECE OF METAL MACHINERY WILL ***MOVE***... EVEN OUR ENGINES ARE JAMMED!

WHILE ON THE BRIDGE OF A FRENCH LINER TWO MILES TO STARBOARD...
THUNDERATION! ZE COMPASS HAS GONE AMOK--AND ZE CONTROLS ARE SPINNING..!


SACRÉ BLEU! WE ARE BEING ***DRAWN*** OFF COURSE BY SOME TERRIBLE FORCE!

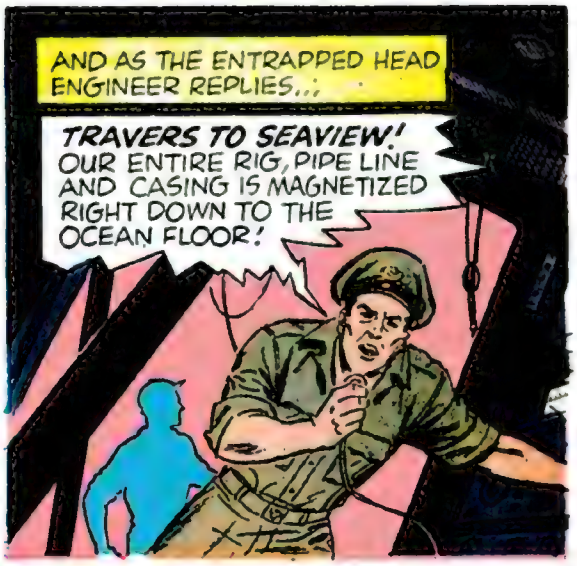

WITHIN MINUTES, THE METAL BEHEMOTH IS SLAMMED AGAINST MAGNETIC GIRDERS, AS...
SEND OUT AN S.O.S.! ON THE DOUBLE--WE'VE UNLEASHED SOME DEMONIC POWER FROM WITHIN THE EARTH'S CORE!

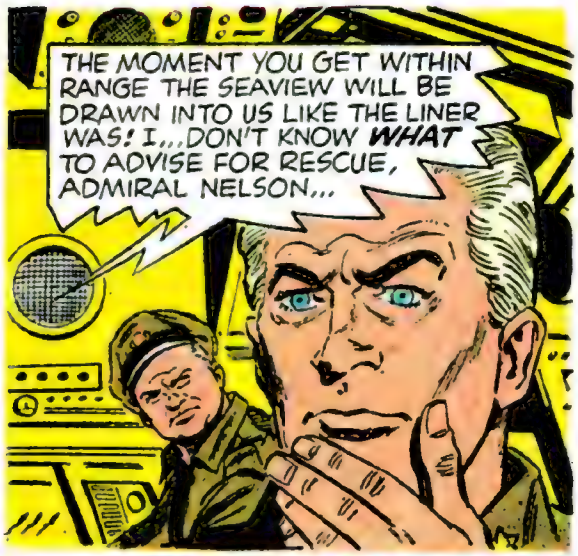

AND SHORTLY, AS THE WORLD'S FIRST NON-MILITARY NUCLEAR SUB ANCHORS ON THE OCEAN BOTTOM 200 MILES SOUTH...
AH, THESE MANGANESE NODULES ARE JUST WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR..
HOLD IT, PROFESSOR ENWRIGHT--THERE'S AN EMERGENCY ON SHIPBOARD!

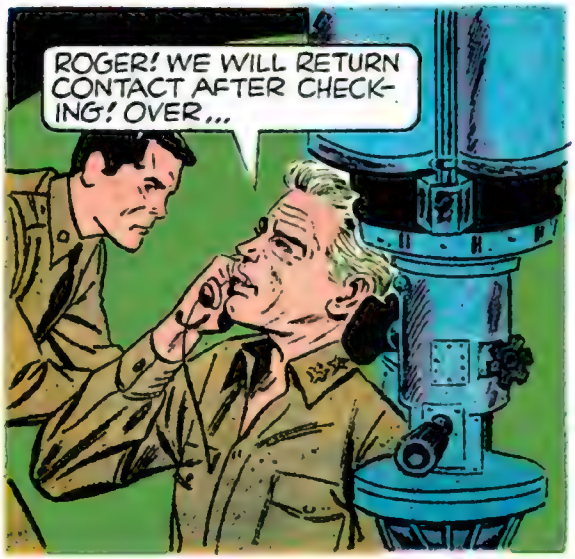

AND AS ADMIRAL NELSON RETURNS TO HIS MIGHTY FLOATING RESEARCH LAB...THE SEAVIEW!
TROUBLE ABOARD THE MOHO DRILL SHIP, ADMIRAL NELSON!

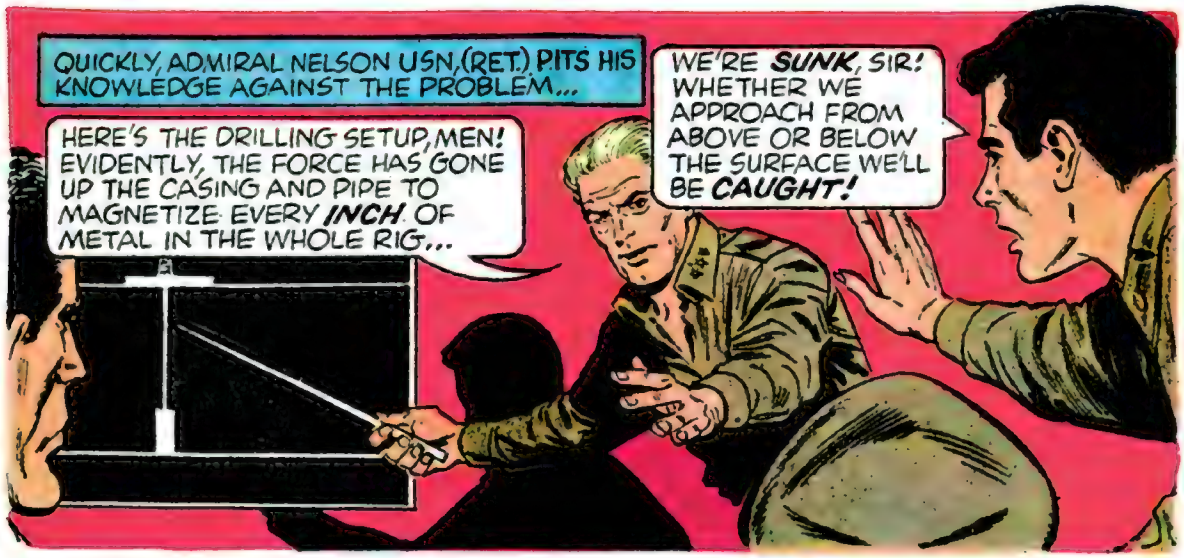
THEIR WHOLE RIG'S SUPER-MAGNETIZED! SUFFERING HANNAH!- A FRENCH LINER IS GLUED TO THEM!
OUR STUDY OF UNDER-SEAS MINERAL TREASURES WILL HAVE TO WAIT! HEAD DUE NORTH!-- TOP SPEED, LEE!

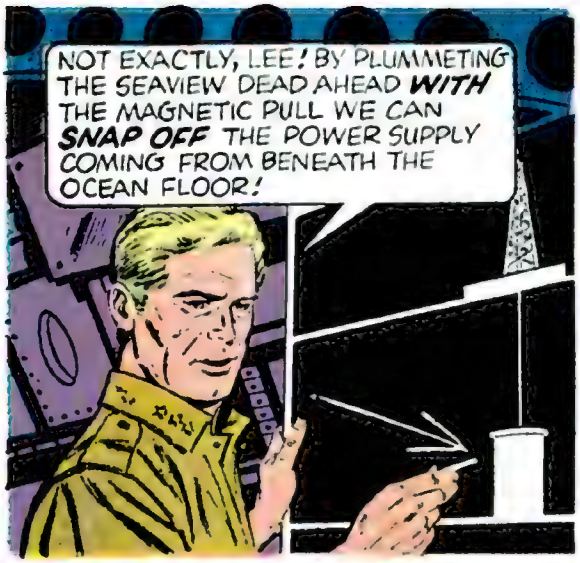
THE SEAVIEW CHURNS NORTH...HER GLISTENING BODY POISED TO CHALLENGE THE UNKNOWN...
SEAVIEW CALLING MOHO 1--COME IN CHIEF TRAVERS!


AND AS THE ENTRAPPED HEAD ENGINEER REPLIES...
TRAVERS TO SEAVIEW! OUR ENTIRE RIG, PIPE LINE AND CASING IS MAGNETIZED RIGHT DOWN TO THE OCEAN FLOOR!

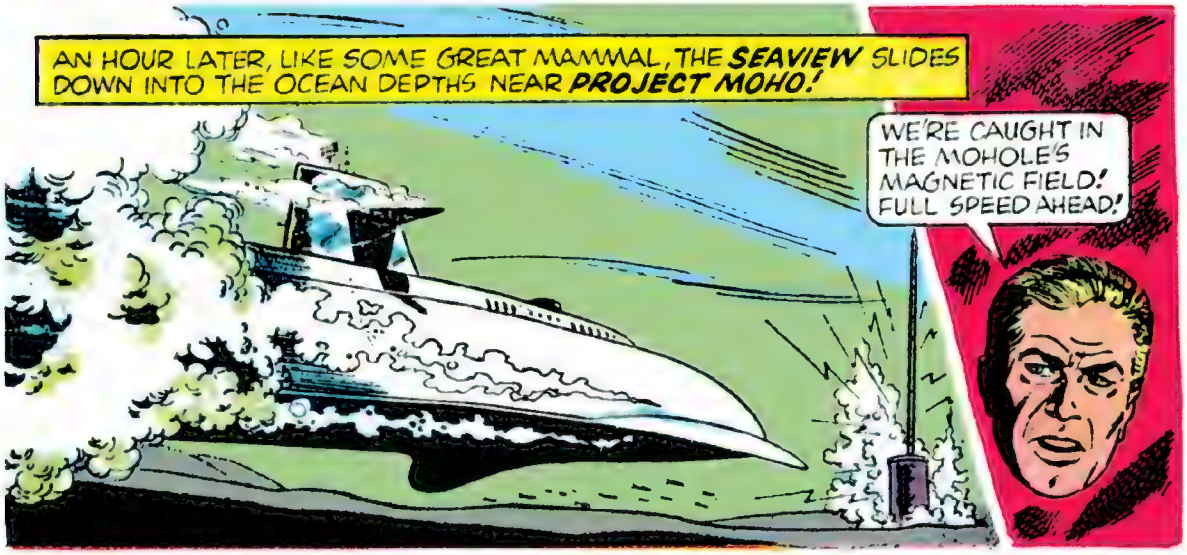

THE MOMENT YOU GET WITHIN RANGE THE SEAVIEW WILL BE DRAWN INTO US LIKE THE LINER WAS! I...DON'T KNOW WHAT TO ADVISE FOR RESCUE, ADMIRAL NELSON...

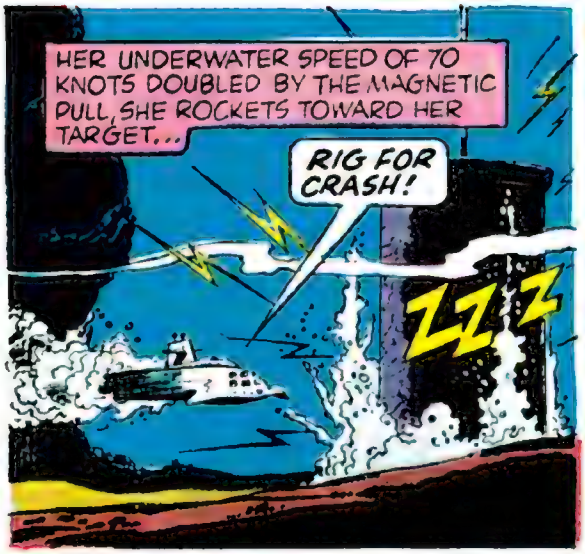

ROGER! WE WILL RETURN CONTACT AFTER CHECKING! OVER...

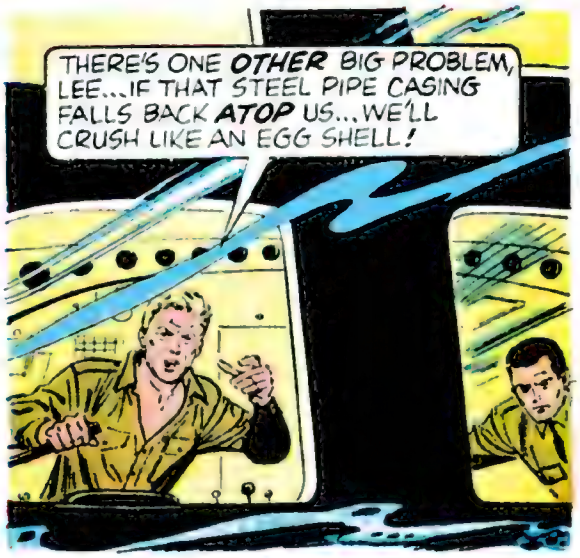

QUICKLY, ADMIRAL NELSON USN, (RET.) PITS HIS KNOWLEDGE AGAINST THE PROBLEM...
HERE'S THE DRILLING SETUP, MEN! EVIDENTLY, THE FORCE HAS GONE UP THE CASING AND PIPE TO MAGNETIZE EVERY INCH OF METAL IN THE WHOLE RIG...
WE'RE SUNK, SIR! WHETHER WE APPROACH FROM ABOVE OR BELOW THE SURFACE WE'LL BE CAUGHT!

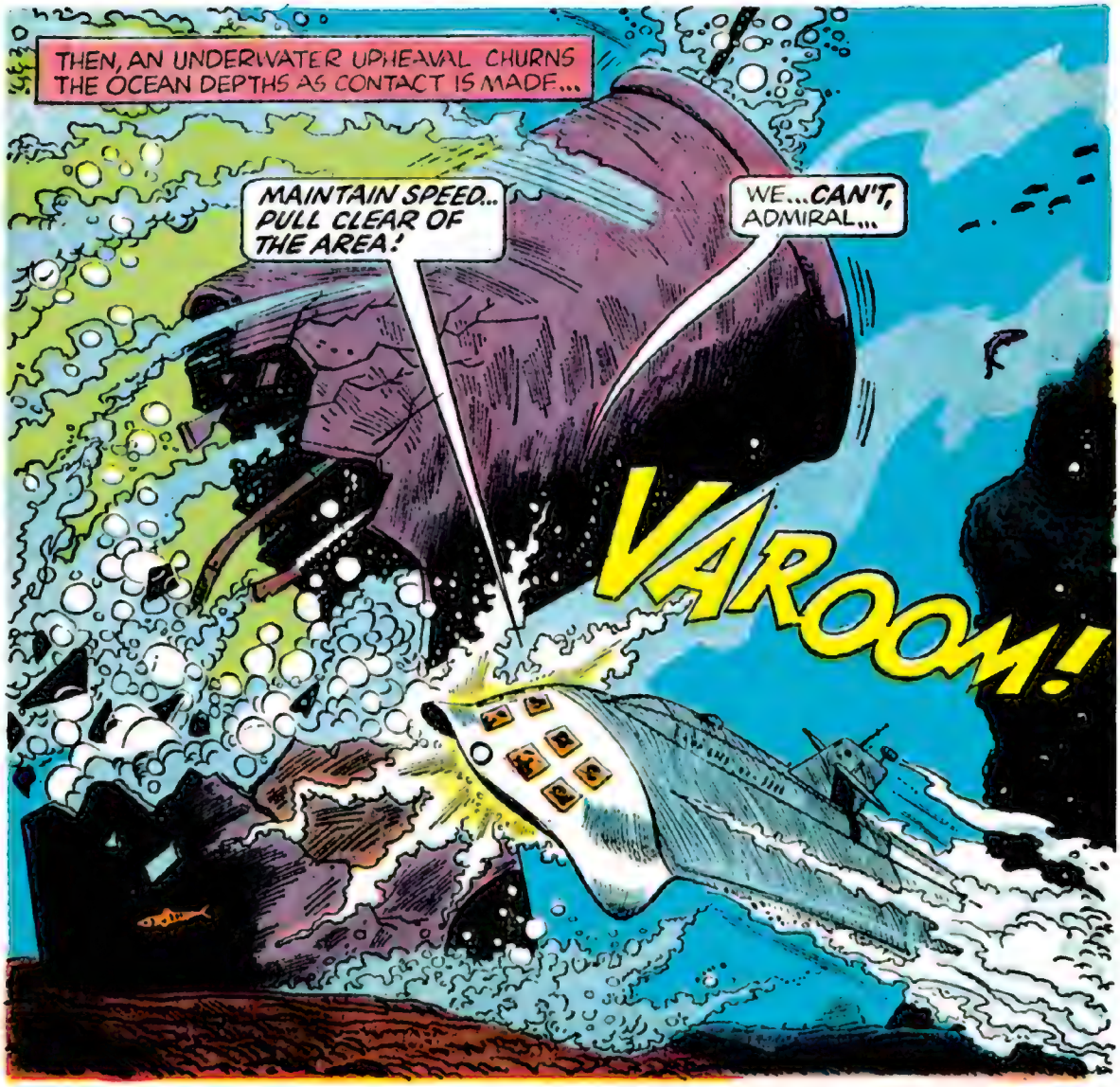

NOT EXACTLY, LEE! BY PLUMMETING THE SEAVIEW DEAD AHEAD WITH THE MAGNETIC PULL WE CAN SNAP OFF THE POWER SUPPLY COMING FROM BENEATH THE OCEAN FLOOR!

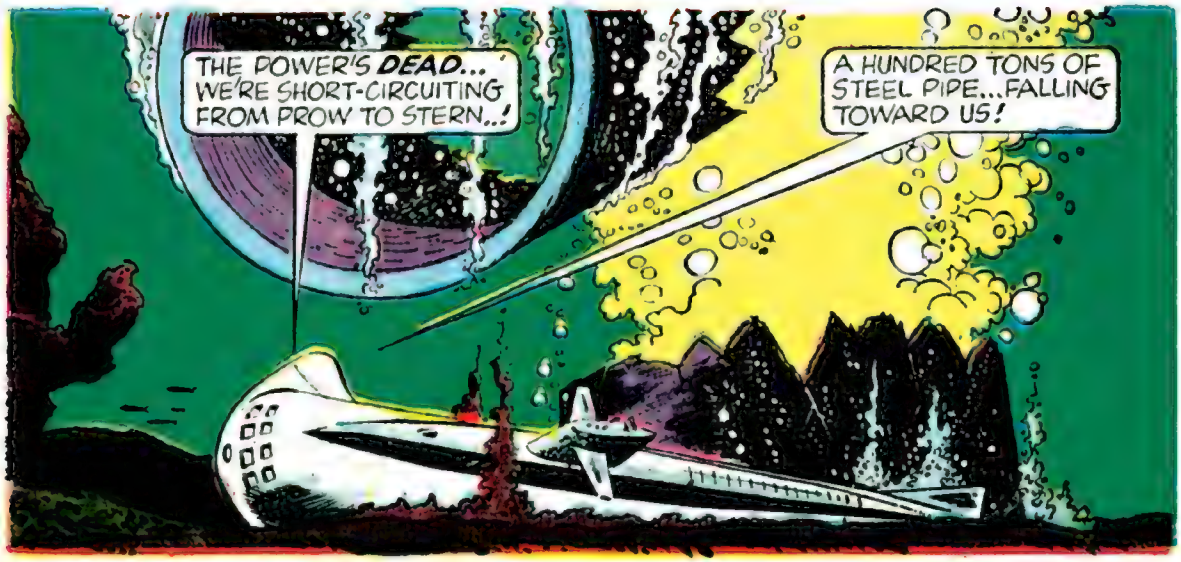
OF COURSE, IT MAY MEAN DAMAGING THE SEAVIEW FATALLY! ARE YOU...GAME?
THE MEN ARE WITH YOU, ADMIRAL!


AN HOUR LATER, LIKE SOME GREAT MAMMAL, THE SEAVIEW SLIDES DOWN INTO THE OCEAN DEPTHS NEAR PROJECT MOHO!
WE'RE CAUGHT IN THE MOHOLE'S MAGNETIC FIELD! FULL SPEED AHEAD!


HER UNDERWATER SPEED OF 70 KNOTS DOUBLED BY THE MAGNETIC PULL, SHE ROCKETS TOWARD HER TARGET...
RIG FOR CRASH!
ZZZ


THERE'S ONE OTHER BIG PROBLEM, LEE...IF THAT STEEL PIPE CASING FALLS BACK ATOP US...WE'LL CRUSH LIKE AN EGG SHELL!

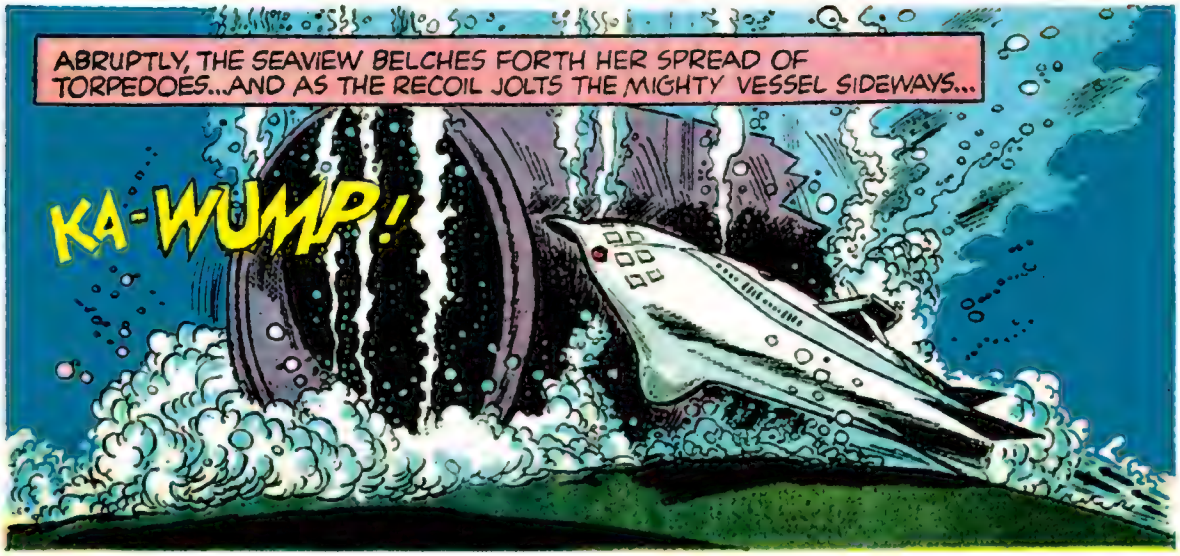

THEN, AN UNDERWATER UPHEAVAL CHURNS THE OCEAN DEPTHS AS CONTACT IS MADE...
MAINTAIN SPEED.. PULL CLEAR OF THE AREA!
WE...CAN'T, ADMIRAL...
VAROOM!


THE POWER'S DEAD... WE'RE SHORT-CIRCUITING FROM PROW TO STERN..!
A HUNDRED TONS OF STEEL PIPE...FALLING TOWARD US!

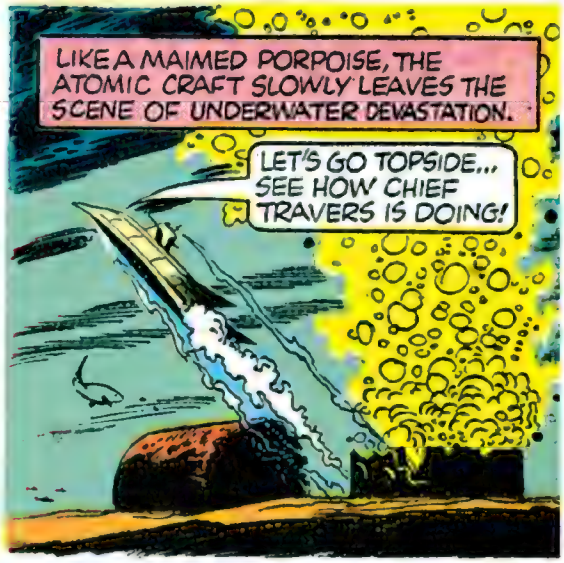
HELPLESSLY, SEAVIEW FLOUNDERS ON THE OCEAN BOTTOM, AS...

TRAPPED! W..WE CAN'T GET OUT FROM UNDER...

MAYBE WE CAN, LEE... THE TORPEDOES! FIRE ALL TORPEDO TUBES!

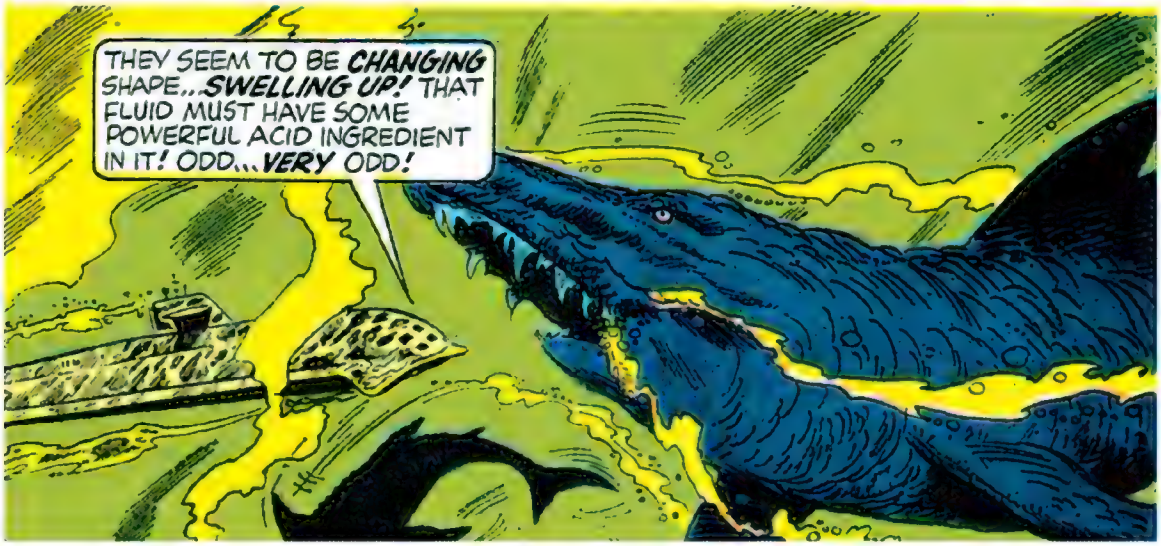


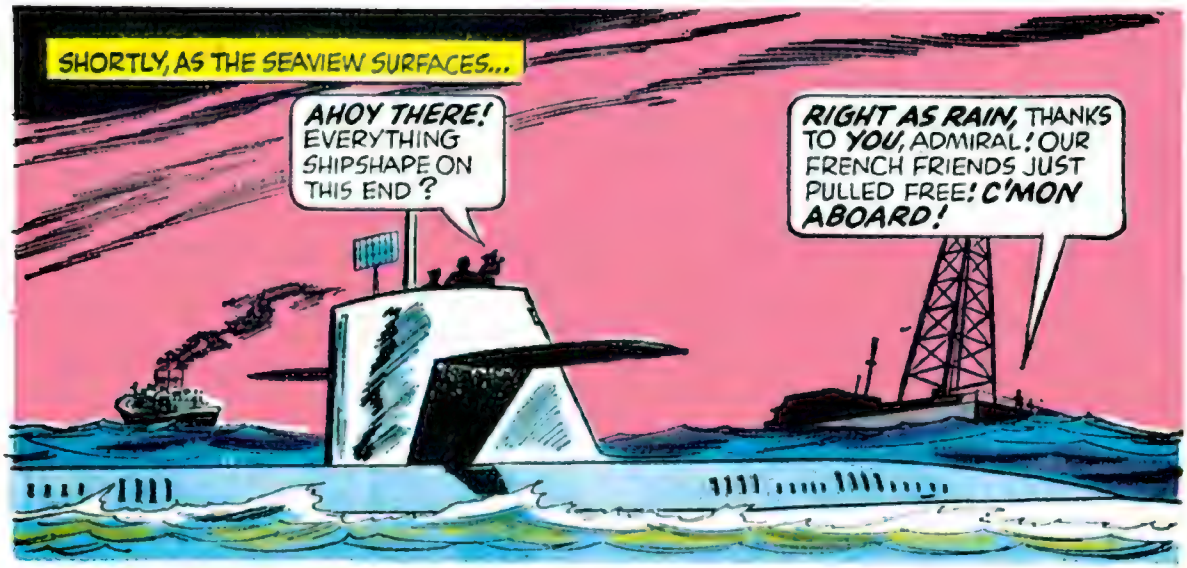
THEN, AS RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS BATHE THE SEAVIEW IN AN EERIE GLOW...
(WHEW-W-W!) WE MISSED JOINING THOSE FISHES OUTSIDE BY A WHISKER! START THE RESERVE ENGINES, CURLEY!
RIGHT, SIR!

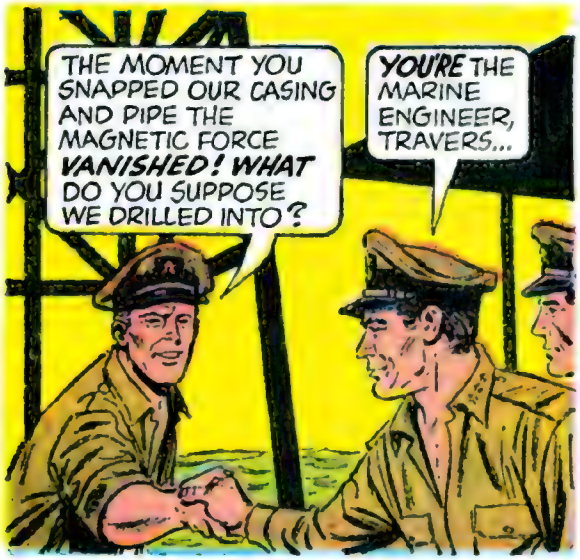

LIKE A MAIMED PORPOISE, THE ATOMIC CRAFT SLOWLY LEAVES THE SCENE OF UNDERWATER DEVASTATION.
LET'S GO TOPSIDE... SEE HOW CHIEF TRAVERS IS DOING!

SUDDENLY...
PROFESSOR ENWRIGHT...WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

THE SHARKS CAUGHT IN THAT YELLOW FLUID SEEPING FROM THE MOHOLE... IT SEEMS TO BE DRIVING THEM WILD..!
YES...IN THE SAME MANNER BLOOD MAKES THEM FEROCIOUS! STRANGE...

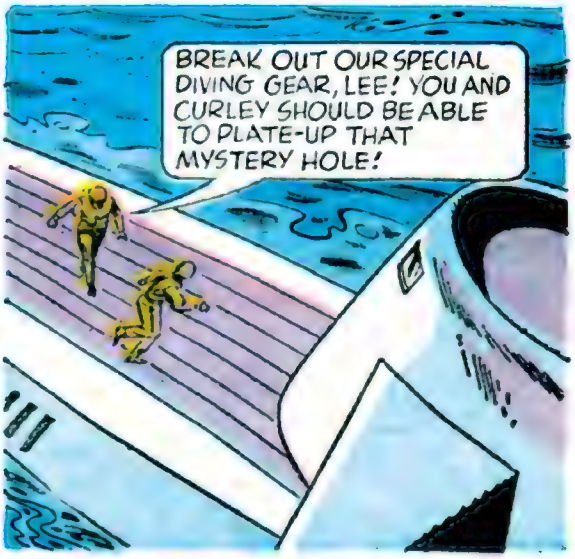

THEY SEEM TO BE CHANGING SHAPE...SWELLING UP! THAT FLUID MUST HAVE SOME POWERFUL ACID INGREDIENT IN IT! ODD...VERY ODD!


SHORTLY, AS THE SEAVIEW SURFACES...
AHOY THERE! EVERYTHING SHIPSHAPE ON THIS END?
RIGHT AS RAIN, THANKS TO YOU, ADMIRAL! OUR FRENCH FRIENDS JUST PULLED FREE! C'MON ABOARD!


THE MOMENT YOU SNAPPED OUR CASING AND PIPE THE MAGNETIC FORCE VANISHED! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WE DRILLED INTO?
YOU'RE THE MARINE ENGINEER, TRAVERS...

BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN... YOUR OPEN MOHOLE INTO THE MOHO IS A MENACE TO THE SEA! EVEN THE FISH ARE BEING AFFECTED...
AND IT'S STILL RADIATING THAT CUSSED MAGNETIC POWER! BUT WE CAN'T CAP IT... THE MAGNETIC FIELD DOWN THERE WOULD SUCK OUR STEEL SUITS IN!

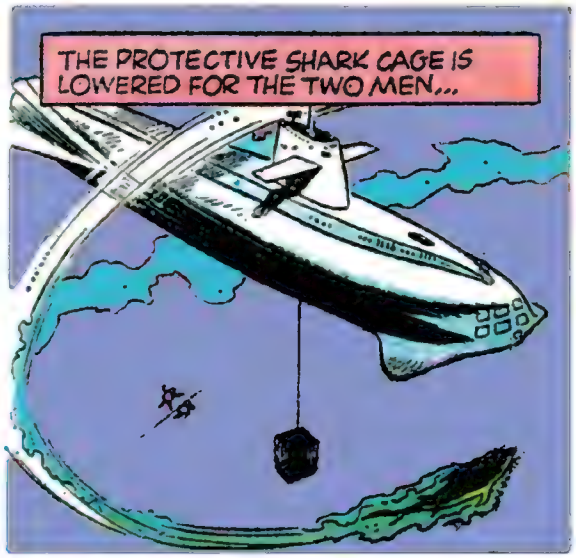
WE HAVE PLASTIC DEEP-DIVING GEAR ABOARD, TRAVERS! I'LL HANDLE THAT... THEN WE'LL GET TOGETHER AND SEND A REPORT TO WASHINGTON!
FINE!

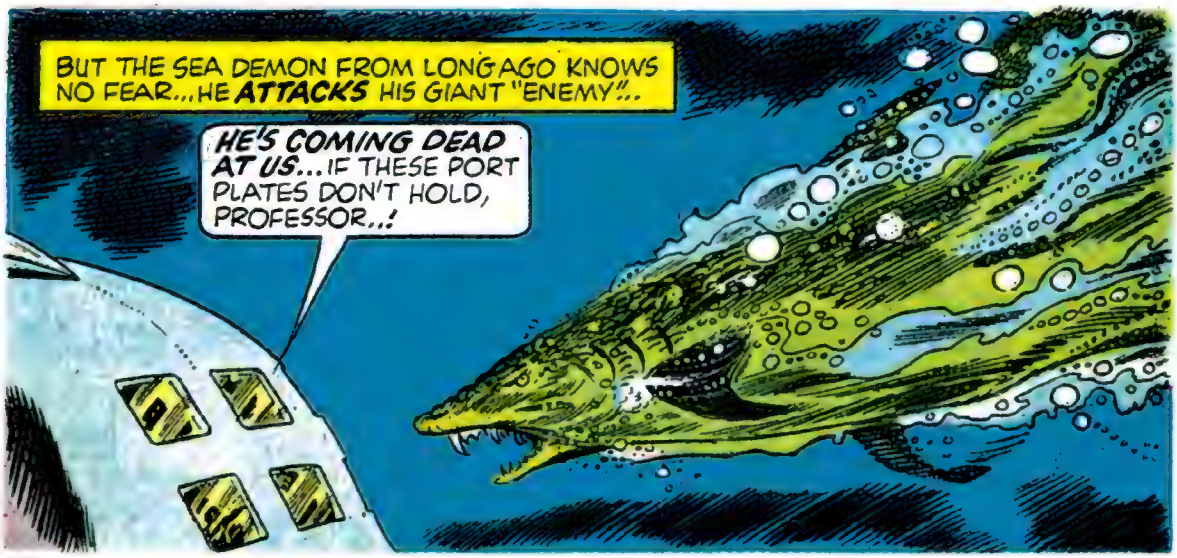

BREAK OUT OUR SPECIAL DIVING GEAR, LEE! YOU AND CURLEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO PLATE-UP THAT MYSTERY HOLE!

AFTER BEING REPAIRED, THE SEAVIEW SINKS ONCE AGAIN TO THE 12,000 FOOT DEPTH...
WE'LL PROTECT THE STEEL CAP WITH THIS PLASTIC SHIELD UNTIL WE REACH THE MOHOLE, ADMIRAL!
FINE—AND THEN YOU CAN FLIP IT OVER AND LET THE MAGNETISM ITSELF SEAL THE CAP IN PLACE!
MOMENTS LATER...
GREAT THUNDER, ADMIRAL! THOSE TWO CREATURES RESEMBLE THE ANCIENT THELODUS AND PTERASPIS WHO SWAM PRIMEVAL SEAS 400 MILLION YEARS AGO!
ARE THEY DANGEROUS?
NO, NO,..THEY LACK THE HINGED JAWS OF KILLER FISH! BUT...HOW UTTERLY INCREDIBLE!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, LEE-- THOSE TWO FREAK FISH ARE HARMLESS!

CAREFULLY, THE UNDERWATER TEAM READY THEIR CAPPING OPERATION...
ALL SET, CURLEY! ONE QUICK FLIP AND WE'LL HAVE THIS MISERY BOTTLED UP!
ROGER!
ABRUPTLY, THE FLIPPED STEEL CAP IS SLAMMED OVER THE OPENING BY MAGNETIC FORCE, BUT...
T-THE LEG OF MY SUIT--IT-IT'S... CAUGHT!
SLAM!
DESPERATELY, CURLEY TEARS HIMSELF FREE...
IT'S OKAY--JUST A SLIGHT TEAR, SIR! I CAN MAKE IT BACK OKAY!
THEN, AS A DARK SHADOW FALLS OVER THE RETURNING TEAM...
WHILE ABOARD THE SEAVIEW...
ADMIRAL...A TYLOSAURUS-A PREHISTORIC CREATURE FROM THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD! THIS ONE IS A KILLER! YOUR MEN WILL BE DEVOURED!
ALARM STATIONS! READY THE SHARK CAGE!

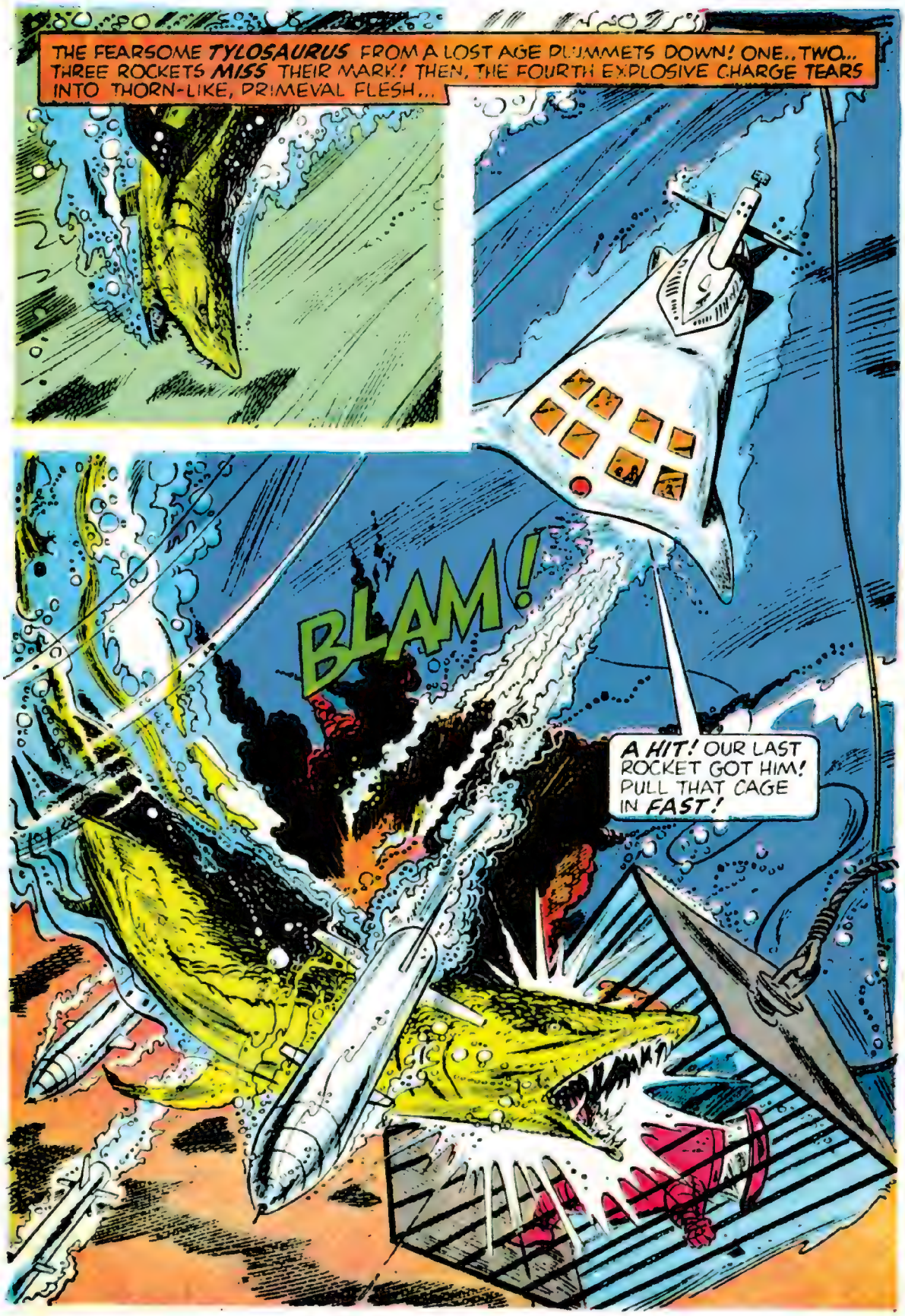
WITHIN SECONDS, ROCKET FIRE LACES THE WATER...

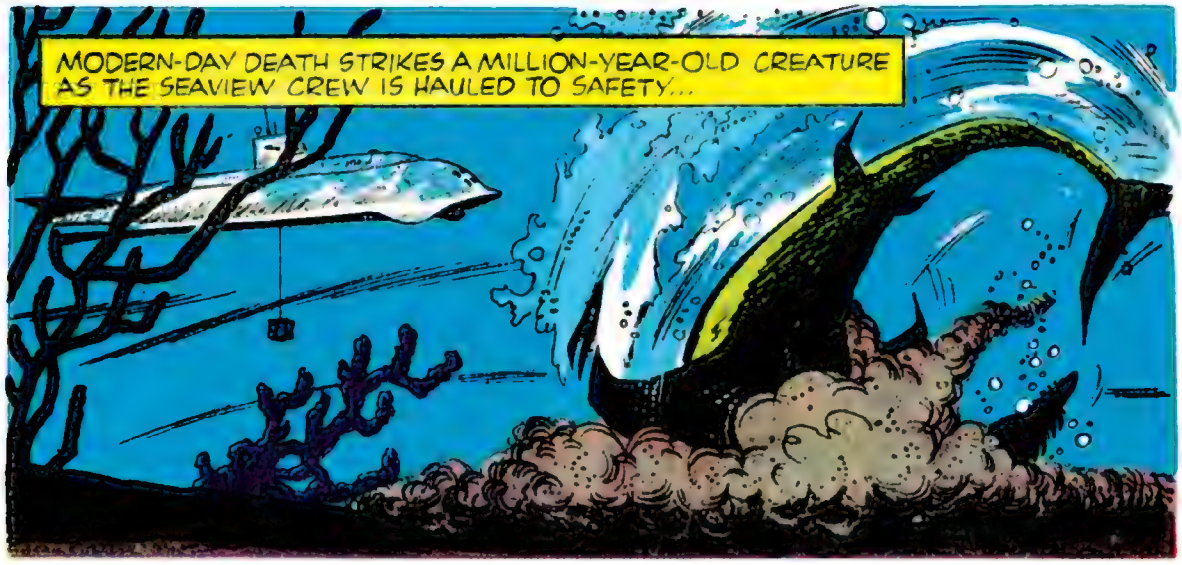

THE PROTECTIVE SHARK CAGE IS LOWERED FOR THE TWO MEN...

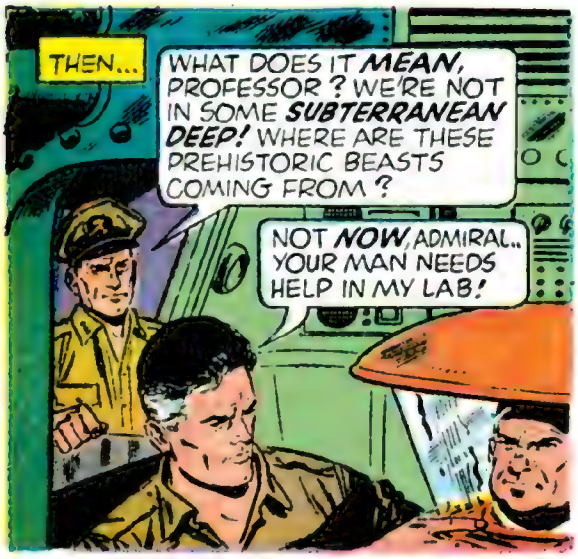

BUT THE SEA DEMON FROM LONG AGO KNOWS NO FEAR...HE ATTACKS HIS GIANT "ENEMY"...
HE'S COMING DEAD AT US...IF THESE PORT PLATES DON'T HOLD, PROFESSOR..!

BUT THE SHOCK-PROOF OBSERVATION GLASS HOLDS...
WE CAN'T TAKE MUCH OF THAT! BUT AT LEAST WE'RE DISTRACTING IT FROM LEE AND CURLEY...

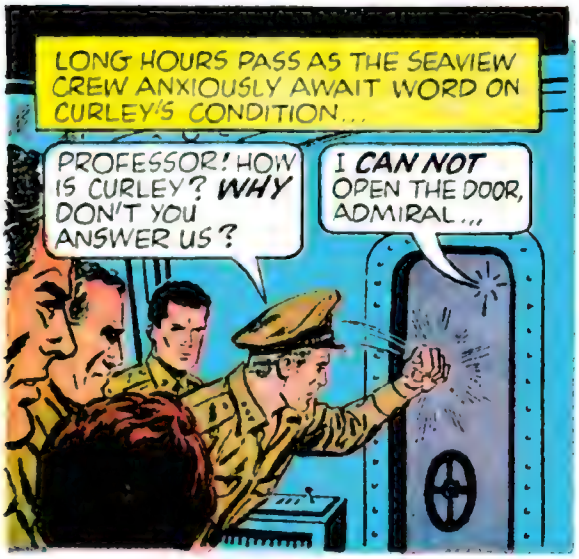
NOT ANY LONGER, ADMIRAL! HE'S SPOTTED THE CAGE... AND THOSE BARS WON'T STAND UP UNDER HIS FEROCIOUS ATTACK..!
RELEASE ROCKET SPREAD #2 ON THE PORT BOW!


THE FEARSOME TYLOSAURUS FROM A LOST AGE PLUMMETS DOWN! ONE.. TWO... THREE ROCKETS MISS THEIR MARK! THEN, THE FOURTH EXPLOSIVE CHARGE TEARS INTO THORN-LIKE, PRIMEVAL FLESH...
BLAM!
A HIT! OUR LAST ROCKET GOT HIM! PULL THAT CAGE IN FAST!


MODERN-DAY DEATH STRIKES A MILLION-YEAR-OLD CREATURE AS THE SEAVIEW CREW IS HAULED TO SAFETY...

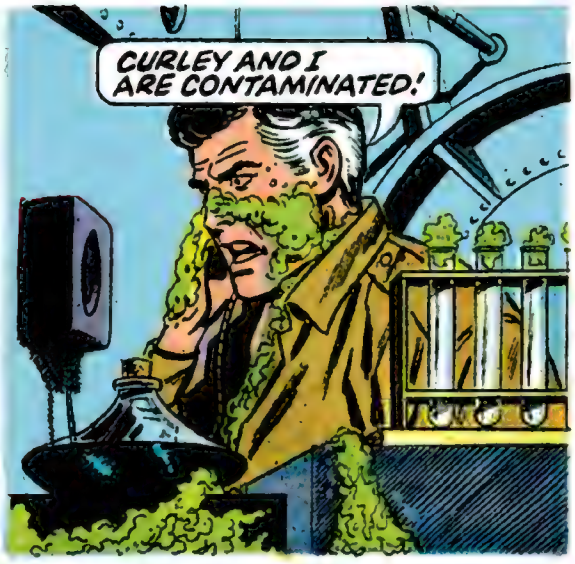

THEN...
WHAT DOES IT MEAN, PROFESSOR? WE'RE NOT IN SOME SUBTERRANEAN DEEP! WHERE ARE THESE PREHISTORIC BEASTS COMING FROM?
NOT NOW, ADMIRAL.. YOUR MAN NEEDS HELP IN MY LAB!

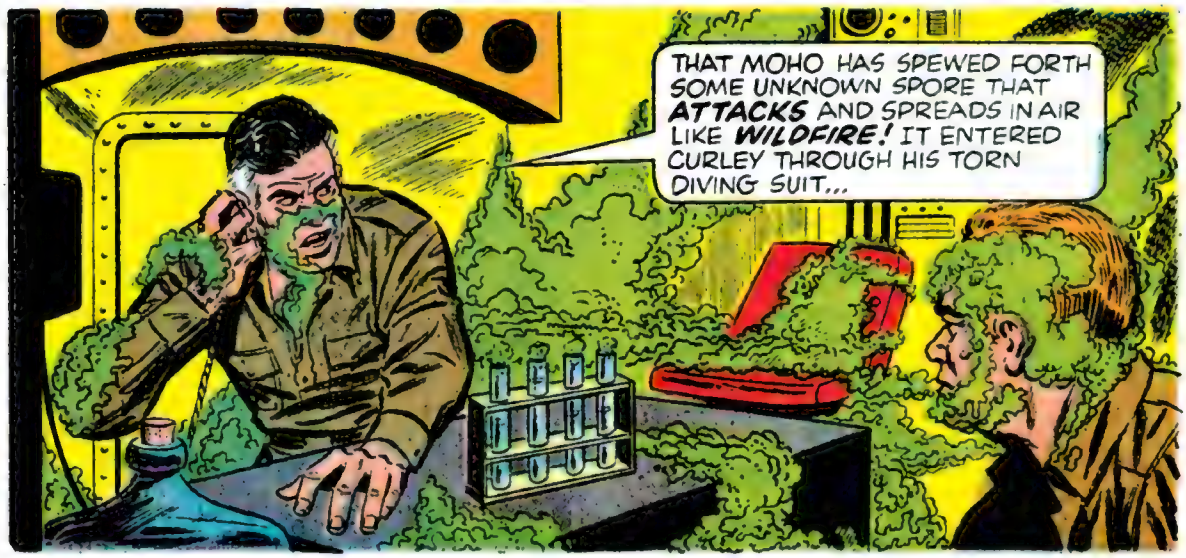
AND AS CURLEY'S SUIT IS REMOVED IN THE LAB...
A...GREEN FUNGUS-LIKE GROWTH! I-IT'S GROWING ALL OVER HIS BODY!


LONG HOURS PASS AS THE SEAVIEW CREW ANXIOUSLY AWAIT WORD ON CURLEY'S CONDITION...
PROFESSOR! HOW IS CURLEY? WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER US?
I CAN NOT OPEN THE DOOR, ADMIRAL...

CURLEY AND I MUST REMAIN SEALED IN THIS LABORATORY! CALL ME ON THE INTERCOM..!

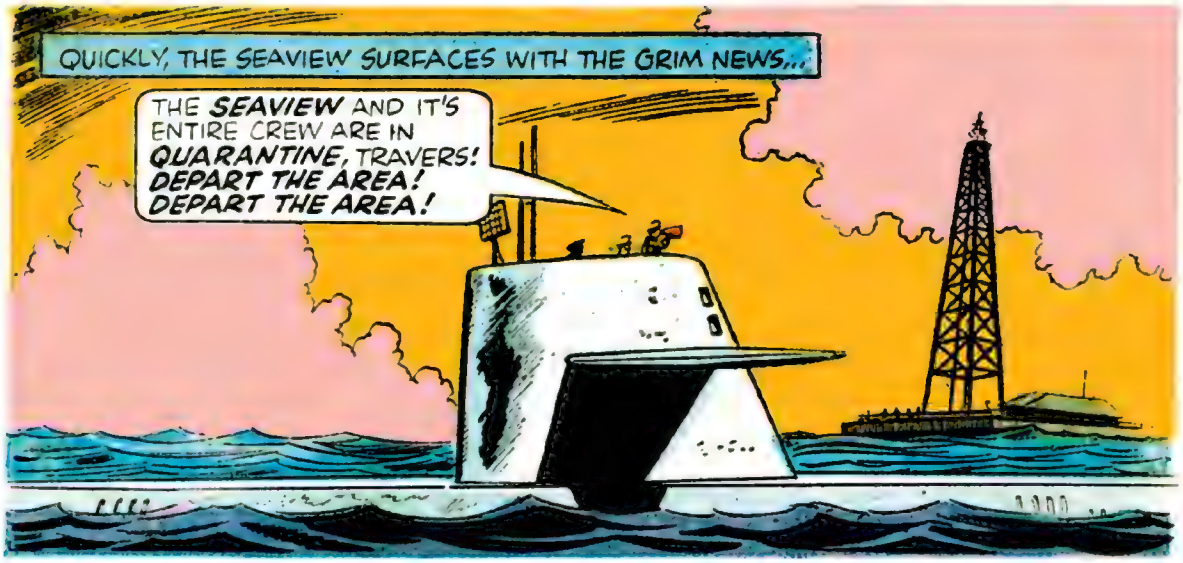
MOMENTS LATER...
ENWRIGHT!--DO SOME EXPLAINING, FAST!
I'M AFRAID I HAVE MORE THAN YOU RECKONED WITH, ADMIRAL..

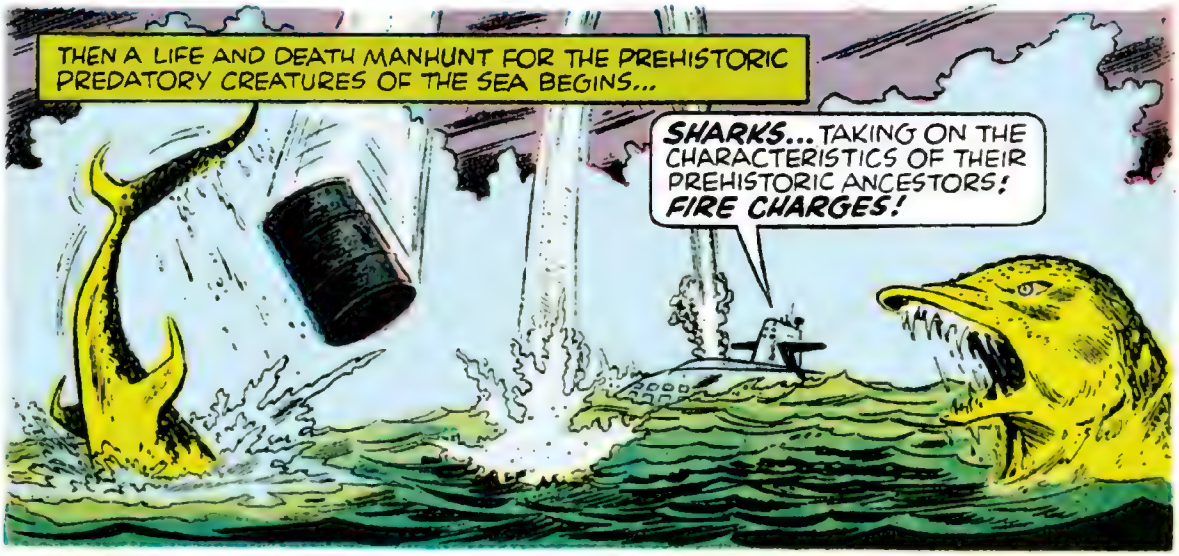

CURLEY AND I ARE CONTAMINATED!

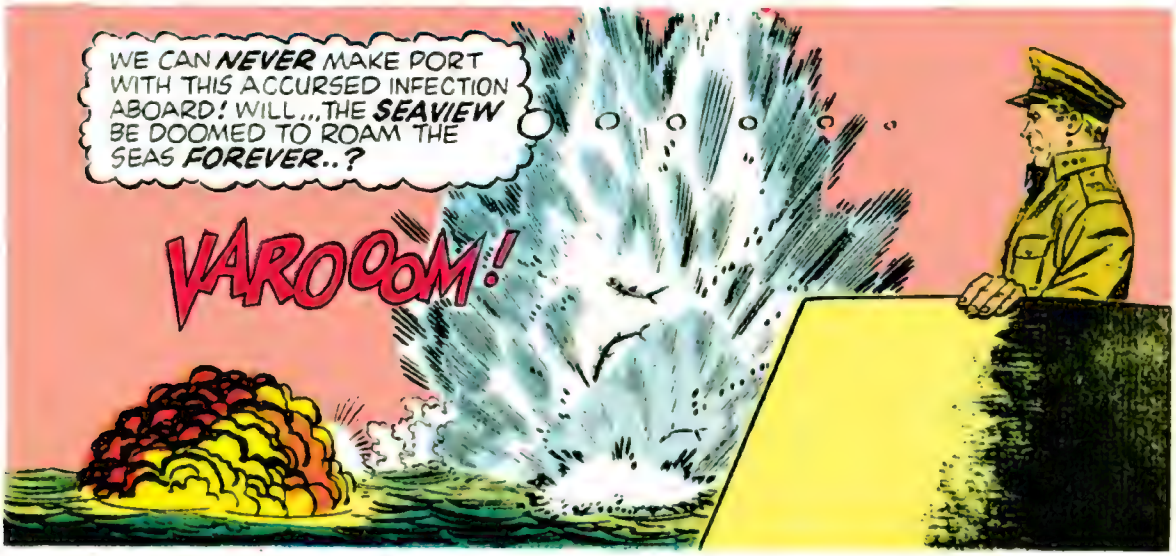

THAT MOHO HAS SPEWED FORTH SOME UNKNOWN SPORE THAT ATTACKS AND SPREADS IN AIR LIKE WILDFIRE! IT ENTERED CURLEY THROUGH HIS TORN DIVING SUIT...

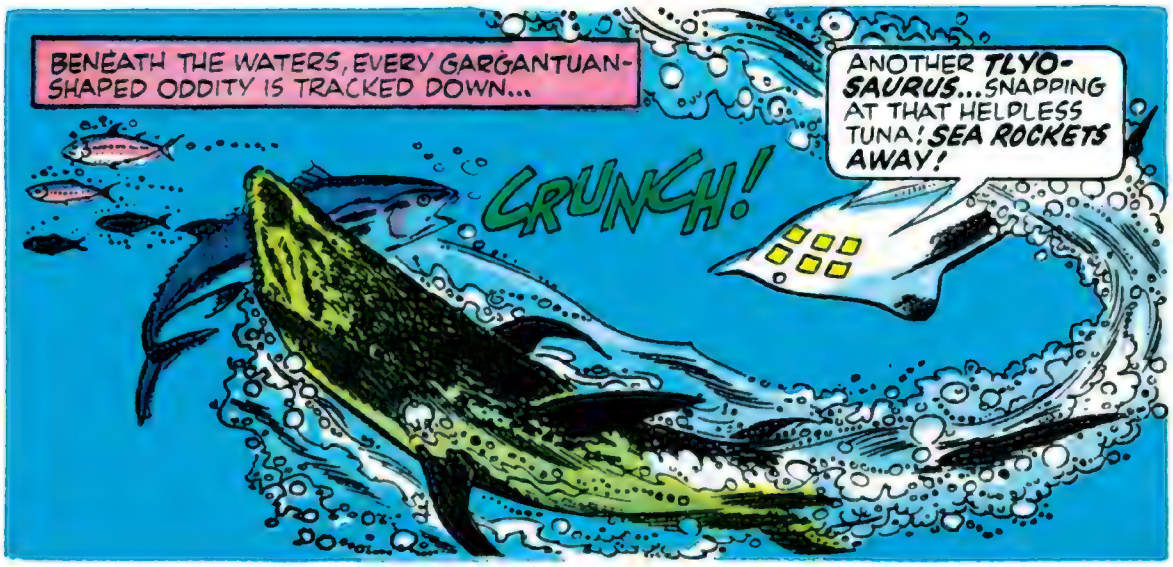
I AM INFECTED AND IT IS COVERING THE LABORATORY! ADMIRAL NELSON, EVERY CONTAMINATED FISH MUST BE KILLED! THE SAME SPORE IS REVERSING EVOLUTION-TURNING OUR FISH INTO PREHISTORIC KILLERS!

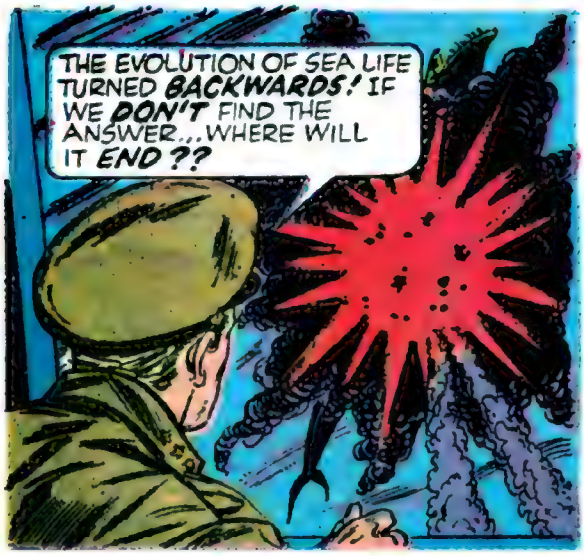
LEE, READY THE CREW! WE MUST DESTROY EVERY FISH CONTAMINATED BY THAT MOHO FLUID... AT ONCE!


QUICKLY, THE SEAVIEW SURFACES WITH THE GRIM NEWS...
THE SEAVIEW AND IT'S ENTIRE CREW ARE IN QUARANTINE, TRAVERS! DEPART THE AREA! DEPART THE AREA!


THEN A LIFE AND DEATH MANHUNT FOR THE PREHISTORIC PREDATORY CREATURES OF THE SEA BEGINS...
SHARKS... TAKING ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THEIR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS! FIRE CHARGES!


WE CAN NEVER MAKE PORT WITH THIS ACCURSED INFECTION ABOARD! WILL...THE SEAVIEW BE DOOMED TO ROAM THE SEAS FOREVER..?
VAROOOM!


BENEATH THE WATERS, EVERY GARGANTUAN-SHAPED ODDITY IS TRACKED DOWN...
ANOTHER TLYO-SAURUS...SNAPPING AT THAT HELPLESS TUNA! SEA ROCKETS AWAY!
CRUNCH!


THE EVOLUTION OF SEA LIFE TURNED BACKWARDS! IF WE DON'T FIND THE ANSWER...WHERE WILL IT END??

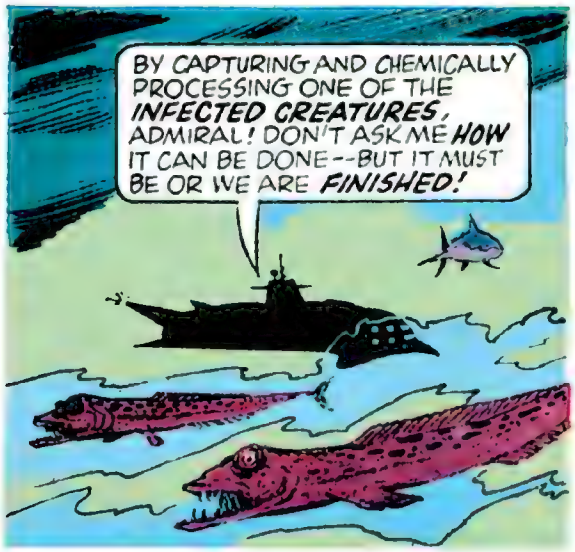
BACK AND FORTH OVER A HUNDRED-SQUARE-MILE AREA THE SEAVIEW CRUISES ON HER MISSION, UNTIL...
ADMIRAL! PUT AN EXTENSION ON THE INTERCOM AND COME TO THE LAB PORT AT ONCE!
ROGER, PROFESSOR ENWRIGHT!

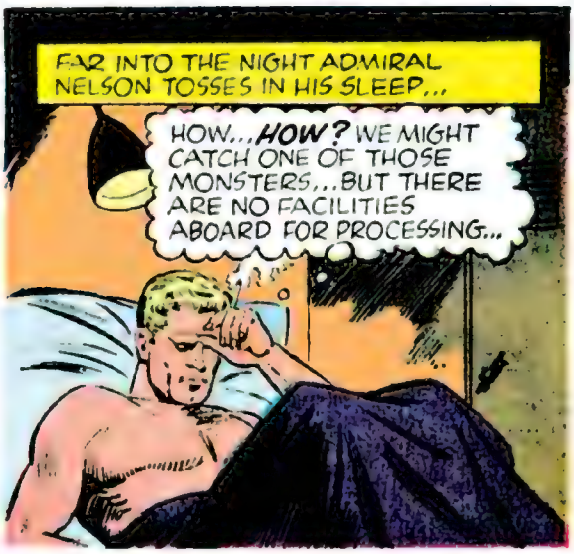
SHORTLY...
I'M ON MY WAY, PROFESSOR...

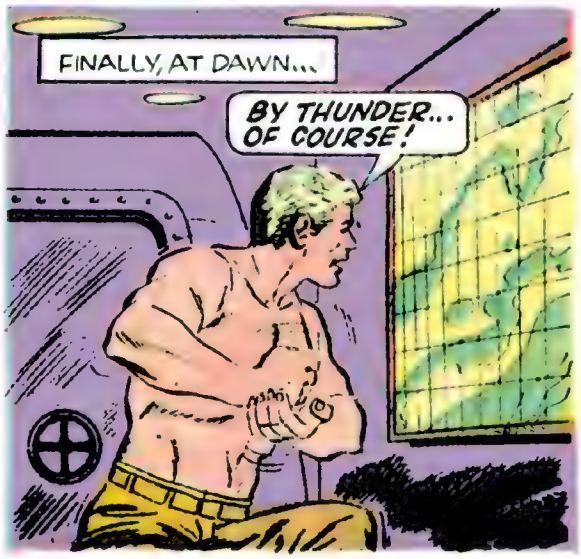
THEN, AS THE STEEL-NERVED ADMIRAL GAZES IN THE PORT HOLE...
G-GREAT SCOTT!

CONTROL YOURSELF, ADMIRAL... WHAT YOU SEE NOW IS A MERE SAMPLE OF WHAT THIS ACCURSED GREEN SPORE CAN DO TO THE WORLD IF IT ESCAPES THIS LAB...

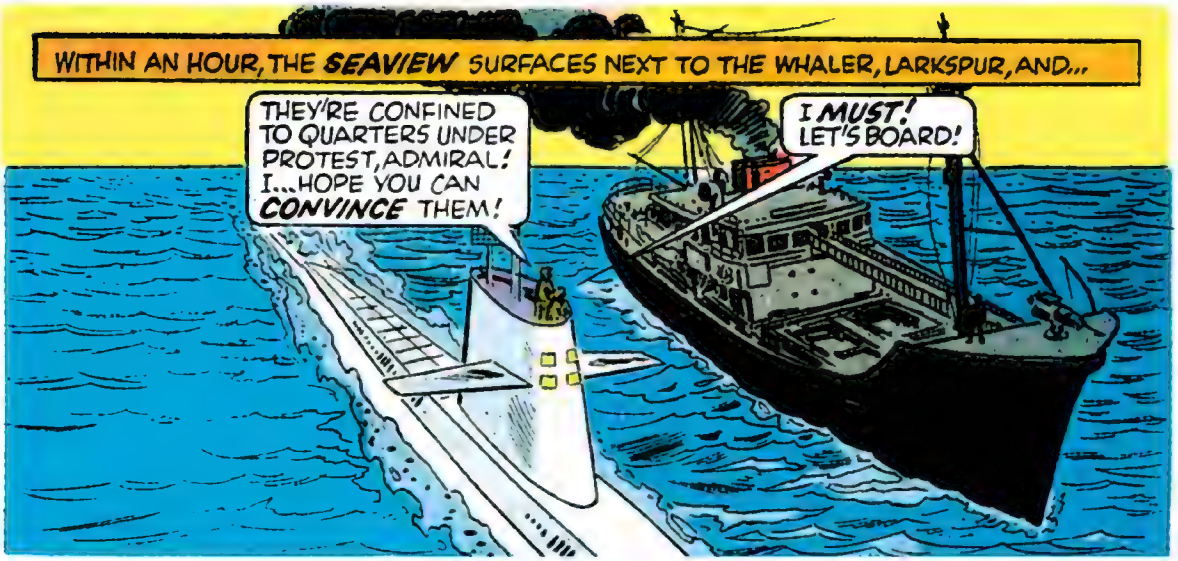
I'VE TRIED EVERY KNOWN TEST AND FAILED TO ISOLATE IT! THERE IS ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO NOW... FIND A SERUM THAT WILL ACT AS AN ANTIDOTE!
BUT HOW?


BY CAPTURING AND CHEMICALLY PROCESSING ONE OF THE INFECTED CREATURES, ADMIRAL! DON'T ASK ME HOW IT CAN BE DONE--BUT IT MUST BE OR WE ARE FINISHED!


FAR INTO THE NIGHT ADMIRAL NELSON TOSSES IN HIS SLEEP...
HOW... HOW? WE MIGHT CATCH ONE OF THOSE MONSTERS... BUT THERE ARE NO FACILITIES ABOARD FOR PROCESSING...


FINALLY, AT DAWN...
BY THUNDER... OF COURSE!

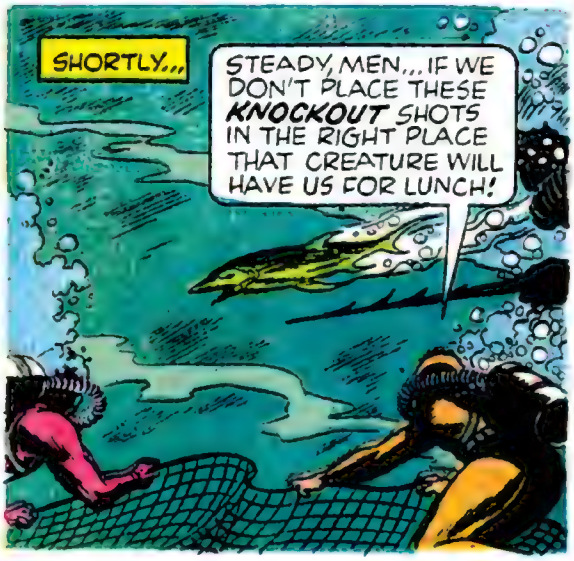
LEE! RADIO THE WHALER, LARKSPUR OUT OF NORWAY! TELL THEM THIS IS AN EMERGENCY... THEY WILL CONFINE THEMSELVES TO QUARTERS WHILE WE BOARD!

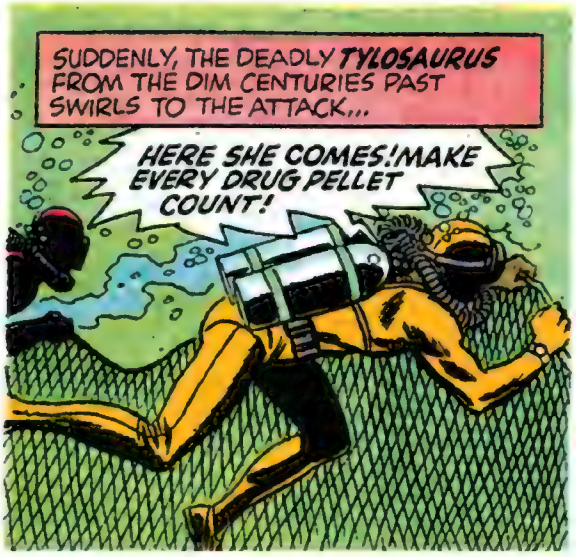

WITHIN AN HOUR, THE SEAVIEW SURFACES NEXT TO THE WHALER, LARKSPUR, AND...
THEY'RE CONFINED TO QUARTERS UNDER PROTEST, ADMIRAL! I...HOPE YOU CAN CONVINCE THEM!
I MUST! LET'S BOARD!

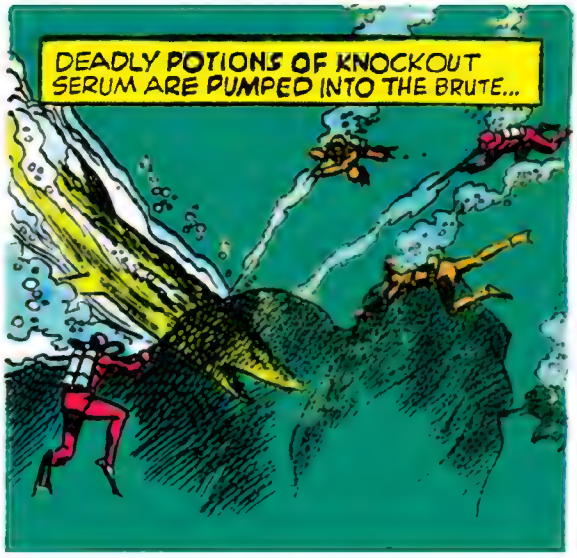
THEN...
BE IT ANYONE BUT YOU, ADMIRAL NELSON, I'D TELL 'EM GO FLY A SAILFISH! WHAT BE THIS ALL ABOUT?
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN! THE FATE OF THE WORLD MAY HINGE ON YOUR COOPERATION! I NEED YOUR VESSEL TO PROCESS A MONSTER FISH...THIS IS THE REASON...

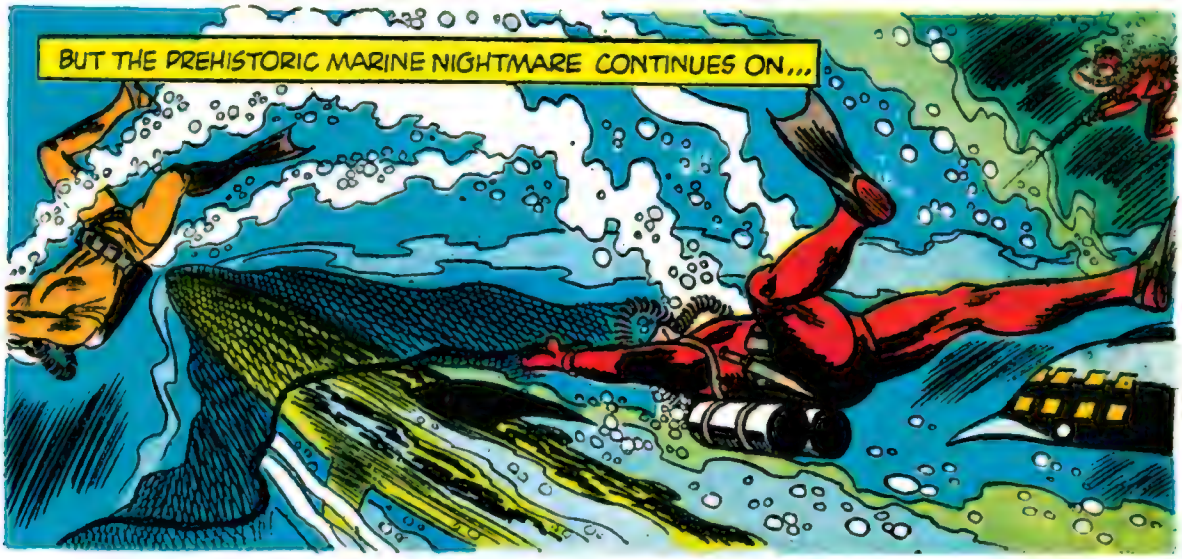
AND WHEN THE ADMIRAL HAS FINISHED...
SO YE'LL INFECT US ALL IF YE JOIN US, EH? ALL RIGHT, SIR—THE SHIP IS YOURS! YOU CAN BOIL YOUR MOHOLE MONSTER DOWN IN OUR VATS!

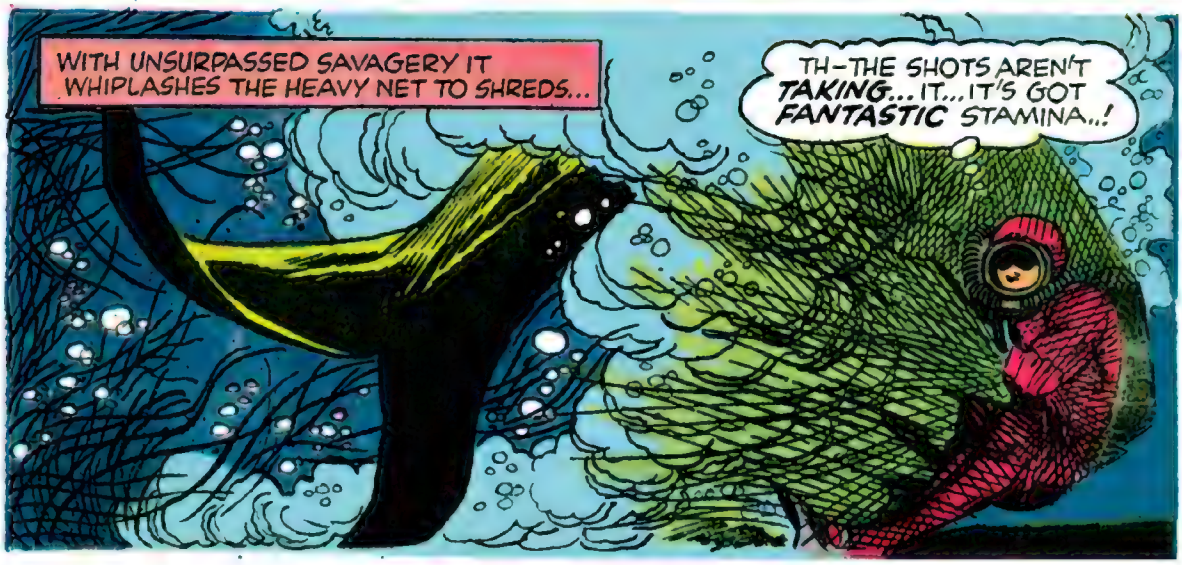
NOW, MEN, WE MUST CATCH US A LIVE MONSTER FISH! BREAK OUT THE NETS!
RIGHT, SIR!


SHORTLY...
STEADY, MEN... IF WE DON'T PLACE THESE KNOCKOUT SHOTS IN THE RIGHT PLACE THAT CREATURE WILL HAVE US FOR LUNCH!


SUDDENLY, THE DEADLY TYLOSAURUS FROM THE DIM CENTURIES PAST SWIRLS TO THE ATTACK...
HERE SHE COMES! MAKE EVERY DRUG PELLET COUNT!

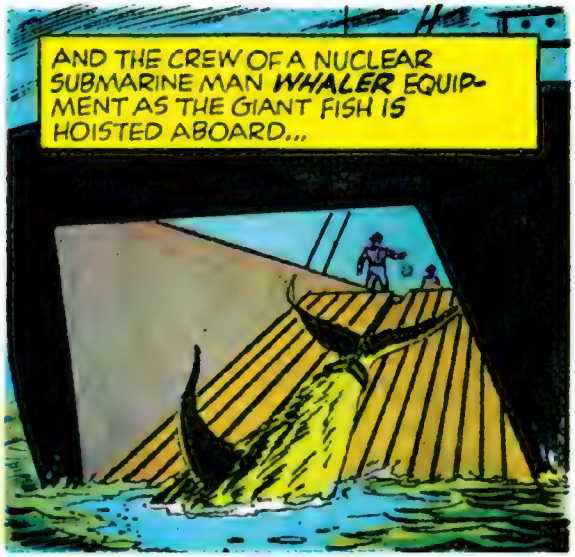

DEADLY POTIONS OF KNOCKOUT SERUM ARE PUMPED INTO THE BRUTE...


BUT THE PREHISTORIC MARINE NIGHTMARE CONTINUES ON...


WITH UNSURPASSED SAVAGERY IT WHIPLASHES THE HEAVY NET TO SHREDS...
TH-THE SHOTS AREN'T TAKING... IT... IT'S GOT FANTASTIC STAMINA..!

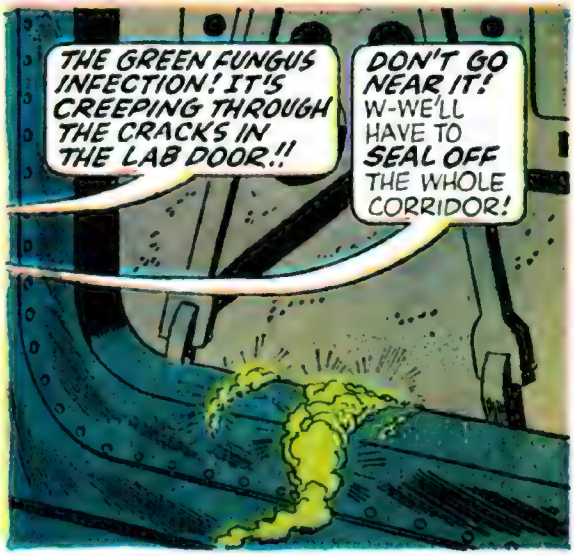
THEN...
I-I'VE HAD IT... THE THING'S SPOTTED ME...TRAPPED..!
BUT SUDDENLY, THE GREAT EYES GLAZE OVER...A TON OF PRIMEVAL MIGHT PLUMMETS TO THE OCEAN FLOOR...
WHILE ABOARD THE SEAVIEW...
(WHEW-W-W!) THAT WAS CLOSE! PROFESSOR! WE'VE BAGGED YOUR LIVE TYLOSAURUS!-- THE NEXT MOVE IS YOURS!
VERY WELL, ADMIRAL...
I WILL GIVE YOU THE EXACT STEPS TO TAKE FOR PROCESSING THE CREATURE AND EXTRACTING A POSSIBLE ANTIDOTE SERUM! LISTEN CLOSELY...
FOR AN HOUR ADMIRAL NELSON COPIES DOWN MEDICAL INSTRUCTIONS...
YES...YES... I UNDERSTAND, PROFESSOR...

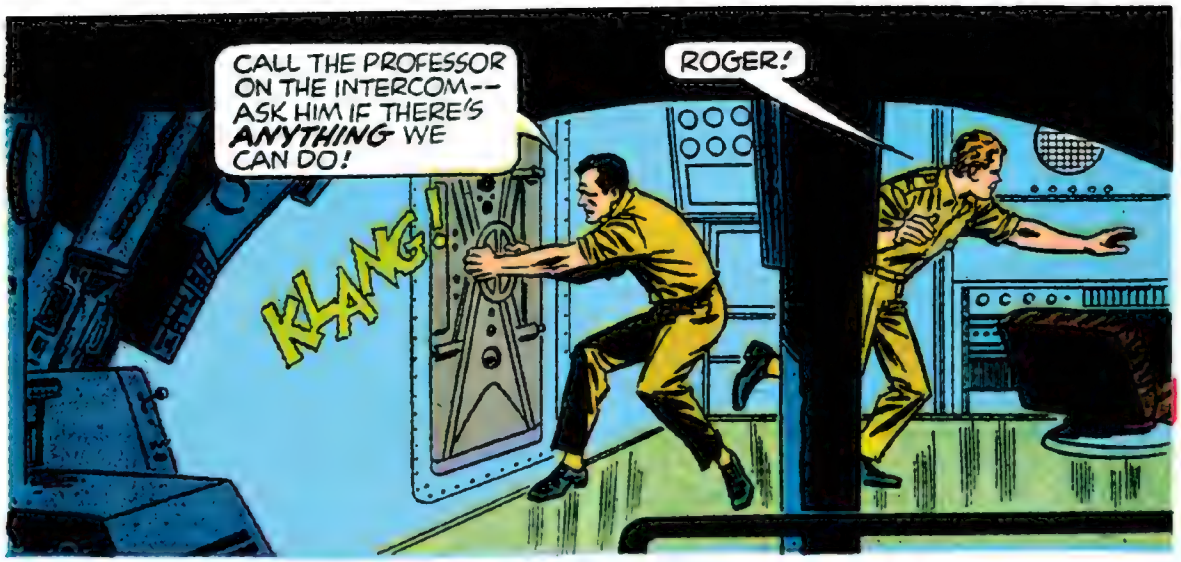
THE DRUGGED SEA CREATURE IS TOWED TO THE LARKSPUR...


AND THE CREW OF A NUCLEAR SUBMARINE MAN WHALER EQUIPMENT AS THE GIANT FISH IS HOISTED ABOARD...

THEN A LIFE AND DEATH BATTLE OF SCIENCE BEGINS TO SAVE THE CREW OF THE SEAVIEW...

WHILE ABOARD THE DOOMED SUB....
T-THIS IS WEIRD! LIKE STANDING GUARD OVER A MORGUE!
GREAT CATFISH! L-LOOK!


THE GREEN FUNGUS INFECTION! IT'S CREEPING THROUGH THE CRACKS IN THE LAB DOOR!!
DON'T GO NEAR IT! W-WE'LL HAVE TO SEAL OFF THE WHOLE CORRIDOR!


CALL THE PROFESSOR ON THE INTERCOM-- ASK HIM IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO!
ROGER!
KLANG!

BUT SUDDENLY...
Y-YOUR ARM... YOU'RE INFECTED!
H-HUH..?

AND YOUR FACE!--WE'RE TOO LATE... IT'S ATTACKED US ALREADY!

PROFESSOR... THE FUNGUS INFECTION IS SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE... WE'RE CONTAMINATED! WHAT CAN WE DO?

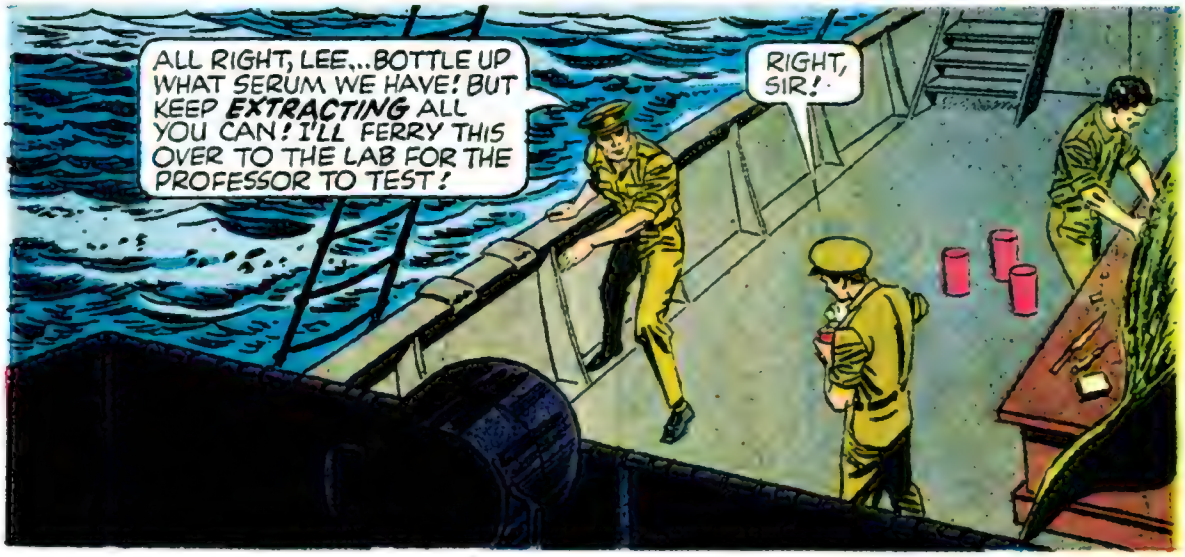
SEAL THE VESSEL... DON'T LET ANYONE LEAVE! THEN... PUT ME INTO RADIO CONTACT WITH ADMIRAL NELSON!

SHORTLY...
WHAT! THE WHOLE SHIP'S CONTAMINATED!
PROBABLY EVERY INCH OF IT, ADMIRAL...

THE SPORES ARE BEING CARRIED THROUGH THE AIR FASTER THAN COLD GERMS! UNLESS THAT SERUM WORKS...

WHOEVER RETURNS TO THE SEAVIEW MUST REMAIN HERE WITH THE OTHERS...FOREVER! DO YOU UNDERSTAND, ADMIRAL? THIS SHIP MUST BE OUR TOMB TO PREVENT THE INFECTION SPREADING!

I UNDERSTAND, PROFESSOR! I WILL RETURN IT...MYSELF!


ALL RIGHT, LEE...BOTTLE UP WHAT SERUM WE HAVE! BUT KEEP EXTRACTING ALL YOU CAN! I'LL FERRY THIS OVER TO THE LAB FOR THE PROFESSOR TO TEST!
RIGHT, SIR!

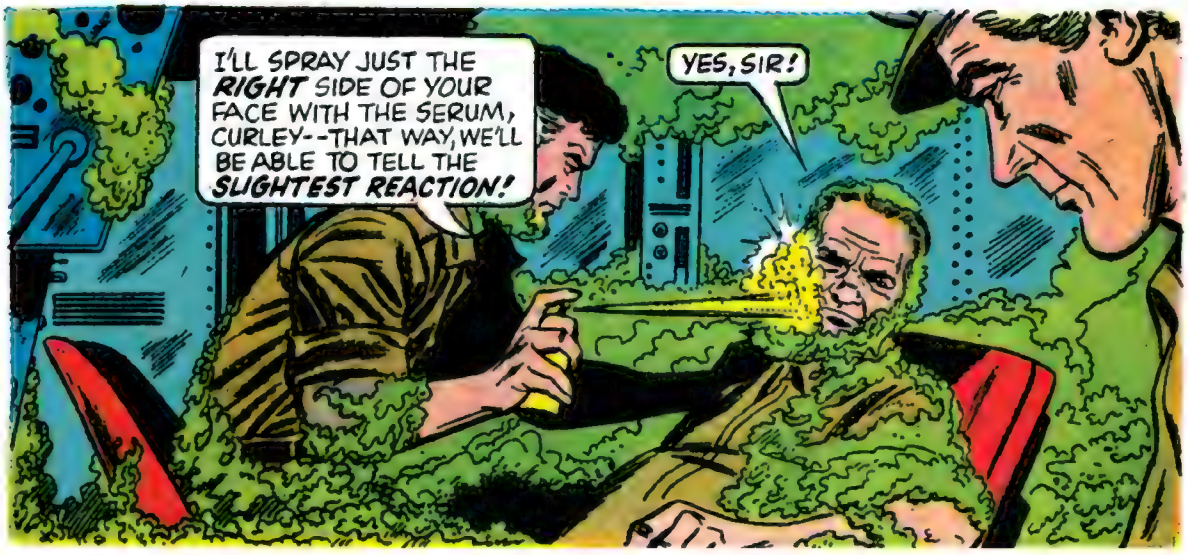
SHORTLY...
DO YOU THINK THE OLD MAN WILL BE BACK, SIR?
IF... WE'RE LUCKY!
CAREFULLY, ADMIRAL NELSON ENTERS THE CONTAMINATED SEAVIEW...
IT HAPPENED AWFULLY FAST, ADMIRAL - BEFORE WE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED!
I KNOW! KEEP PITCHING, MEN... WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET!
A LOATHESOME GREEN PLAGUE SPAWNED FROM INNER SPACE...
...CONTAMINATING EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES!
CURLEY...! PROFESSOR!
NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, IS IT, ADMIRAL? LET'S HOPE THAT BOTTLE CARRIES OUR SALVATION!

ALL RIGHT, CURLEY--YOU'LL BE OUR LIFE AND DEATH GUINEA PIG!
WHAT IS IT, PROFESSOR... HAVE YOU ANY IDEA AT ALL?

AN EDUCATED GUESS, MAYBE! ORIGINALLY, LIFE BEGAN IN THE SEA! NOBODY KNOWS HOW—OR WHY!
SSSSSS

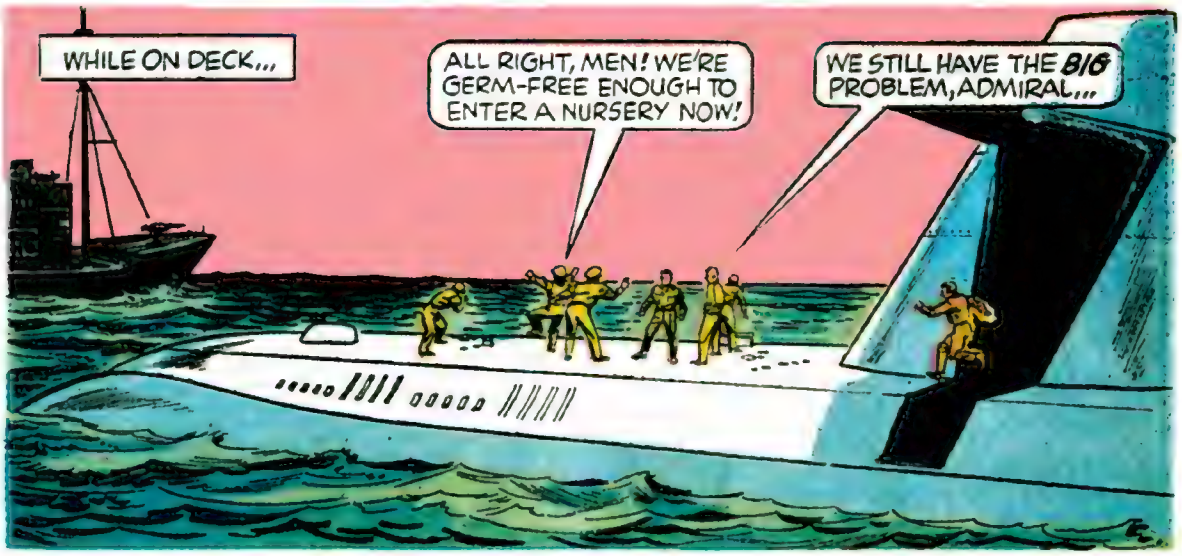
THAT DRILL MIGHT HAVE RELEASED SOME SORT OF ELIXIR OF LIFE ITSELF RESTING DEEP IN THE MOHO.

IF SUCH IS THE CASE, HOW IRONIC--A FLUID OF LIFE IS BRINGING DEATH TO US! STEADY, CURLEY...

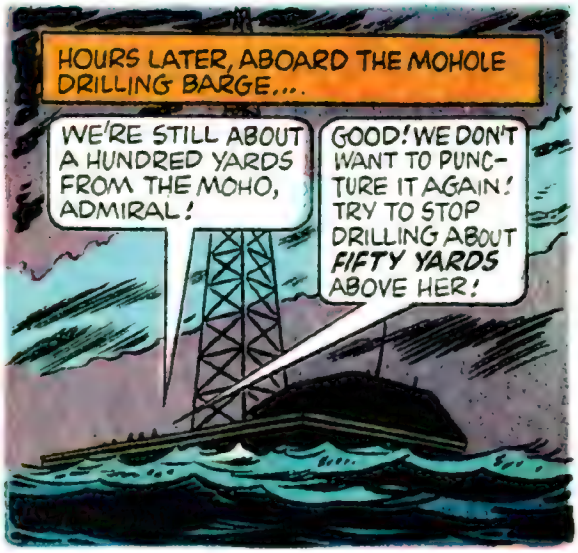

I'LL SPRAY JUST THE RIGHT SIDE OF YOUR FACE WITH THE SERUM, CURLEY--THAT WAY, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL THE SLIGHTEST REACTION!
YES, SIR!

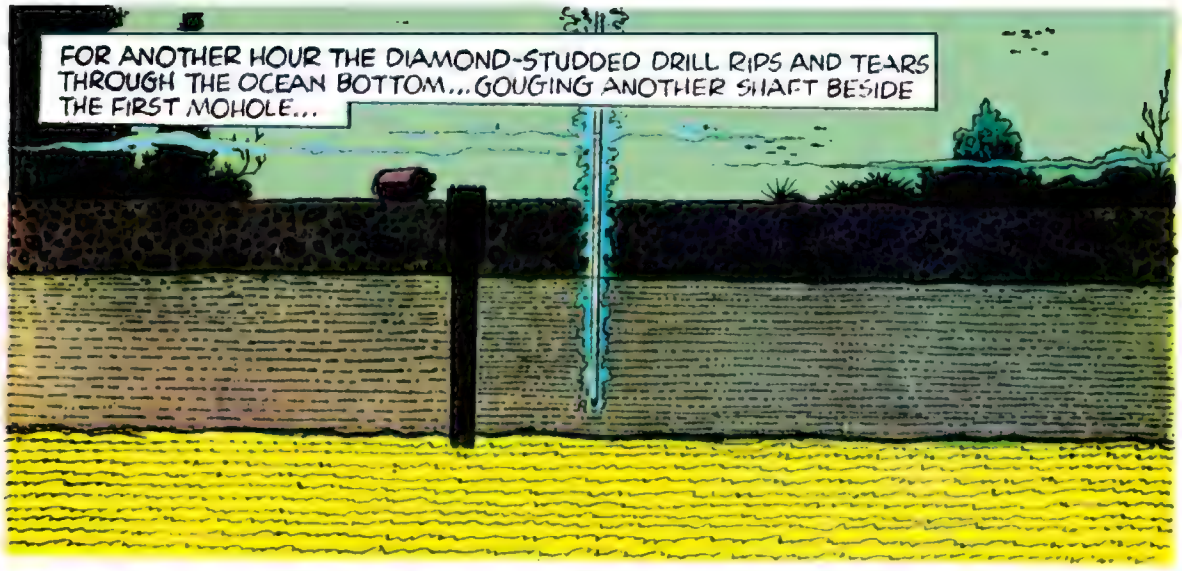
A-ANYTHING YET, PROFESSOR?
NO...I DON'T BELIEVE SO... WAIT...
THE GREEN GROWTH SEEMS TO BE DETERIORATING!
THE MOLD IS DEAD! IT SEEMS TO BE WIPING OFF CLEAN!
QUICKLY, ADMIRAL NELSON SEIZES THE RADIO APPARATUS...
LEE! IT WORKS! PUMP EVERY GALLON OF SERUM YOU CAN OUT OF THAT BEAST! GET IT OVER HERE ON THE DOUBLE!
YES, SIR!
WE NEED KING-SIZE ATOMIZERS TO DE-LOUSE THIS SHIP! BREAK OUT THE PAINT SPRAY GUNS!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
PROFESSOR ENWRIGHT, YOU'RE A GENIUS! WE'RE GOING TO DO THE BEST CLEANING JOB IN SHIPBOARD HISTORY!

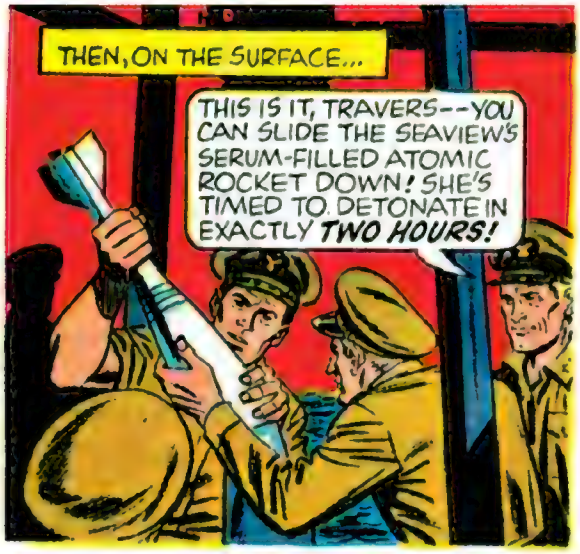
AND SHORTLY, AS THE SHIP'S PAINT SPRAYERS ARE FILLED WITH SERUM...
GET EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH OF THIS FUNGUS-KILLING SERUM TO CLEAN TWO SUBS...

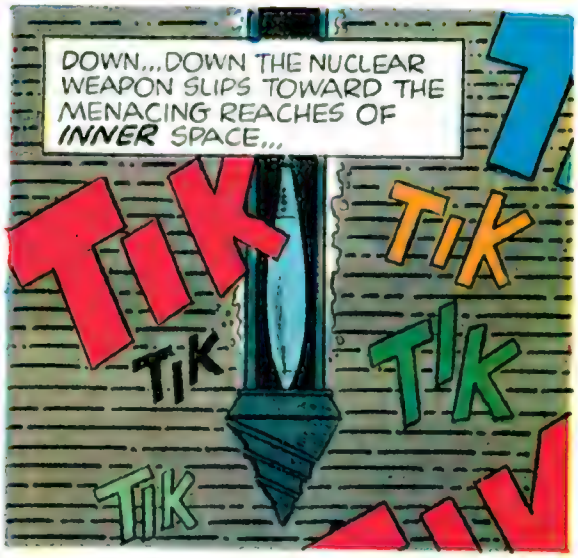

WHILE ON DECK...
ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'RE GERM-FREE ENOUGH TO ENTER A NURSERY NOW!
WE STILL HAVE THE BIG PROBLEM, ADMIRAL...

I KNOW, PROFESSOR, GETTING RID OF THAT FUNGUS-BREEDING LAIR IN THE MOHO! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO NOW... WITH AN ATOMIC BOMB!


HOURS LATER, ABOARD THE MOHOLE DRILLING BARGE....
WE'RE STILL ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE MOHO, ADMIRAL!
GOOD! WE DON'T WANT TO PUNCTURE IT AGAIN! TRY TO STOP DRILLING ABOUT FIFTY YARDS ABOVE HER!

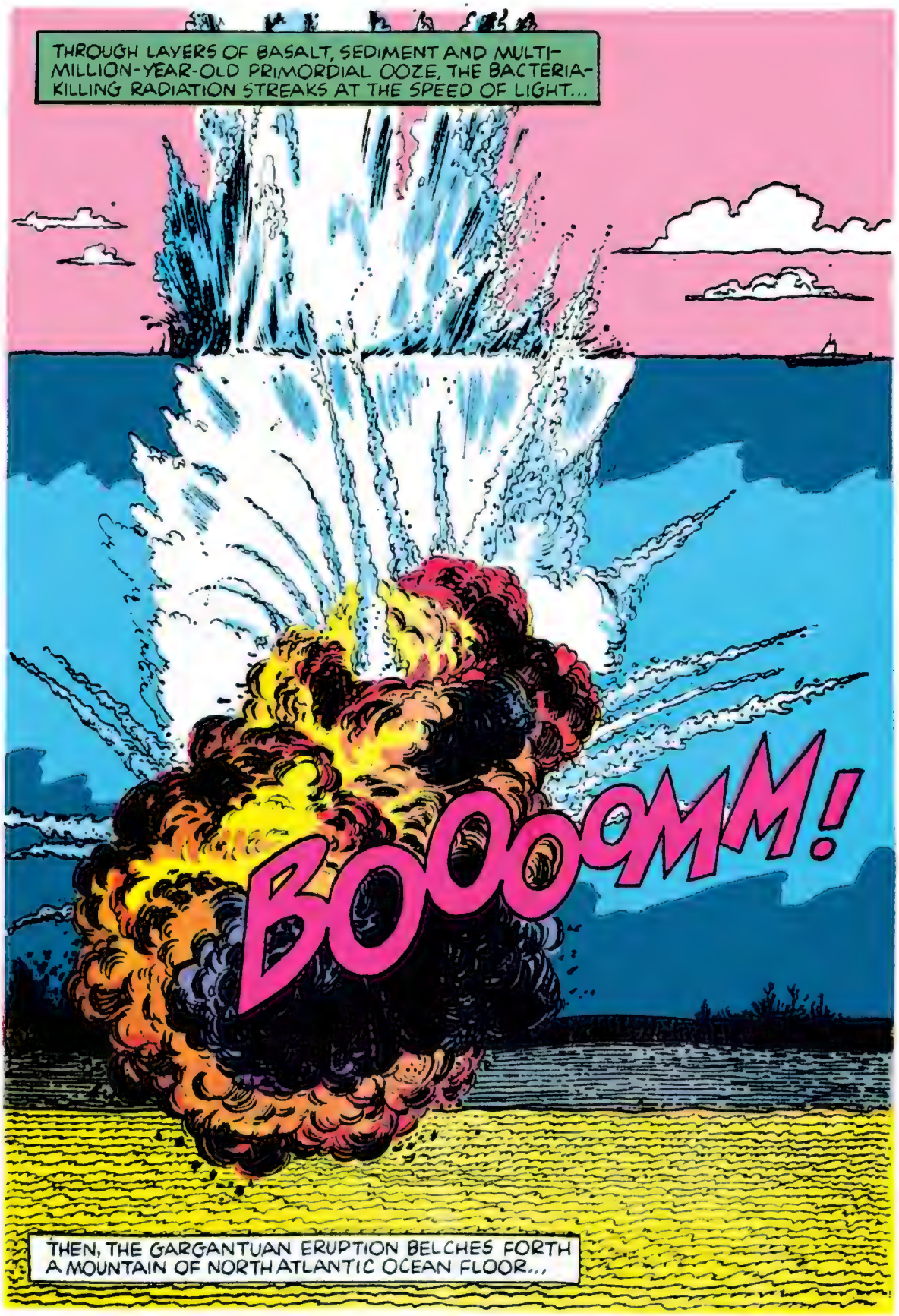

FOR ANOTHER HOUR THE DIAMOND-STUDDED DRILL RIPS AND TEARS THROUGH THE OCEAN BOTTOM...GOUGING ANOTHER SHAFT BESIDE THE FIRST MOHOLE...

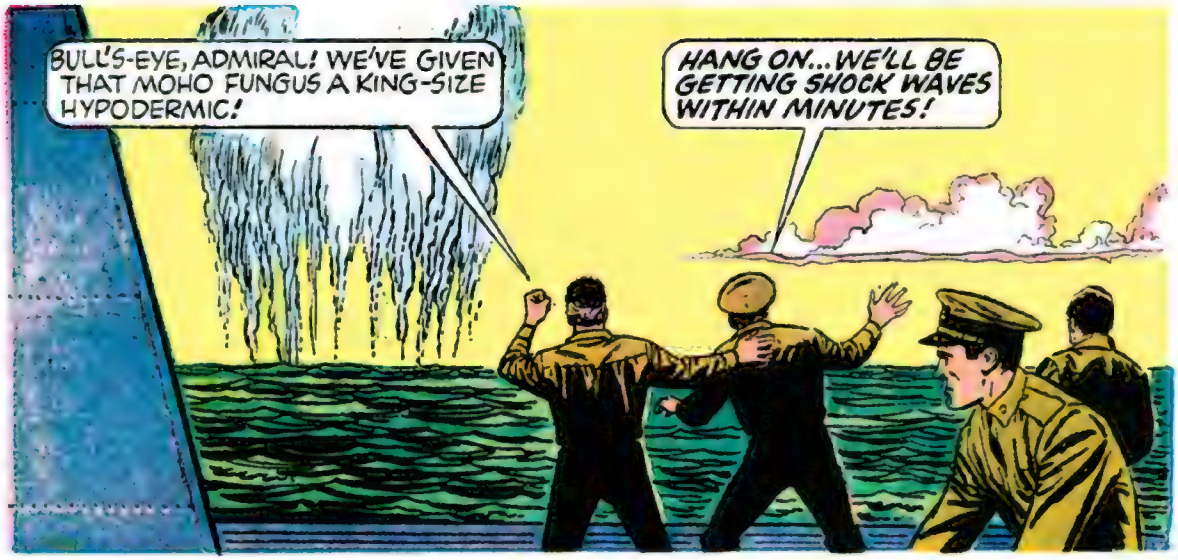

THEN, ON THE SURFACE...
THIS IS IT, TRAVERS--YOU CAN SLIDE THE SEAVIEW'S SERUM-FILLED ATOMIC ROCKET DOWN! SHE'S TIMED TO DETONATE IN EXACTLY TWO HOURS!

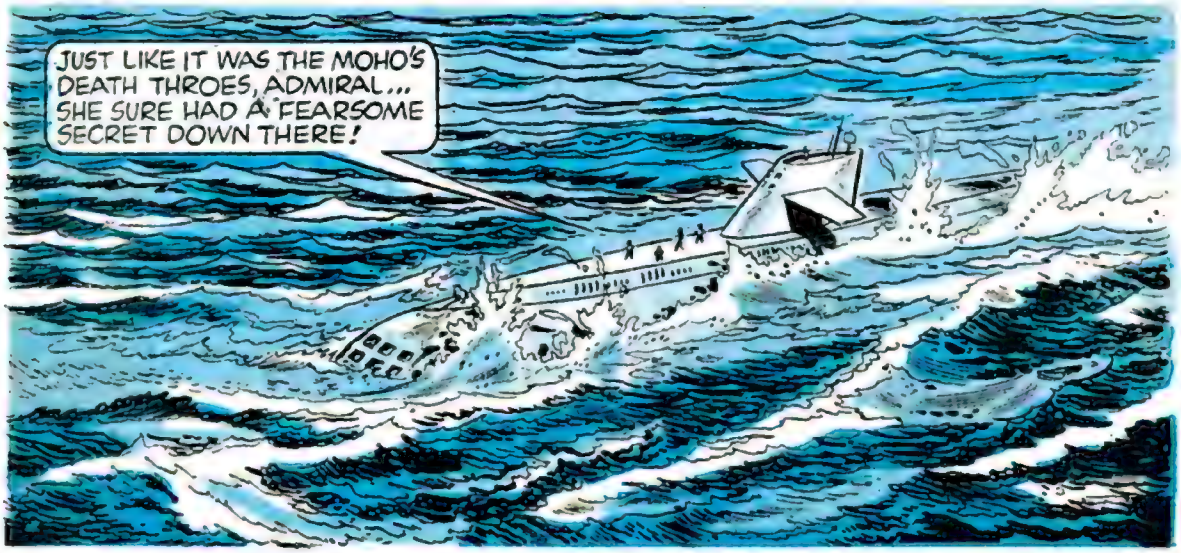

DOWN...DOWN THE NUCLEAR WEAPON SLIPS TOWARD THE MENACING REACHES OF INNER SPACE...
TIK
TIK
TIK
TIK
TIK

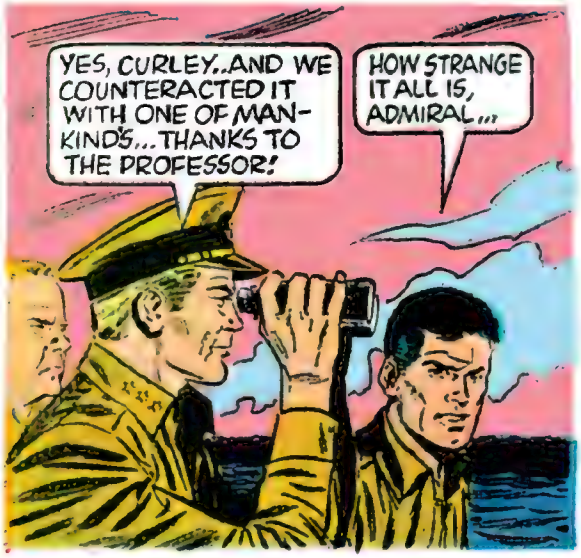
100 MINUTES LATER, 10,000 SQ. MILES OF OCEAN HAS BEEN CLEARED BY THE SEAVIEW'S RADIO WARNING...
NOT A VESSEL ON RADAR FOR TEN MILES AROUND, SIR!
GOOD! NOW, IF WE CAN SUCCESSFULLY BURN OUT THAT FESTERING FUNGUS DOWN BELOW...

THEN, AS THE FINAL SECONDS TICK AWAY, A BLAST OF THERMO-NUCLEAR HEAT ERUPTS BELOW... SEARING, STERILIZING THE MOHO AREA...
VAROOOOOM!


THROUGH LAYERS OF BASALT, SEDIMENT AND MULTI-MILLION-YEAR-OLD PRIMORDIAL OOZE, THE BACTERIA-KILLING RADIATION STREAKS AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT...
BOOOMM!
THEN, THE GARGANTUAN ERUPTION BELCHES FORTH A MOUNTAIN OF NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN FLOOR...


BULL'S-EYE, ADMIRAL! WE'VE GIVEN THAT MOHO FUNGUS A KING-SIZE HYPODERMIC!
HANG ON...WE'LL BE GETTING SHOCK WAVES WITHIN MINUTES!

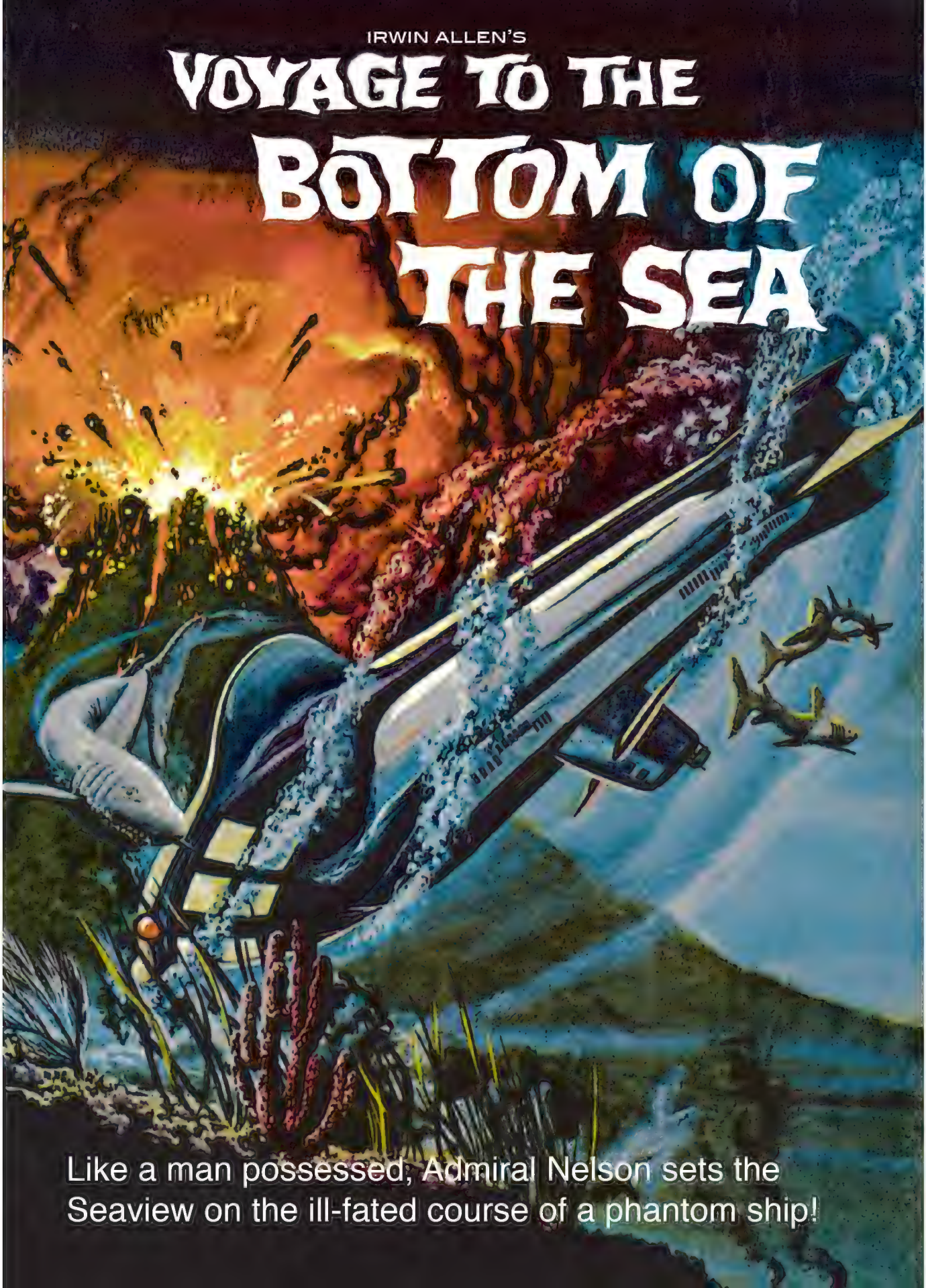

JUST LIKE IT WAS THE MOHO'S DEATH THROES, ADMIRAL... SHE SURE HAD A FEARSOME SECRET DOWN THERE!


YES, CURLEY..AND WE COUNTERACTED IT WITH ONE OF MAN-KIND'S...THANKS TO THE PROFESSOR!
HOW STRANGE IT ALL IS, ADMIRAL...

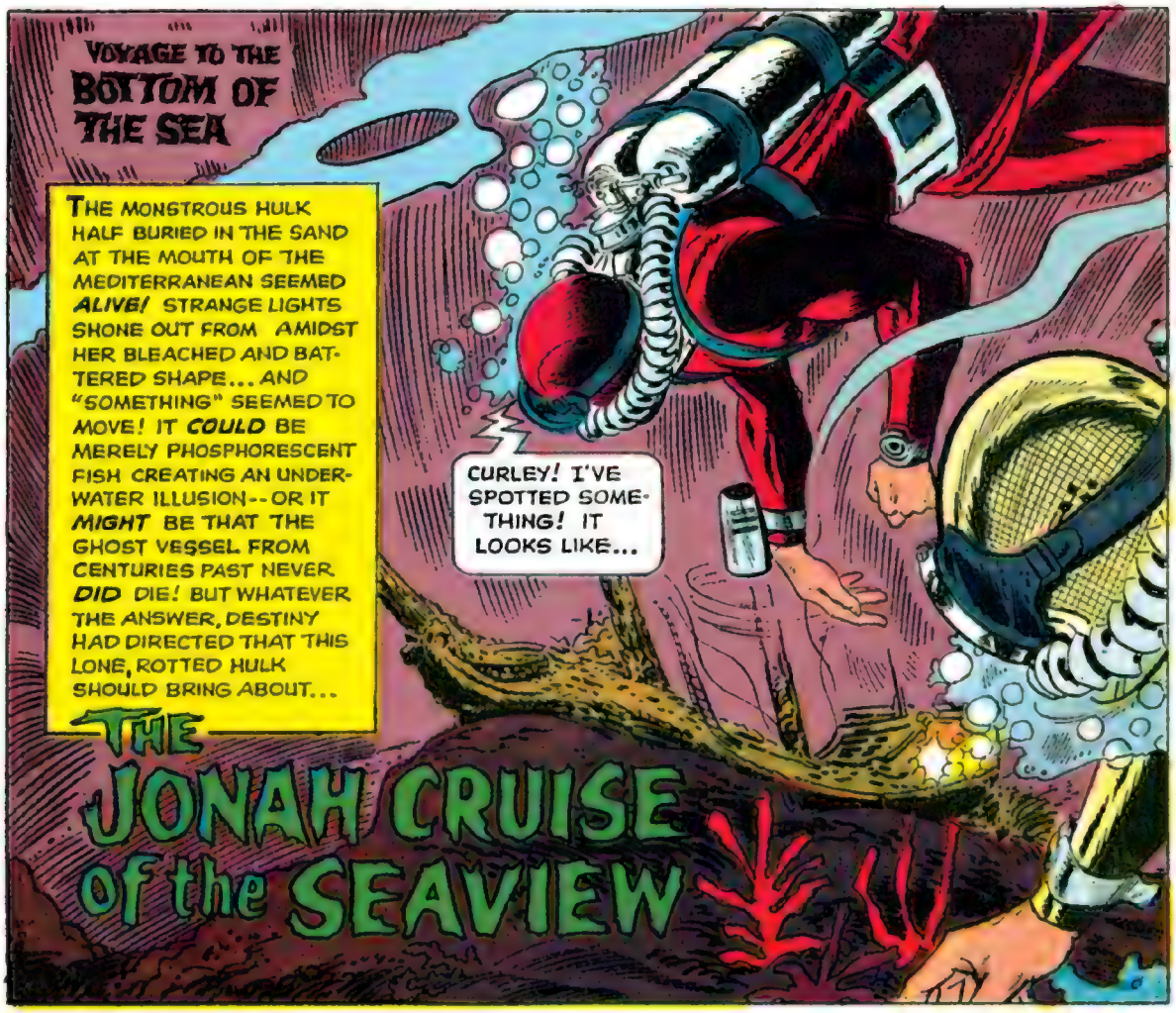
THE VERY SUBSTANCE WHICH MAY HAVE BEGUN LIFE ON EARTH ALMOST DESTROYED IT—THE WEAPON WHICH CAN DESTROY EARTH MAY HAVE SAVED IT!
YES... STRANGE, INDEED!

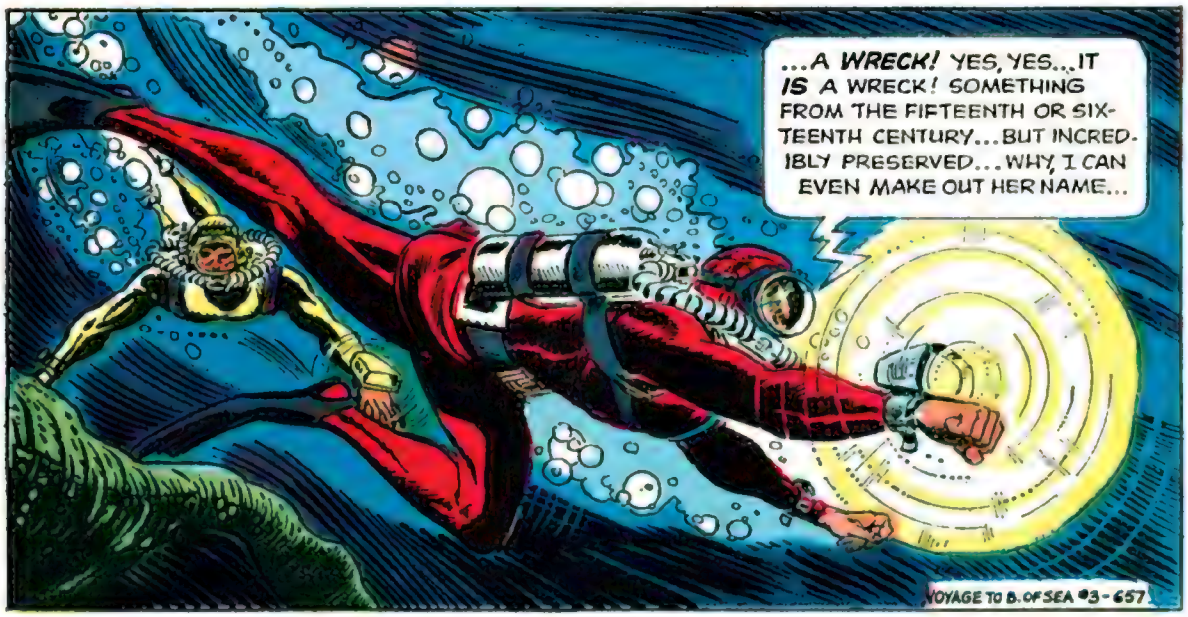
DAVID HEDISON

RICHARD BASEHART

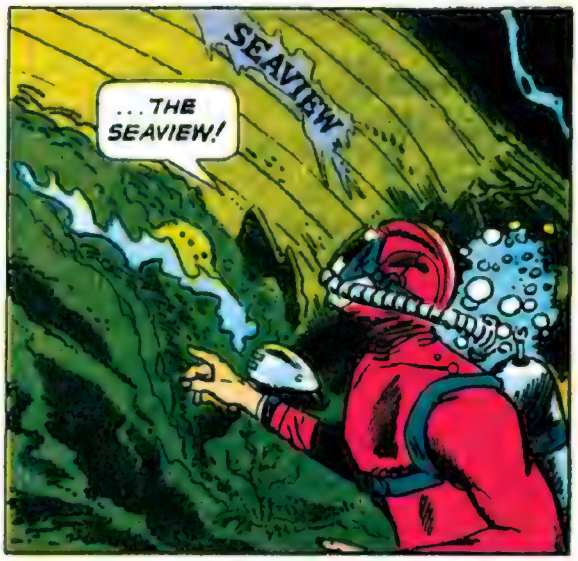


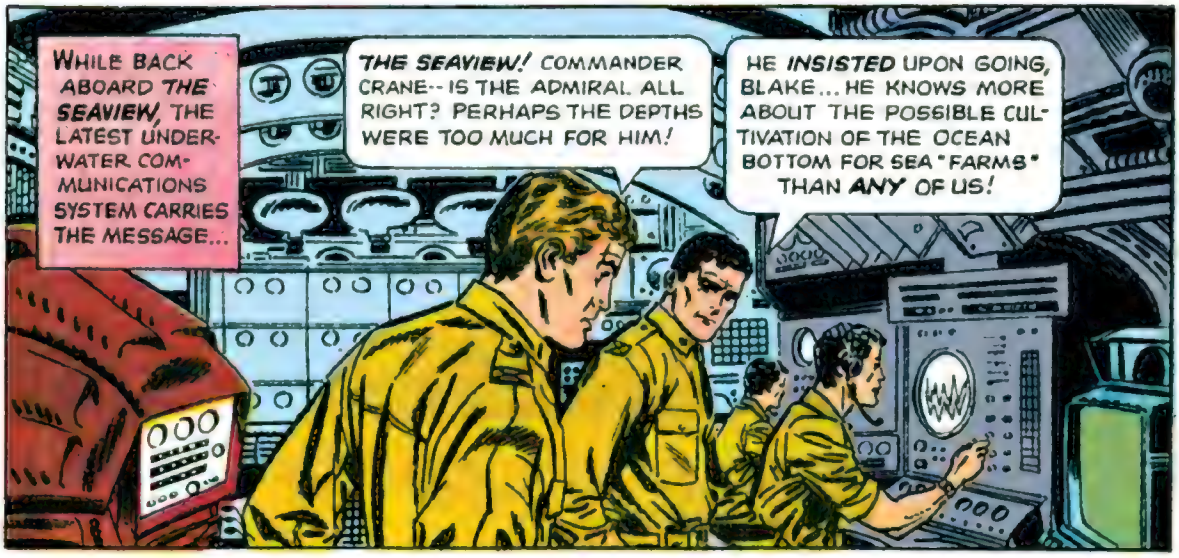
Like a man possessed, Admiral Nelson sets the Seaview on the ill-fated course of a phantom ship!


VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
THE MONSTROUS HULK HALF BURIED IN THE SAND AT THE MOUTH OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEEMED ALIVE! STRANGE LIGHTS SHONE OUT FROM AMIDST HER BLEACHED AND BATTERED SHAPE... AND "SOMETHING" SEEMED TO MOVE! IT COULD BE MERELY PHOSPHORESCENT FISH CREATING AN UNDERWATER ILLUSION--OR IT MIGHT BE THAT THE GHOST VESSEL FROM CENTURIES PAST NEVER DID DIE! BUT WHATEVER THE ANSWER, DESTINY HAD DIRECTED THAT THIS LONE, ROTTED HULK SHOULD BRING ABOUT...
CURLEY! I'VE SPOTTED SOMETHING! IT LOOKS LIKE...
THE JONAH CRUISE of the SEAVIEW

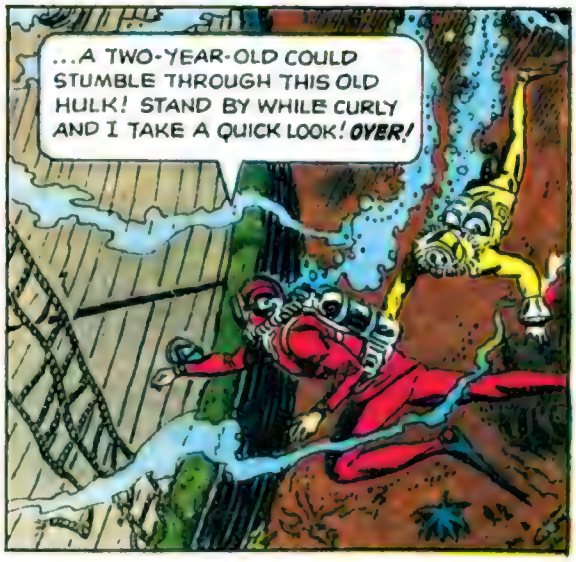

...A WRECK! YES, YES...IT IS A WRECK! SOMETHING FROM THE FIFTEENTH OR SIXTEENTH CENTURY...BUT INCREDIBLY PRESERVED...WHY, I CAN EVEN MAKE OUT HER NAME...
VOYAGE TO B. OF SEA #3-657

SUDDENLY, HARRIMAN NELSON, ADMIRAL OF THE WORLD'S FIRST NON-MILITARY NUCLEAR SUB, STOPS SHOCK-STILL IN THE DEPTHS...
YES, ADMIRAL...WHAT IS THE SHIP'S NAME..? CAN YOU HEAR ME, SIR?
YES, CURLEY...I HEAR YOU LOUD AND CLEAR! THE NAME OF THIS HAPLESS VESSEL IS...


SEAVIEW
...THE SEAVIEW!

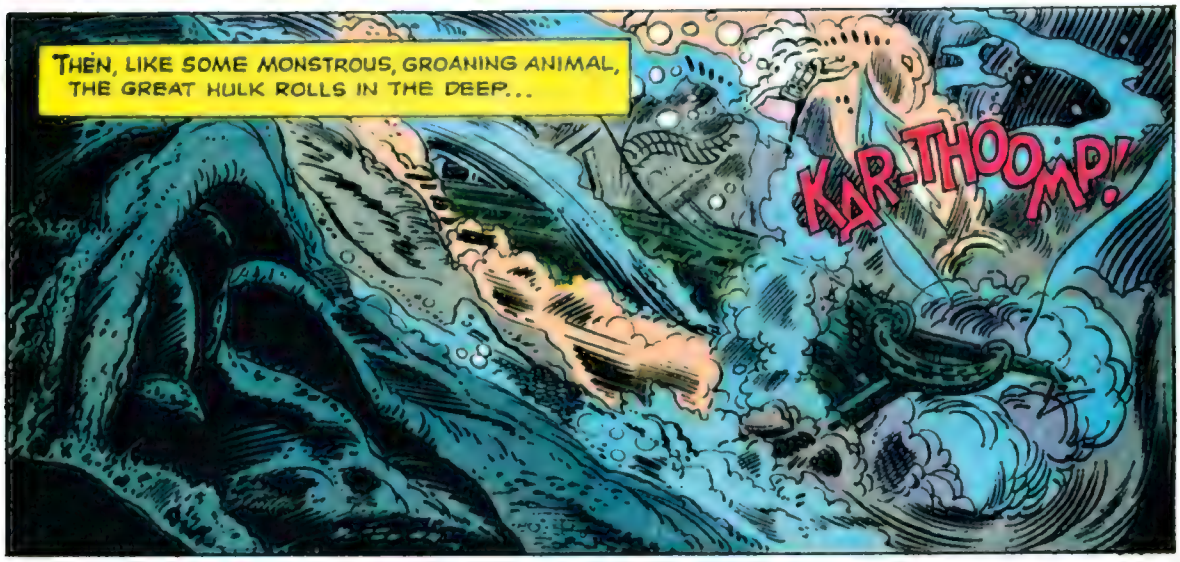

WHILE BACK ABOARD THE SEAVIEW, THE LATEST UNDER-WATER COM-MUNICATIONS SYSTEM CARRIES THE MESSAGE...
THE SEAVIEW! COMMANDER CRANE--IS THE ADMIRAL ALL RIGHT? PERHAPS THE DEPTHS WERE TOO MUCH FOR HIM!
HE INSISTED UPON GOING, BLAKE...HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THE POSSIBLE CUL-TIVATION OF THE OCEAN BOTTOM FOR SEA "FARMS" THAN ANY OF US!

ADMIRAL...ARE YOU SHIPSHAPE? IF THERE'S A WRECK OUT THERE, LET ME CHECK INTO IT...
I'M NOT AN OLD MAN YET, LEE...

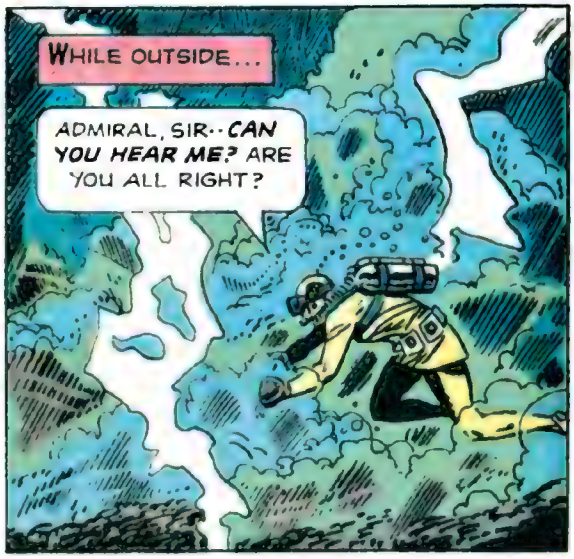

...A TWO-YEAR-OLD COULD STUMBLE THROUGH THIS OLD HULK! STAND BY WHILE CURLY AND I TAKE A QUICK LOOK! OVER!

CAUTIOUSLY, CURLEY AND THE ADMIRAL CREEP INTO THE ANCIENT HULK...
EASY AS IT GOES, CURLEY--OUR NAMESAKE HAS BEEN SITTING HERE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS...
RIGHT, SIR...

SUDDENLY, A ROTTED TIMBER FALLS...CARGO SHIFTS...
BACK... BACK, CURLEY!

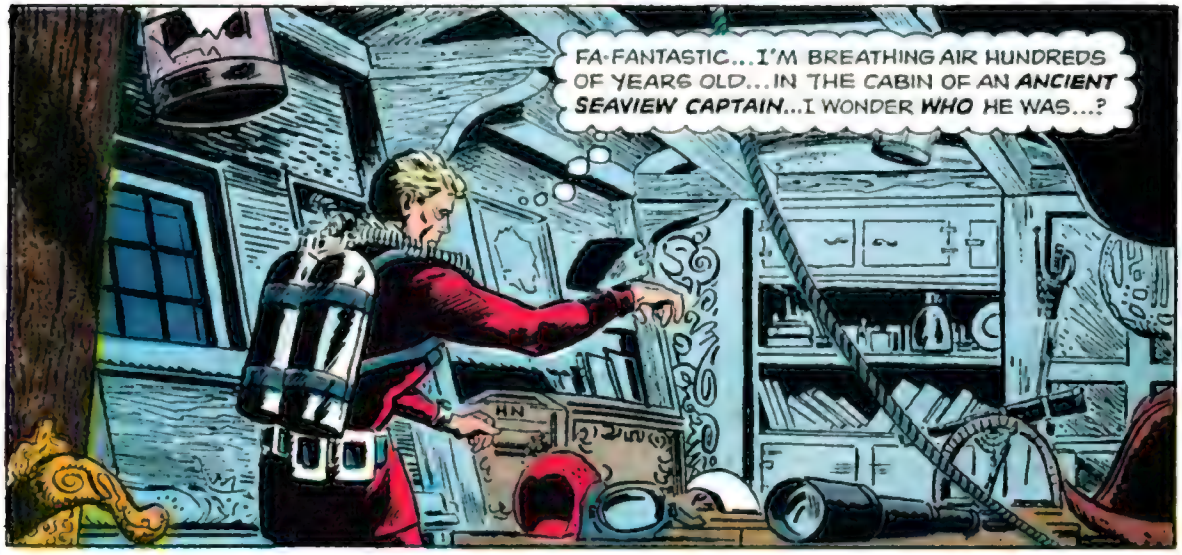

THEN, LIKE SOME MONSTROUS, GROANING ANIMAL, THE GREAT HULK ROLLS IN THE DEEP...
KAR-THOOMP!

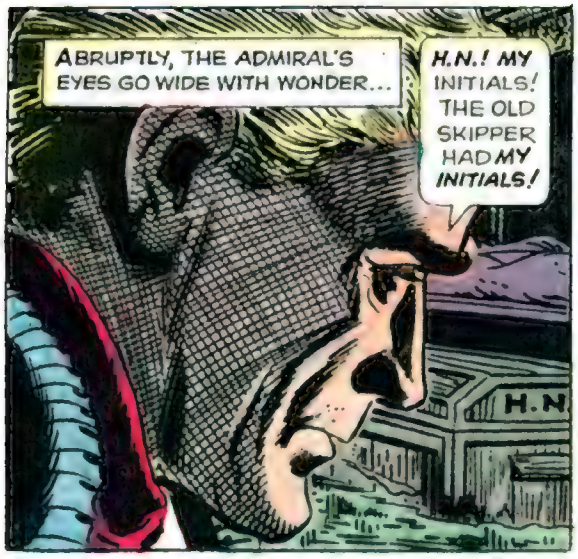
INSIDE, A NIGHTMARE OF FALLING TIMBERS RAIN DOWN UPON ADMIRAL NELSON...
OH-H-H!


WHILE OUTSIDE...
ADMIRAL, SIR--CAN YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

BUT DEEP IN HIS WATERY TOMB, THE DAZED ADMIRAL NELSON CAN'T HEAR CURLEY'S VOICE...
TH-THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD... I-IT KNOCKED OUT MY HELMET RADIO...

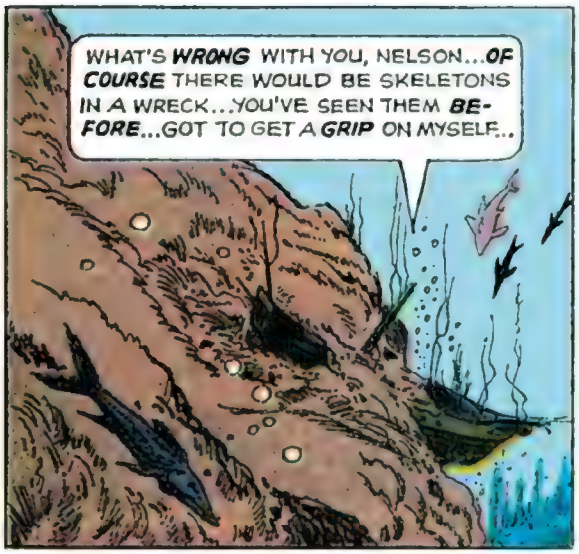
THEN, AS HE TAKES NOTE OF HIS MACABRE SURROUNDINGS...
I'M IN AN AIR POCKET... IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS...


FA-FANTASTIC... I'M BREATHING AIR HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD... IN THE CABIN OF AN ANCIENT SEAVIEW CAPTAIN... I WONDER WHO HE WAS...?
HN


ABRUPTLY, THE ADMIRAL'S EYES GO WIDE WITH WONDER...
H.N.! MY INITIALS! THE OLD SKIPPER HAD MY INITIALS!
H.N

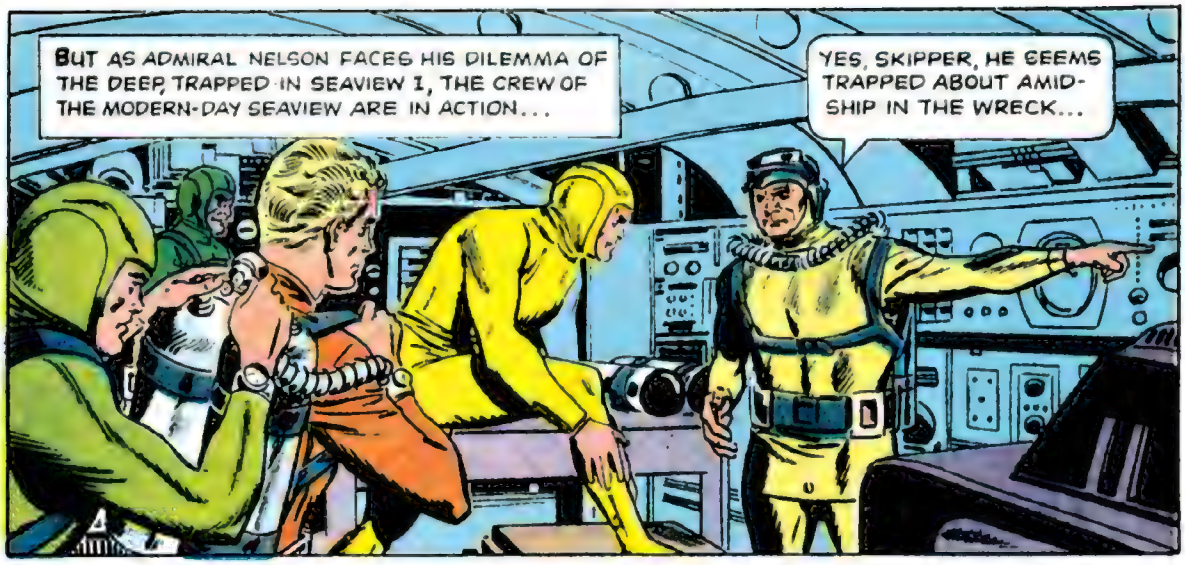
SUDDENLY, SOMETHING WHITE CATCHES HIS EYE... HE TURNS TO GAPE IN HORROR...
NO...NO!

AH-H...

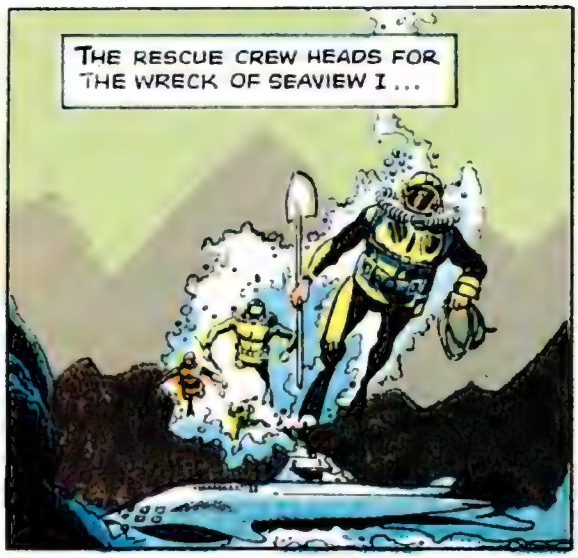

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, NELSON...OF COURSE THERE WOULD BE SKELETONS IN A WRECK...YOU'VE SEEN THEM BEFORE...GOT TO GET A GRIP ON MYSELF...

BUT I WONDER?...IS THAT HIM?... THE CAPTAIN WITH MY INITIALS?... THE SKIPPER OF THE FIRST SEAVIEW?

THE SHIP'S LOG!...THAT WILL TELL ME THE STORY...
LOG OF THE SEAVIEW


BUT AS ADMIRAL NELSON FACES HIS DILEMMA OF THE DEEP, TRAPPED IN SEAVIEW I, THE CREW OF THE MODERN-DAY SEAVIEW ARE IN ACTION...
YES, SKIPPER, HE SEEMS TRAPPED ABOUT AMIDSHIP IN THE WRECK...

WHEN SHE FELL OFF THE SAND LEDGE, THE WHOLE SHIP JUST PANCAKED TOGETHER... I--I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S ALIVE...
JUST PRAY THAT ONLY HIS COMMUNICATIONS GEAR IS OUT OF WHACK, MEN! LET'S GO!


THE RESCUE CREW HEADS FOR THE WRECK OF SEAVIEW I...

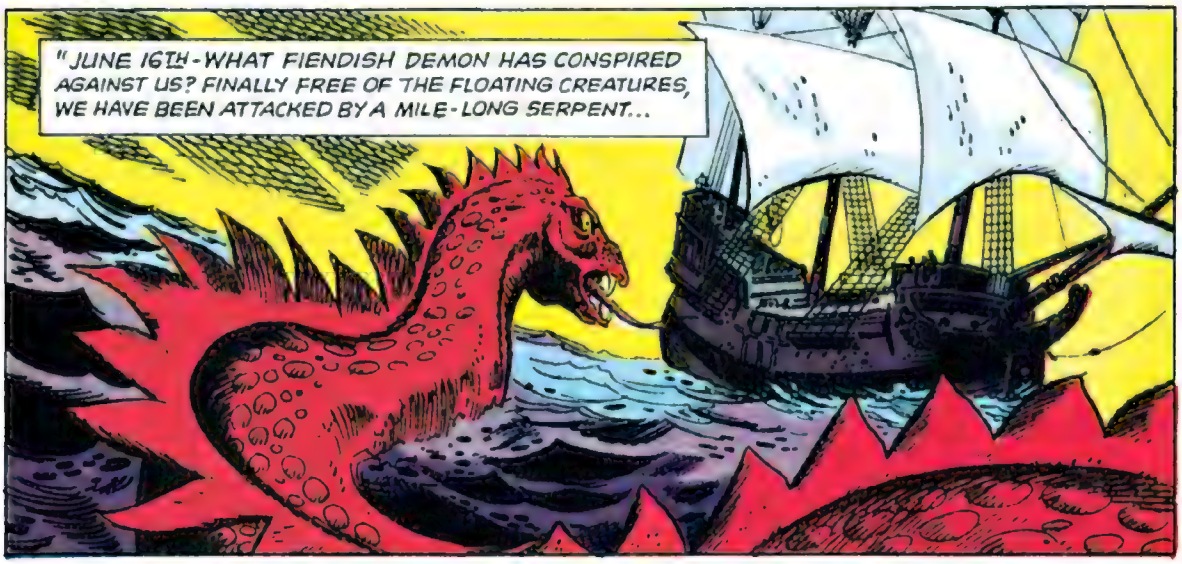
WHILE WITHIN THE TORTURED TIMBERS OF THE CRUSHED, SEA-GOING GOLIATH OF THE PAST...
NOW I'LL KNOW HOW IT ALL BEGAN WITH SEAVIEW I ...AND ENDED!

"WE SET SAIL FROM LISBON ON THIS DAY OF OUR LORD JUNE 6TH, 1632..."
ASTONISHING-- THAT'S JUST 333 YEARS AGO TOMORROW!

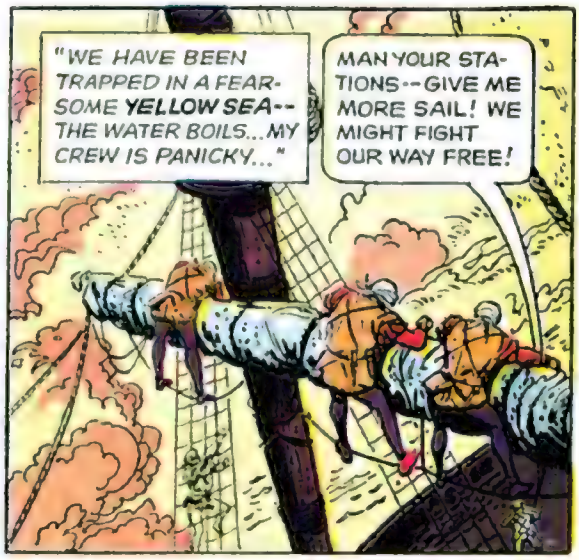
"ALL HANDS ARE TENSE-- THE THRONE OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL RESTS IN OUR HANDS..."
BUT, CAPTAIN, CAN WE FETCH THE KING BACK FROM HIS ISLAND EXPLORATION IN THE WEST INDIES ON TIME?
WE MUST! IF HE DOES NOT APPEAR TO DEFEND HIS THRONE AGAINST THE USURPERS BY WINTER, ALL IS LOST...

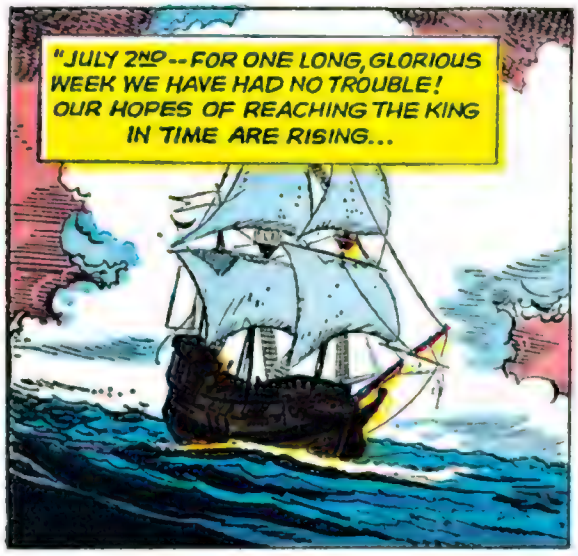
WE MUST TAKE ALL PRECAUTIONS TO ASSURE A SAFE VOYAGE! TO AVOID PIRATE WATERS, WE WILL TAKE THIS ROUTE NORTH AND THEN SOUTH!

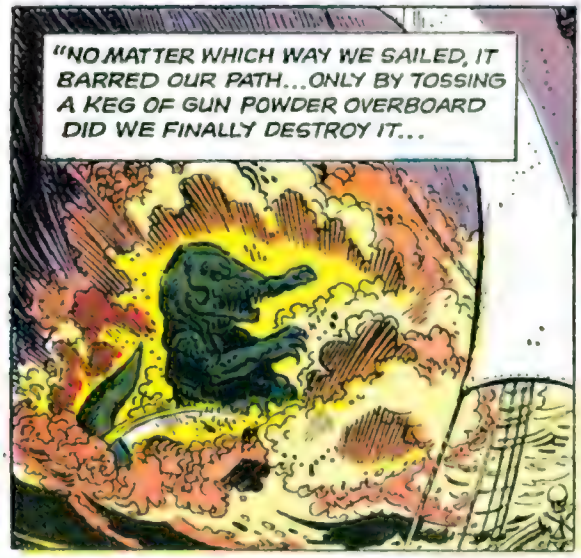
"JUNE 13TH-- THE VERY GODS SEEM AGAINST US! SCARCELY A WEEK OUT AND OUR VOYAGE IS HALTED BY A LIVING ISLAND OF CREATURES...


"JUNE 16TH - WHAT FIENDISH DEMON HAS CONSPIRED AGAINST US? FINALLY FREE OF THE FLOATING CREATURES, WE HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY A MILE-LONG SERPENT...

"SEVERELY BATTERED, WE BEAT OFF THE BRUTE AND HEADED SOUTH..."
THE POOR DEVILS --THE VOYAGE TO RESCUE THEIR KING WAS CERTAINLY JINXED... AND HERE'S MORE TROUBLE A WEEK LATER...


"WE HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN A FEARSOME YELLOW SEA-- THE WATER BOILS...MY CREW IS PANICKY..."
MAN YOUR STATIONS--GIVE ME MORE SAIL! WE MIGHT FIGHT OUR WAY FREE!


"JULY 2ND--FOR ONE LONG, GLORIOUS WEEK WE HAVE HAD NO TROUBLE! OUR HOPES OF REACHING THE KING IN TIME ARE RISING...


"NO MATTER WHICH WAY WE SAILED, IT BARRED OUR PATH...ONLY BY TOSSING A KEG OF GUN POWDER OVERBOARD DID WE FINALLY DESTROY IT...

"JULY 5TH--OUR HOPES HAVE BEEN DASHED ASUNDER! A FEARFUL COLOSSUS OF THE DEPTHS CONFRONTS US...

"MY SAILS ARE TORN, MY MASTS ARE CRACKED...WE LEAK IN A DOZEN PLACES ...I KNOW NOT IF WE CAN GO ON...
"JULY 20TH--ALL IS LOST...A WHIRLPOOL OF DESPAIR BESETS US AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE WORLD...
"WE ARE CAUGHT HOPELESSLY IN ITS GRASP...IT IS WHIRLING US BACK ALONG THE VERY COURSE WE CAME FROM...
"THE WHIRLPOOL IS FINISHED WITH US...AND SO ARE WE FINISHED...WE WILL TRY TO LIMP HOME..."
KEEP A STOUT HEART, MEN...DO NOT SURRENDER TO THIS ACCURSED SEA!

HERE'S THE LAST ENTRY, AUGUST 9TH...
"WE ARE ALMOST TO THE MOUTH OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, BUT WE CANNOT SURVIVE... MY MEN ARE HALF-MAD FROM THEIR EXPERIENCES...THE SHIP IS SINKING..."

SIGNED, HERNAN NABRO! INCREDIBLE! A JONAH CRUISE OF 333 YEARS AGO...

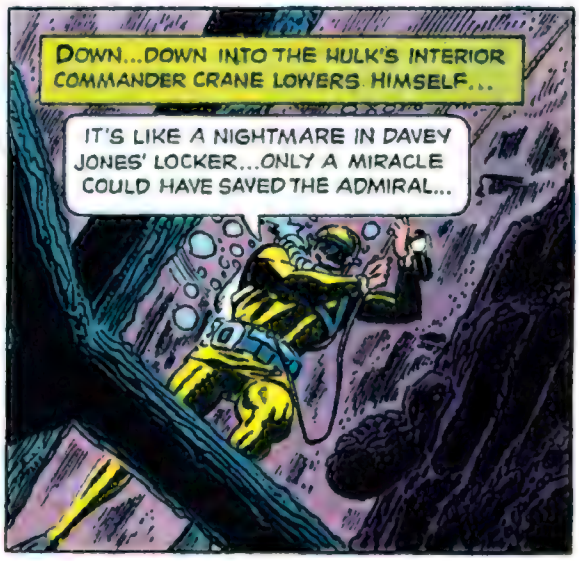
IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE STILL HERE... ALIVE...WATCHING ME...
WH-WHO'S THERE IN THE CORNER? SPEAK UP!
M-MY THROAT... I'M CHOKING... CAN'T BREATHE...

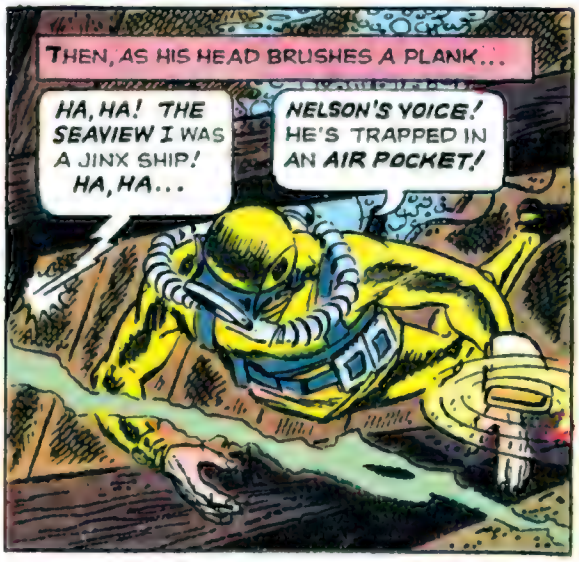
WHILE OUTSIDE THE ANCIENT JINX SHIP.
SHE'S SHIFTING-- HOLD IT!
BUT, SKIPPER! IT'S BEEN THREE HOURS-- THE ADMIRAL'S AIR TANK CAN'T HOLD OUT ANY LONGER!

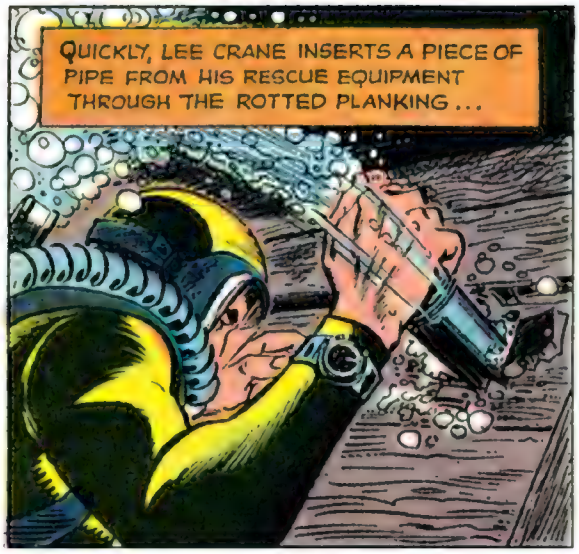
IF WE CRASH THE REST OF THIS WRECK DOWN ATOP HIM, HE WON'T NEED ANY AIR! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TRY A RESCUE...

WE'LL HAVE TO FORM A LIVING LIFE LINE-- THE WAY MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS DO! THEN, IF THE LEAD MAN GETS TRAPPED, THE OTHERS CAN PULL HIM FREE! HOP TO IT!

MINUTES LATER, THE CREW OF THE SEAVIEW CAREFULLY USES A LIVING CHAIN TO PROBE THE WRECK...
EASY...EASY...ALL RIGHT...I'M GOING INSIDE... BRACE YOURSELF IF THERE'S ANOTHER CAVE-IN...


DOWN...DOWN INTO THE HULK'S INTERIOR COMMANDER CRANE LOWERS HIMSELF...
IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE IN DAVEY JONES' LOCKER...ONLY A MIRACLE COULD HAVE SAVED THE ADMIRAL...

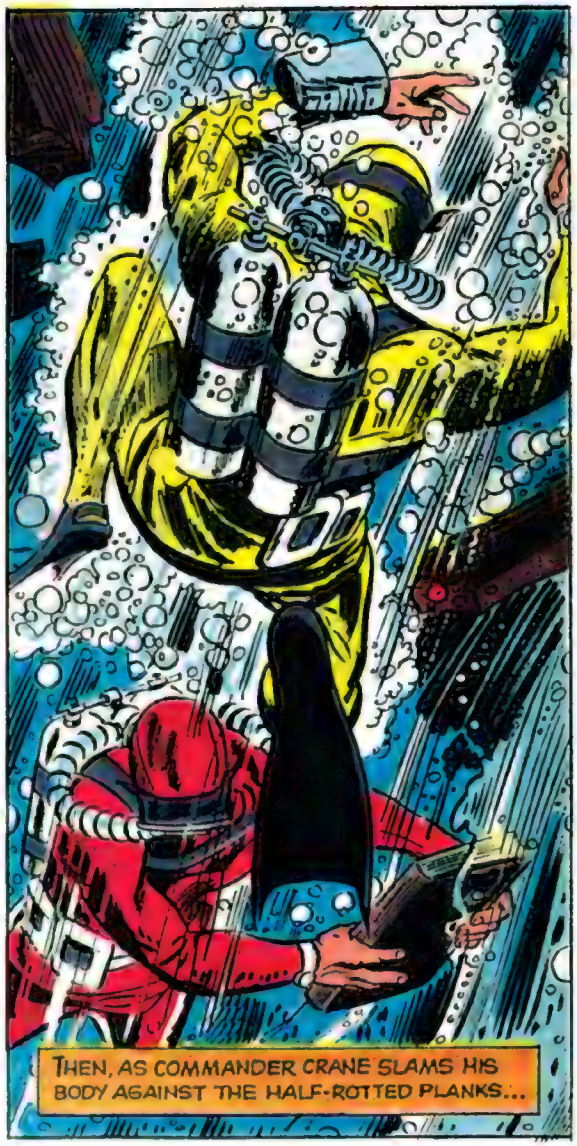

THEN, AS HIS HEAD BRUSHES A PLANK...
HA, HA! THE SEAVIEW I WAS A JINX SHIP! HA, HA...
NELSON'S VOICE! HE'S TRAPPED IN AN AIR POCKET!

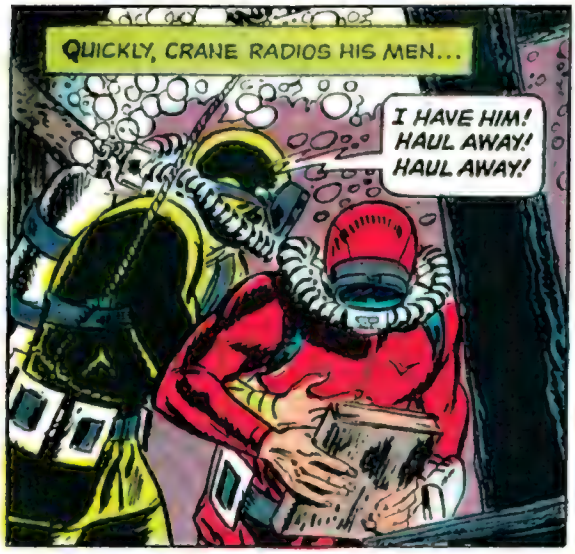

QUICKLY, LEE CRANE INSERTS A PIECE OF PIPE FROM HIS RESCUE EQUIPMENT THROUGH THE ROTTED PLANKING...

AND INSIDE THE AIR POCKET...
ADMIRAL...PUT ON YOUR HELMET! PUT ON YOUR HELMET! I'M GOING TO BREAK THE AIR POCKET OPEN FOR RESCUE!
Y-YES, YES...

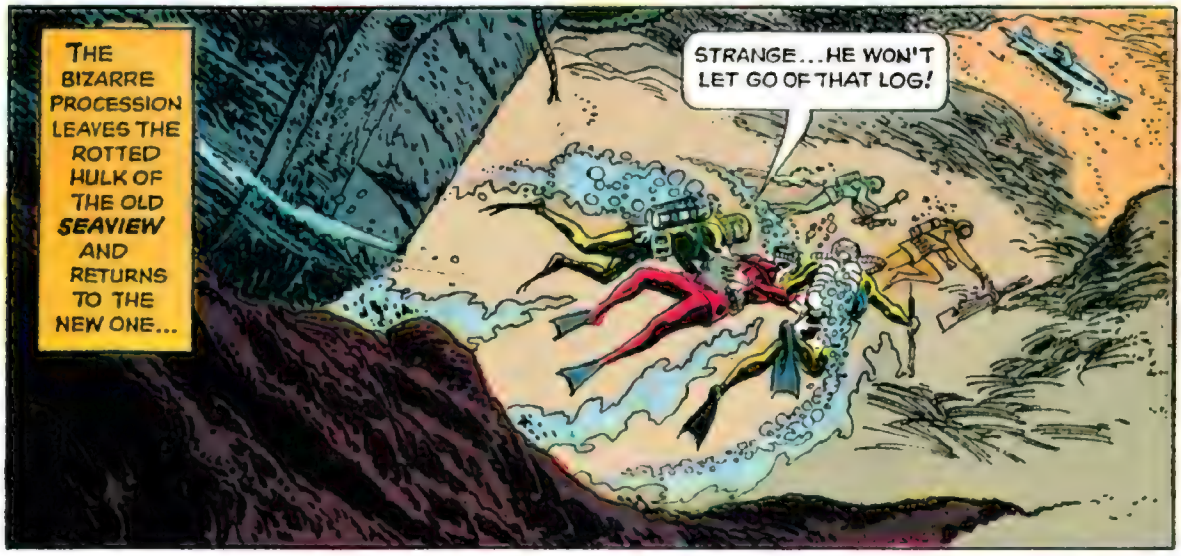
DAZED, AS IF DRUGGED, ADMIRAL NELSON LIFTS HIS HELMET...
MUST...PUT MY HELMET ON...

INSTINCTIVELY, HE ADJUSTS IT TO HIS HEAD, AND...
I CAN'T CONTACT YOU BY RADIO...TAP ON THE BEAM IF YOUR HELMET IS ON!
TAP!
TAP!

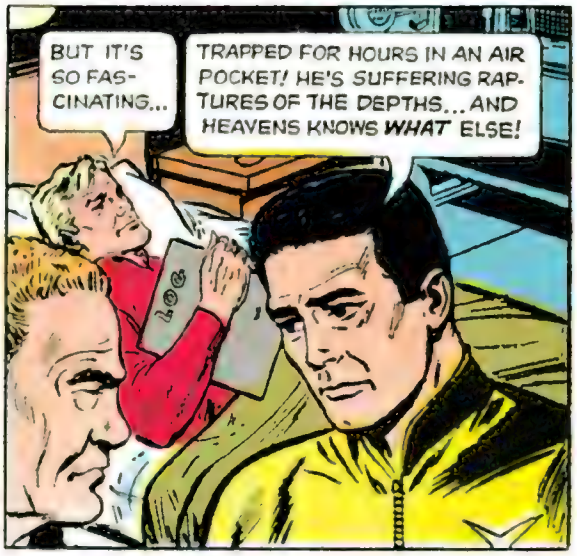

THEN, AS COMMANDER CRANE SLAMS HIS BODY AGAINST THE HALF-ROTTED PLANKS...


QUICKLY, CRANE RADIOS HIS MEN...
I HAVE HIM! HAUL AWAY! HAUL AWAY!

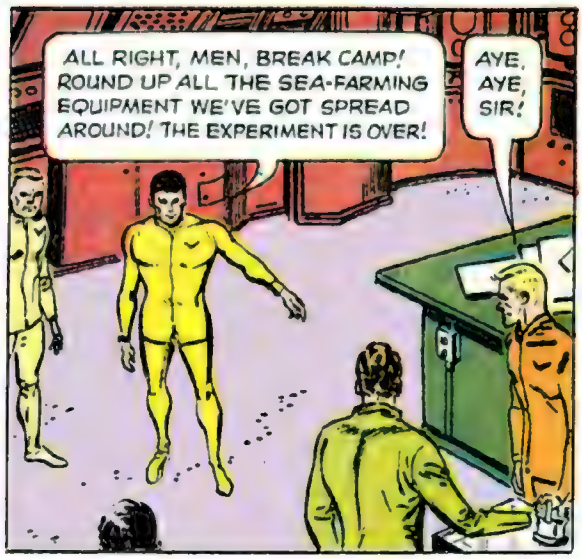
AND MOMENTS LATER, ADMIRAL NELSON IS FLOATED FREE OF THE JONAH SHIP...

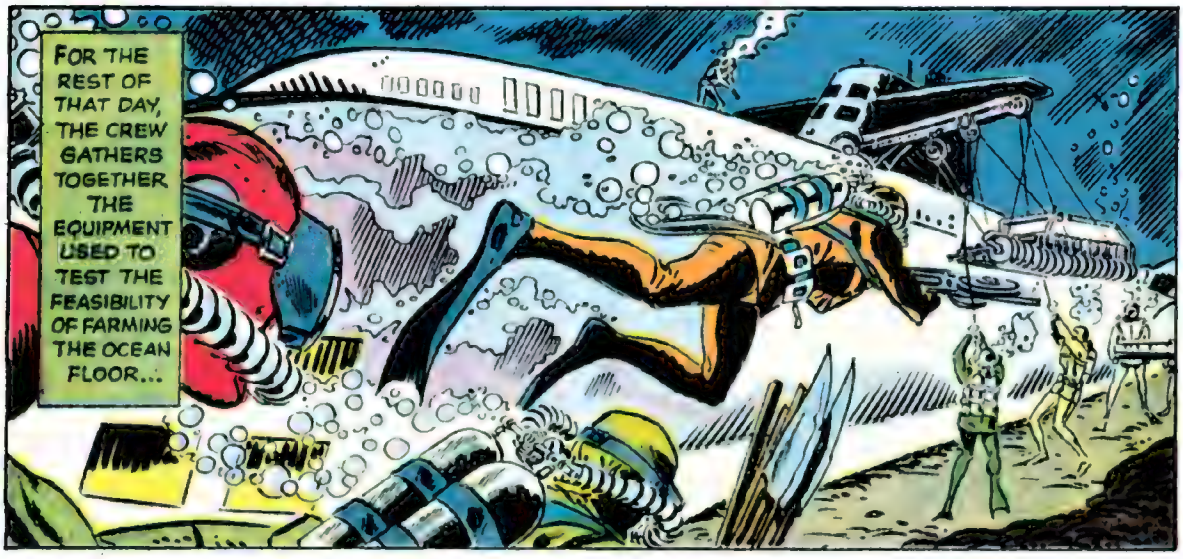

THE BIZARRE PROCESSION LEAVES THE ROTTED HULK OF THE OLD SEAVIEW AND RETURNS TO THE NEW ONE...
STRANGE...HE WON'T LET GO OF THAT LOG!

AND WHEN THE ADMIRAL IS RUSHED TO SICK BAY...
I--I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE OLD SEAVIEW... THEIR WHOLE TERRIBLE TALE... LET ME TELL YOU...FROM THEIR LOG...
NOT NOW, ADMIRAL ...YOU'VE GOT TO GET SOME REST!
LOG SEAVIE


BUT IT'S SO FAS-CINATING...
TRAPPED FOR HOURS IN AN AIR POCKET! HE'S SUFFERING RAP-TURES OF THE DEPTHS... AND HEAVENS KNOWS WHAT ELSE!
LOG

I WONDER, SKIPPER, JUST WHAT IS IN THAT LOG?
WE'LL FIND OUT LATER! HE'S IN SHOCK... I DIDN'T WANT TO UPSET HIM BY TAKING IT AWAY!

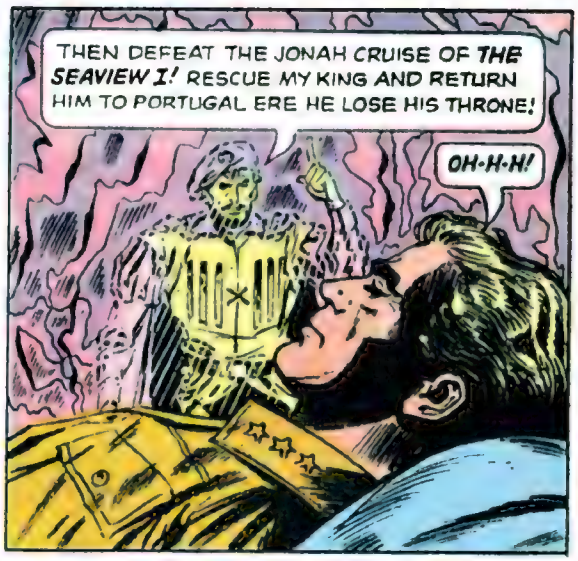

ALL RIGHT, MEN, BREAK CAMP! ROUND UP ALL THE SEA-FARMING EQUIPMENT WE'VE GOT SPREAD AROUND! THE EXPERIMENT IS OVER!
AYE, AYE, SIR!


FOR THE REST OF THAT DAY, THE CREW GATHERS TOGETHER THE EQUIPMENT USED TO TEST THE FEASIBILITY OF FARMING THE OCEAN FLOOR...

THEY CANNOT KNOW THE VISIONS THEIR ADMIRAL IS HAVING IN SICK BAY...
OF COURSE, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO NOW, ADMIRAL NELSON...
WH-WHO IS IT?...I CAN'T SEE YOU VERY WELL...

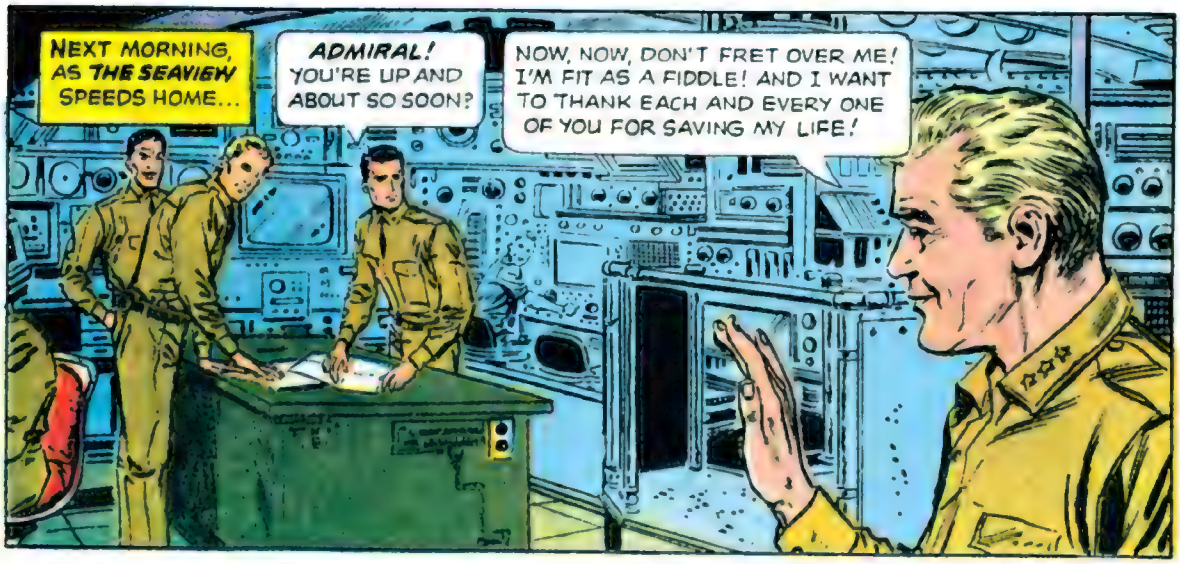
WH-WHY YOU MUST BE CAPTAIN HERNAN NABRO... SKIPPER OF THE SEAVIEW!
EXACTLY...THE FIRST SEAVIEW! THE VESSEL THAT YOUR SHIP WAS DESTINED TO BE NAMED AFTER!

WE FAILED, ADMIRAL NELSON, BUT HISTORY SENT YOU TO SUCCEED IN OUR PLACE!
YES, YES, OF COURSE... WHY, WE EVEN HAVE THE SAME INITIALS...

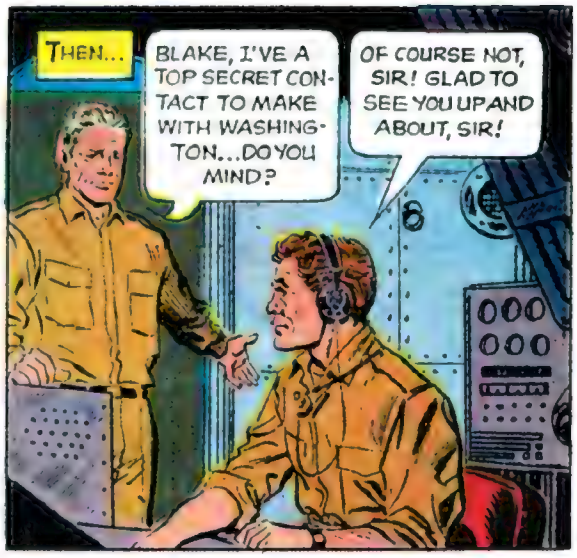

THEN DEFEAT THE JONAH CRUISE OF THE SEAVIEW I! RESCUE MY KING AND RETURN HIM TO PORTUGAL ERE HE LOSE HIS THRONE!
OH-H-H!

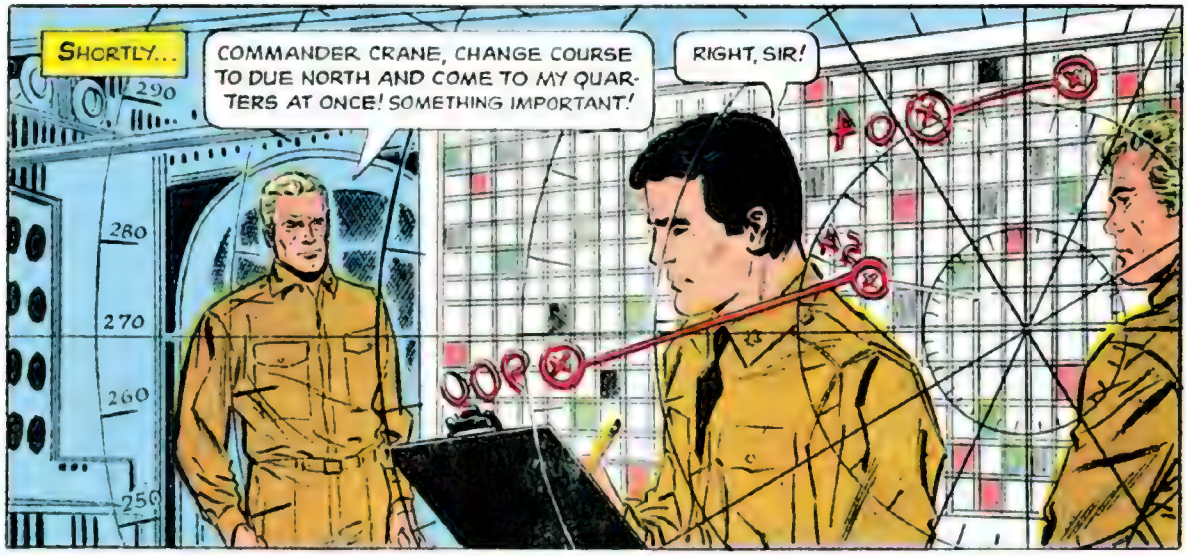
SIR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

GOSH, HE'S SMILING LIKE A BABY! GUESS HE WAS JUST HAVING A HAPPY DREAM!

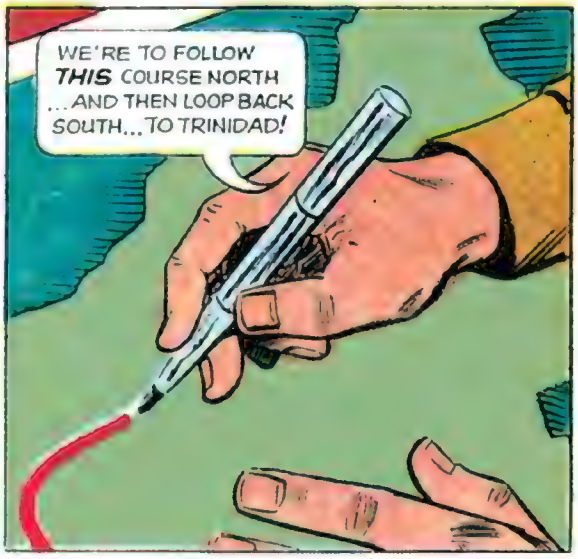

NEXT MORNING, AS THE SEAVIEW SPEEDS HOME...
ADMIRAL! YOU'RE UP AND ABOUT SO SOON?
NOW, NOW, DON'T FRET OVER ME! I'M FIT AS A FIDDLE! AND I WANT TO THANK EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE!

IT WAS A GRUESOME EXPERIENCE.. BUT IT'S OVER! NOW, I'VE LOST TIME AND HAVE LOTS TO DO! WE'LL GET TOGETHER LATER!


THEN...
BLAKE, I'VE A TOP SECRET CONTACT TO MAKE WITH WASHINGTON...DO YOU MIND?
OF COURSE NOT, SIR! GLAD TO SEE YOU UP AND ABOUT, SIR!

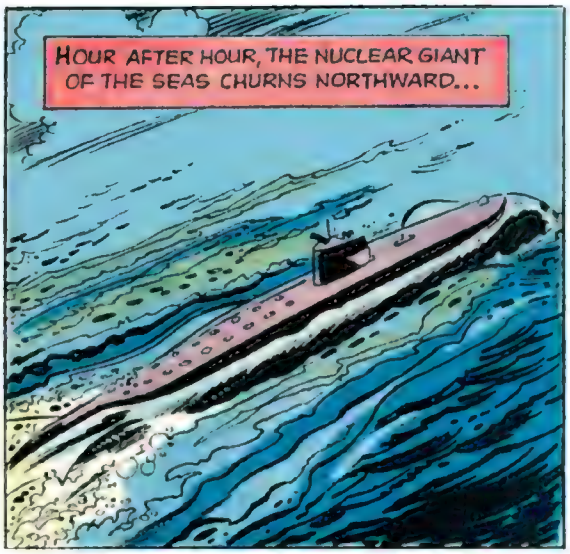

SHORTLY...
COMMANDER CRANE, CHANGE COURSE TO DUE NORTH AND COME TO MY QUARTERS AT ONCE! SOMETHING IMPORTANT!
RIGHT, SIR!
290
280
270
260
250

THE RADIOMAN SAID YOU WERE IN CONTACT WITH WASHINGTON! WHAT'S UP, ADMIRAL?
A SPECIAL MILITARY MISSION, LEE...


WE'RE TO FOLLOW THIS COURSE NORTH ...AND THEN LOOP BACK SOUTH...TO TRINIDAD!

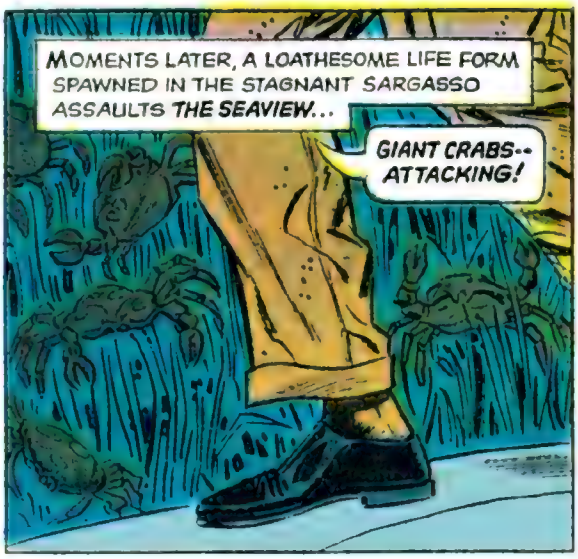
WE'LL RUN ON THE SURFACE FOR THE FULL MISSION, LEE! UNTIL IT IS COMPLETED, I'LL BE IN COMMAND!
NORTH ALMOST TO NEWFOUNDLAND... AND THEN A LOOP DUE SOUTH? JUST WHAT IS THE MISSION, ADMIRAL?

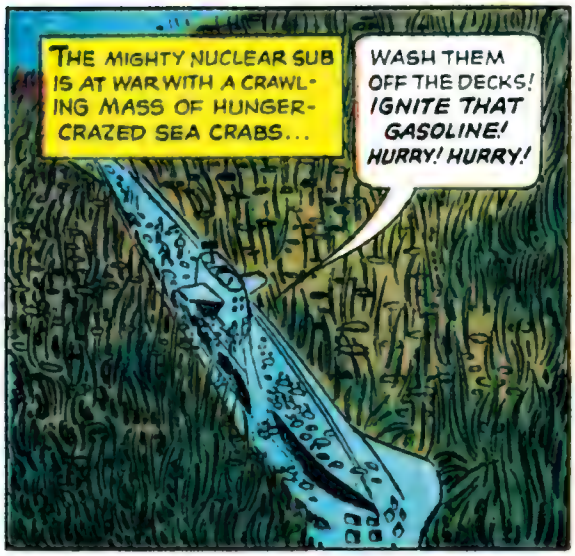
THAT IS TOP SECRET! RIG FOR SURFACE RUNNING AT ONCE!


HOUR AFTER HOUR, THE NUCLEAR GIANT OF THE SEAS CHURNS NORTHWARD...

AS NIGHT FALLS, ONLY ADMIRAL NELSON CAN HEAR THE GHOSTLY VOICE OF THE FIRST SEAVIEW CAPTAIN...
YOU ARE PLYING A COURSE STRAIGHT AND TRUE, ADMIRAL NELSON--DO NOT FALTER! YE FIRST CHALLENGE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

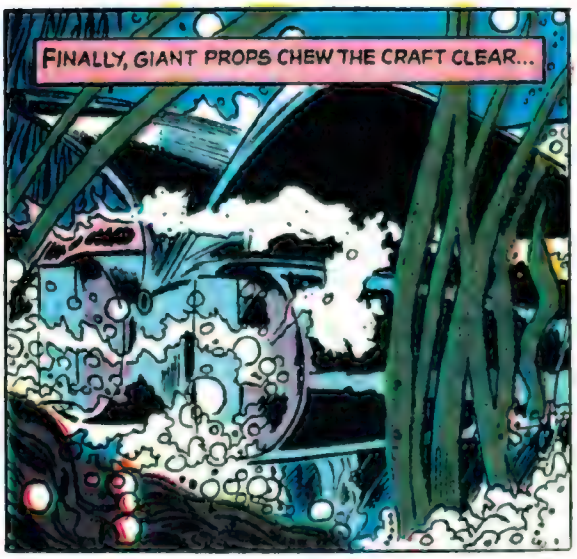
AND WHEN THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN STREAK THE NORTH ATLANTIC...
ADMIRAL, WE'RE IN THE SARGASSO SEA... AND THAT'S AN UNUSUALLY LARGE MASS OF STAGNANT SEAWEED UP AHEAD! WE'D BETTER SUBMERGE!
FULL SPEED AHEAD! I WANT FIRE HOSES AND GASOLINE TOPSIDE!


MOMENTS LATER, A LOATHESOME LIFE FORM SPAWNED IN THE STAGNANT SARGASSO ASSAULTS THE SEAVIEW...
GIANT CRABS-- ATTACKING!

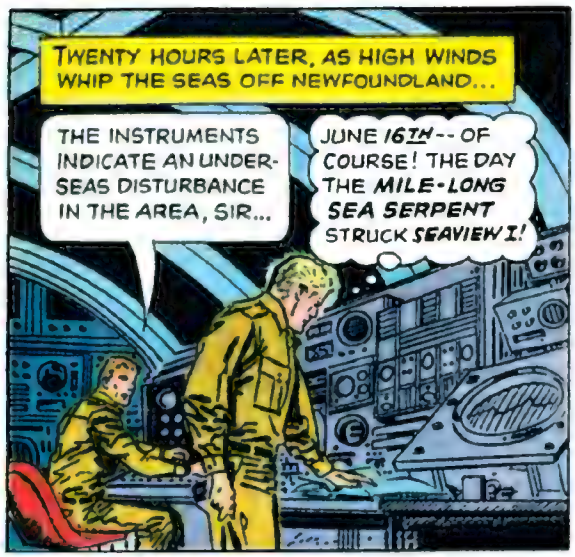

THE MIGHTY NUCLEAR SUB IS AT WAR WITH A CRAWLING MASS OF HUNGER-CRAZED SEA CRABS...
WASH THEM OFF THE DECKS! IGNITE THAT GASOLINE! HURRY! HURRY!

SUDDENLY...
YAAAA!

OFF... OFF, ABOMINABLE CREATURE...
GET THEE BACK TO YOUR ACCURSED SARGASSO...
YE SHALL NOT STOP THE SEAVIEW FROM HER MISSION, THAT I VOW!


FINALLY, GIANT PROPS CHEW THE CRAFT CLEAR...

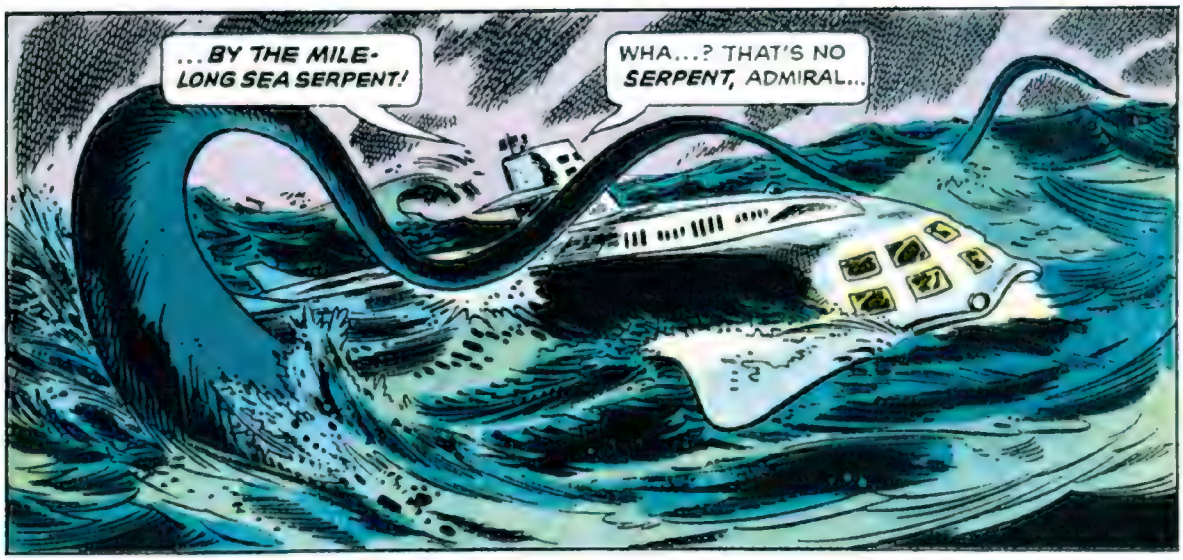
AND LATER, THE GHOSTLY APPARITION ONLY ADMIRAL NELSON CAN SEE GUIDES THE VESSEL ONWARD...
YE HAVE DONE WELL, MY LAD--BUT THE GREATEST DANGERS LAY AHEAD! SAIL WESTWARD... WESTWARD!
SOMETHING'S WRONG... THE ADMIRAL'S TALKING STRANGELY... ACTING STRANGELY...

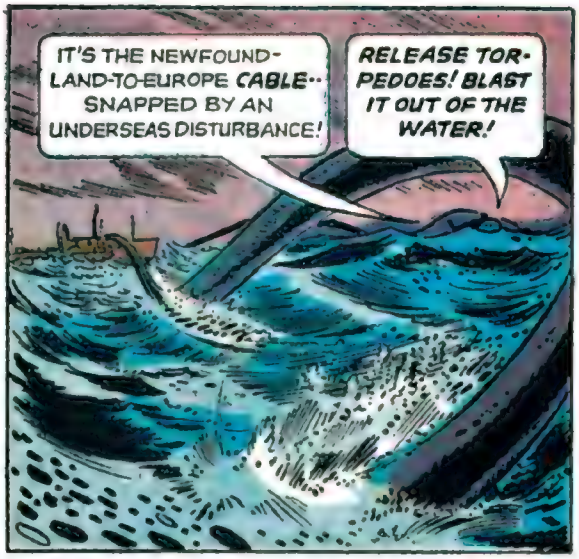

TWENTY HOURS LATER, AS HIGH WINDS WHIP THE SEAS OFF NEWFOUNDLAND...
THE INSTRUMENTS INDICATE AN UNDER-SEAS DISTURBANCE IN THE AREA, SIR...
JUNE 16TH -- OF COURSE! THE DAY THE MILE-LONG SEA SERPENT STRUCK SEAVIEW I!

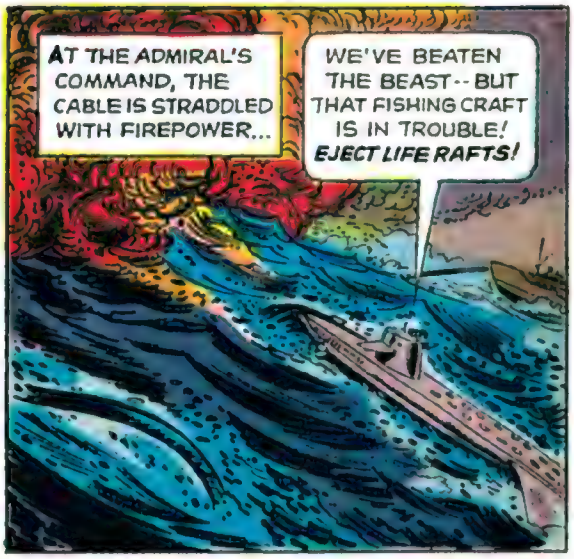
RIG FOR ACTION, COMMANDER CRANE! ALERT THE TORPEDO ROOM!
ACTION? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, ADMIRAL?

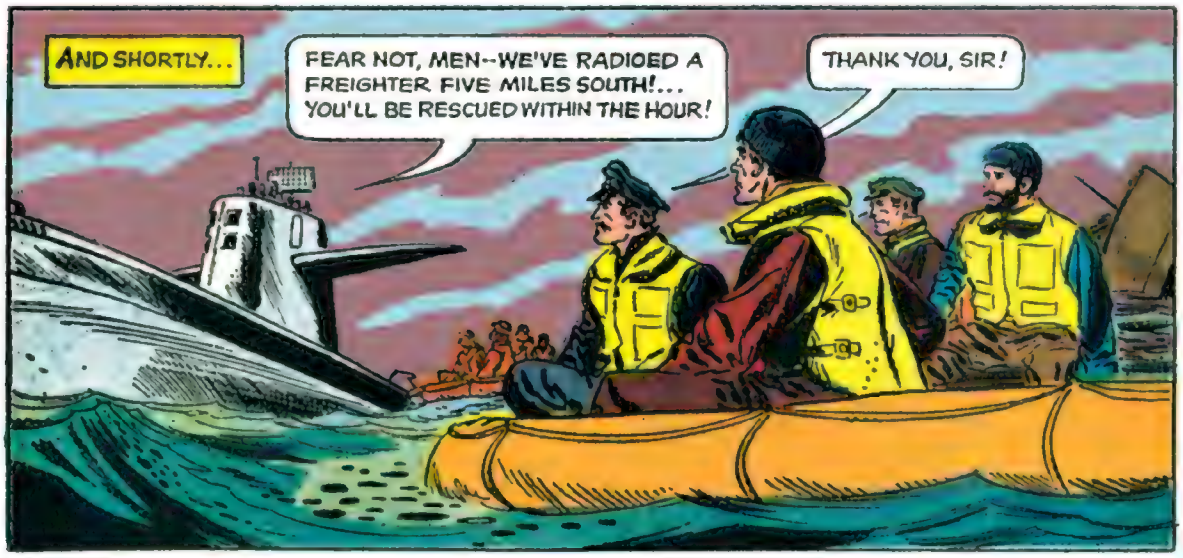
STOP STARING AT ME LIKE A WALL-EYED PIKE, COMMANDER! THAT'S AN ORDER!
BUT, SIR...?

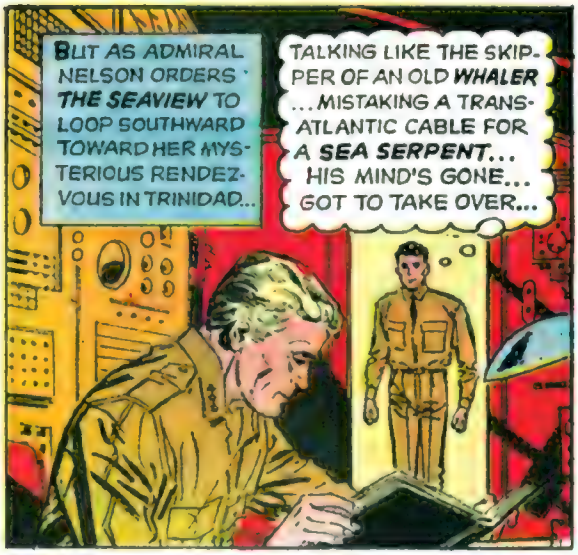
SUDDENLY...
THAR SHE BLOWS! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK...

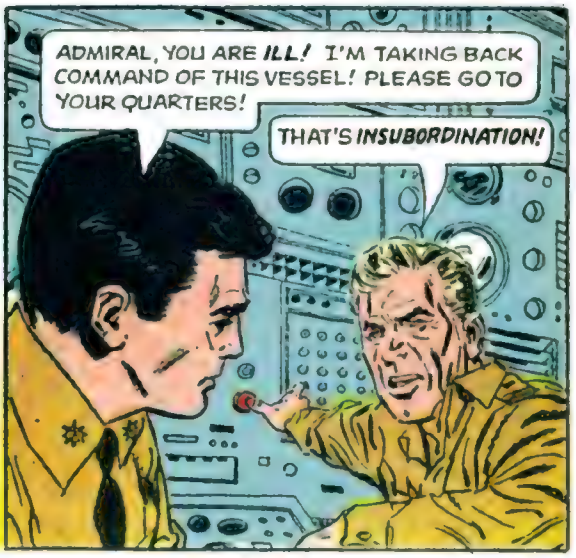

...BY THE MILE-LONG SEA SERPENT!
WHA...? THAT'S NO SERPENT, ADMIRAL...

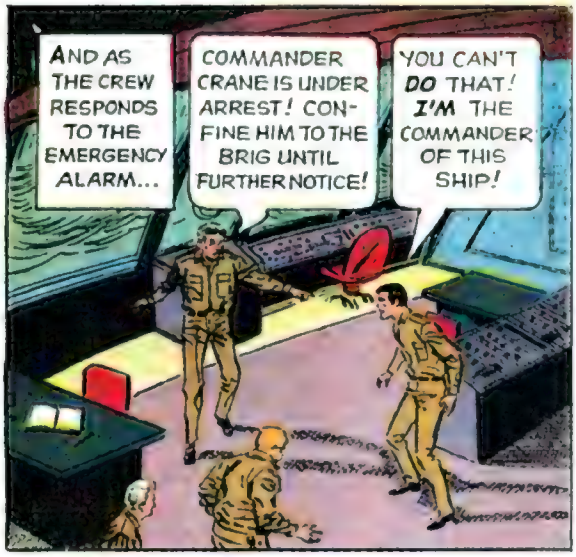

IT'S THE NEWFOUND-LAND-TO-EUROPE CABLE-- SNAPPED BY AN UNDERSEAS DISTURBANCE!
RELEASE TORPEDOES! BLAST IT OUT OF THE WATER!


AT THE ADMIRAL'S COMMAND, THE CABLE IS STRADDLED WITH FIREPOWER...
WE'VE BEATEN THE BEAST-- BUT THAT FISHING CRAFT IS IN TROUBLE! EJECT LIFE RAFTS!


AND SHORTLY...
FEAR NOT, MEN--WE'VE RADIOED A FREIGHTER FIVE MILES SOUTH!... YOU'LL BE RESCUED WITHIN THE HOUR!
THANK YOU, SIR!

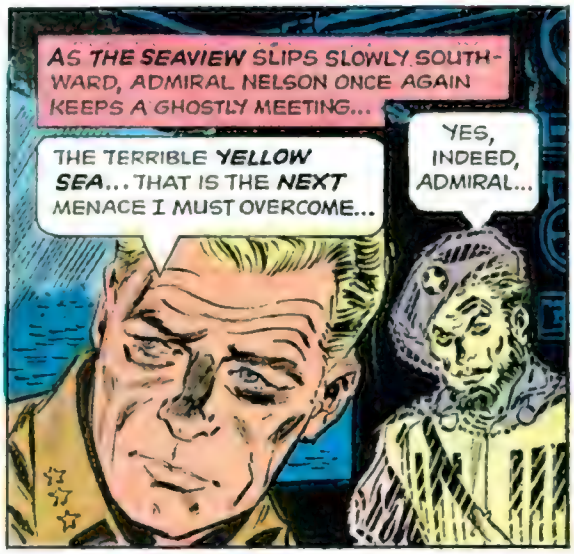

BUT AS ADMIRAL NELSON ORDERS THE SEAVIEW TO LOOP SOUTHWARD TOWARD HER MYSTERIOUS RENDEZVOUS IN TRINIDAD...
TALKING LIKE THE SKIPPER OF AN OLD WHALER ...MISTAKING A TRANSATLANTIC CABLE FOR A SEA SERPENT... HIS MIND'S GONE... GOT TO TAKE OVER...

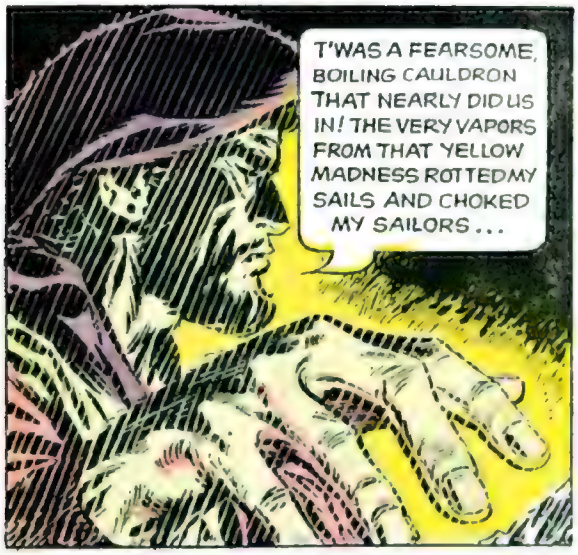

ADMIRAL, YOU ARE ILL! I'M TAKING BACK COMMAND OF THIS VESSEL! PLEASE GO TO YOUR QUARTERS!
THAT'S INSUBORDINATION!


AND AS THE CREW RESPONDS TO THE EMERGENCY ALARM...
COMMANDER CRANE IS UNDER ARREST! CONFINE HIM TO THE BRIG UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I'M THE COMMANDER OF THIS SHIP!

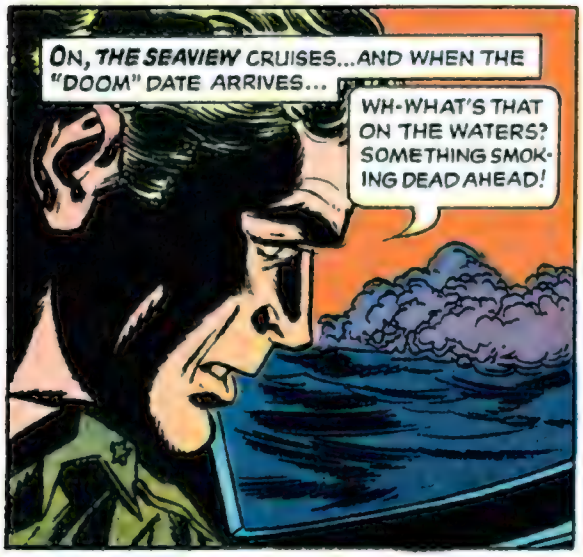
WHILE THE SEAVIEW IS UNDER DIRECT ORDERS OF THE MILITARY, I AM THE HIGHEST RANKING OFFICER ABOARD! YOUR ACTIONS ARE THEREFORE MUTINOUS! CONFINE HIM!
SO-SORRY, SIR!

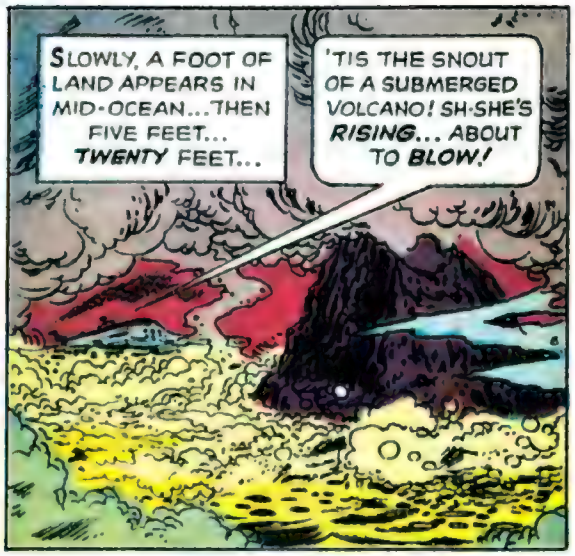
I'M GOING ON DECK! HEAD DUE SOUTH AT ONE QUARTER SPEED!
LOG


AS THE SEAVIEW SLIPS SLOWLY SOUTHWARD, ADMIRAL NELSON ONCE AGAIN KEEPS A GHOSTLY MEETING...
THE TERRIBLE YELLOW SEA... THAT IS THE NEXT MENACE I MUST OVERCOME...
YES, INDEED, ADMIRAL...


T'WAS A FEARSOME, BOILING CAULDRON THAT NEARLY DID US IN! THE VERY VAPORS FROM THAT YELLOW MADNESS ROTTED MY SAILS AND CHOKED MY SAILORS...

THIS BE THE DATE IT OCCURRED, ADMIRAL NELSON! BE PREPARED!
JUNE 23
WE ENTERED
YELLOW S
IT WA
NOT

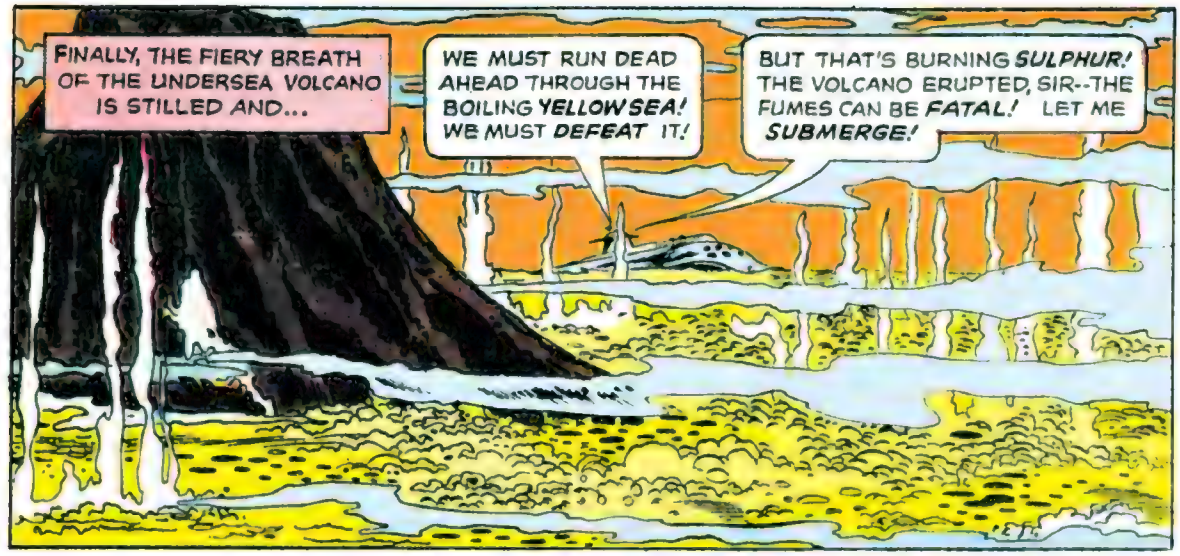


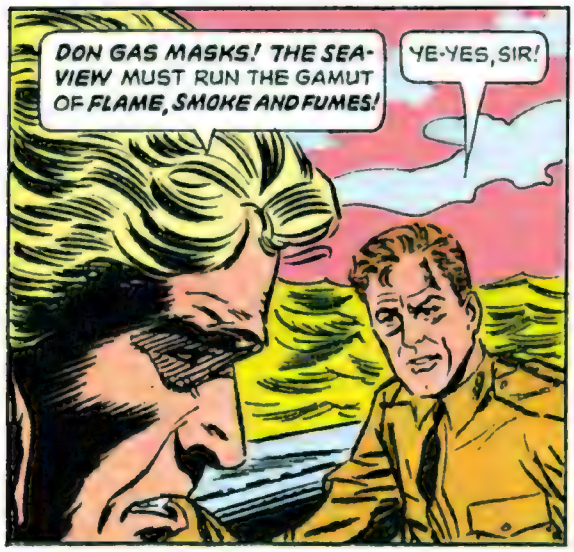


ABRUPTLY, MOLTEN LAVA FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR SPEWS FORTH ALOFT...THE SEAS CONTORT LIKE A WOUNDED CREATURE...

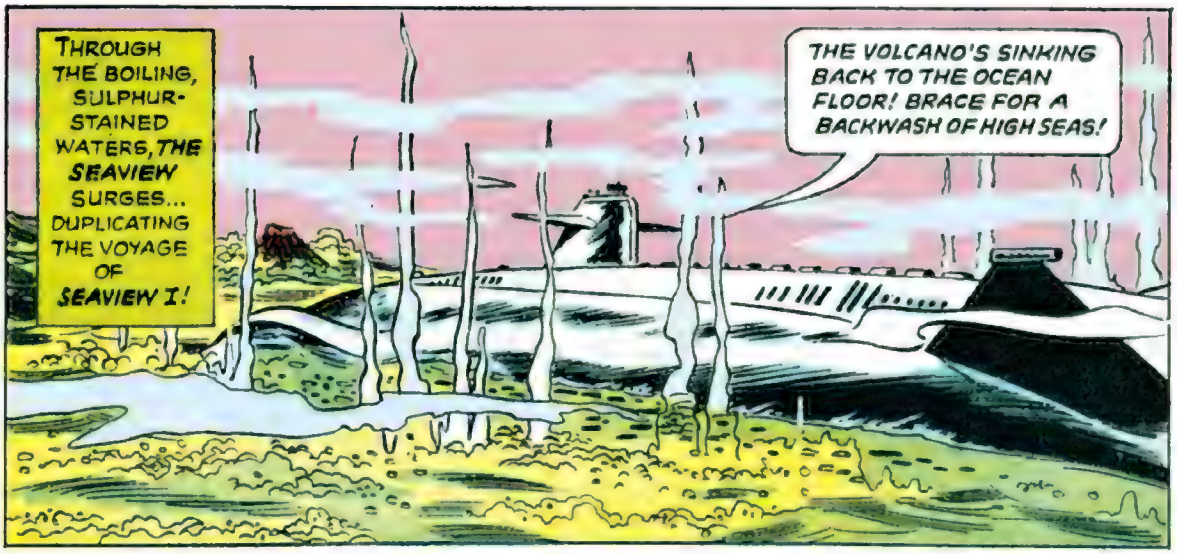
AD-ADMIRAL... SHOULDN'T WE SUBMERGE?

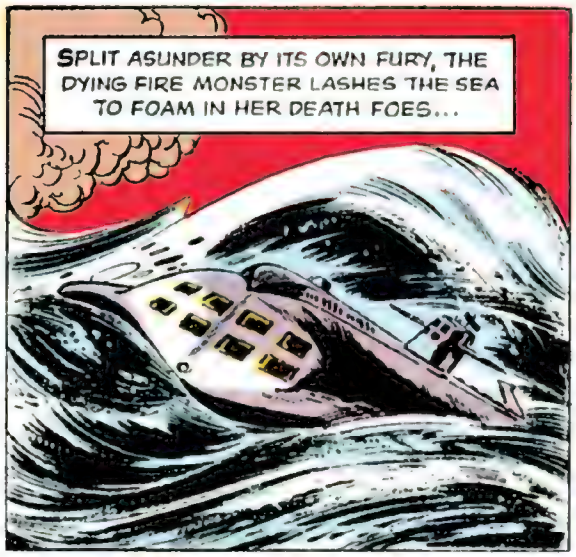
NO...NO...WE MUST NOT DIVE!

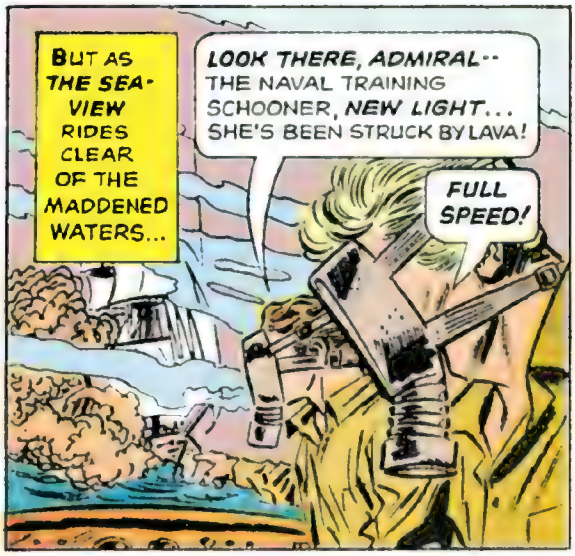

FINALLY, THE FIERY BREATH OF THE UNDERSEA VOLCANO IS STILLED AND...
WE MUST RUN DEAD AHEAD THROUGH THE BOILING YELLOW SEA! WE MUST DEFEAT IT!
BUT THAT'S BURNING SULPHUR! THE VOLCANO ERUPTED, SIR--THE FUMES CAN BE FATAL! LET ME SUBMERGE!

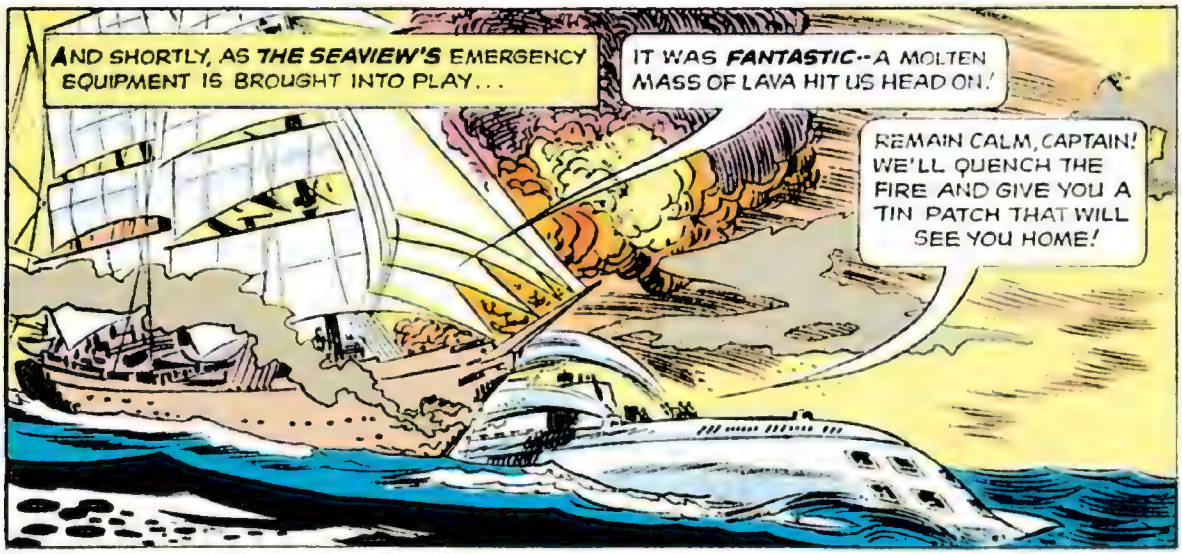

DON GAS MASKS! THE SEAVIEW MUST RUN THE GAMUT OF FLAME, SMOKE AND FUMES!
YE-YES, SIR!

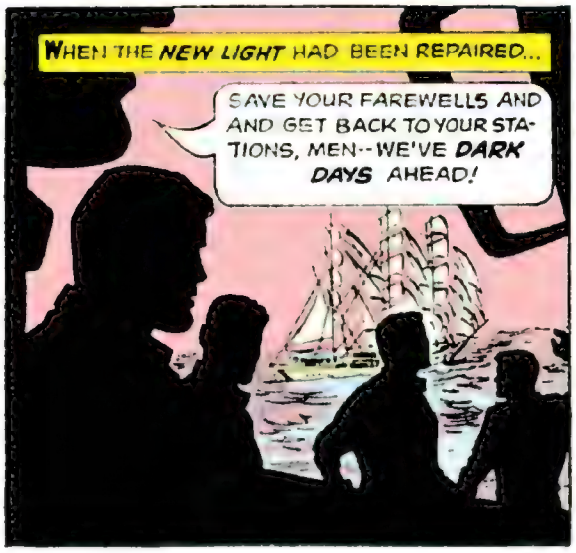
HOLD YOUR GROUND! WE HAVE A SACRED MISSION TO FULFILL-- NOTHING MUST DETER US FROM IT!

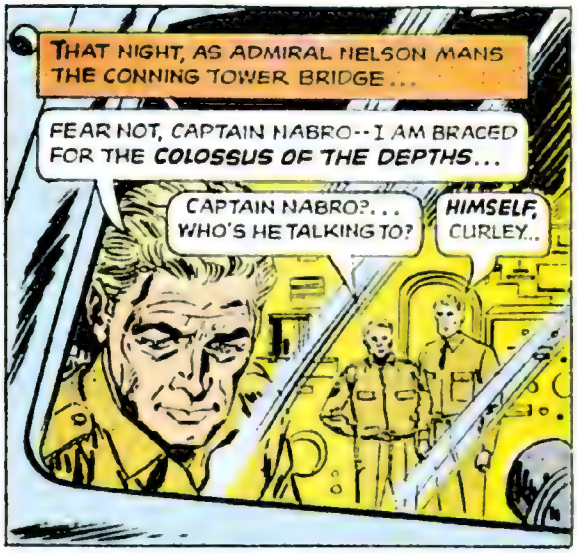

THROUGH THE BOILING, SULPHUR-STAINED WATERS, THE SEAVIEW SURGES... DUPLICATING THE VOYAGE OF SEAVIEW I!
THE VOLCANO'S SINKING BACK TO THE OCEAN FLOOR! BRACE FOR A BACKWASH OF HIGH SEAS!


SPLIT ASUNDER BY ITS OWN FURY, THE DYING FIRE MONSTER LASHES THE SEA TO FOAM IN HER DEATH FOES...


BUT AS THE SEA-VIEW RIDES CLEAR OF THE MADDENED WATERS...
LOOK THERE, ADMIRAL-- THE NAVAL TRAINING SCHOONER, NEW LIGHT... SHE'S BEEN STRUCK BY LAVA!
FULL SPEED!


AND SHORTLY, AS THE SEAVIEW'S EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT IS BROUGHT INTO PLAY...
IT WAS FANTASTIC--A MOLTEN MASS OF LAVA HIT US HEAD ON!
REMAIN CALM, CAPTAIN! WE'LL QUENCH THE FIRE AND GIVE YOU A TIN PATCH THAT WILL SEE YOU HOME!

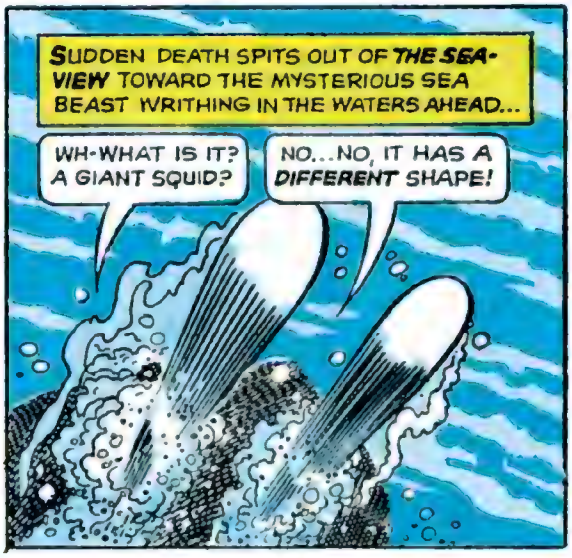

WHEN THE NEW LIGHT HAD BEEN REPAIRED...
SAVE YOUR FAREWELLS AND AND GET BACK TO YOUR STATIONS, MEN--WE'VE DARK DAYS AHEAD!

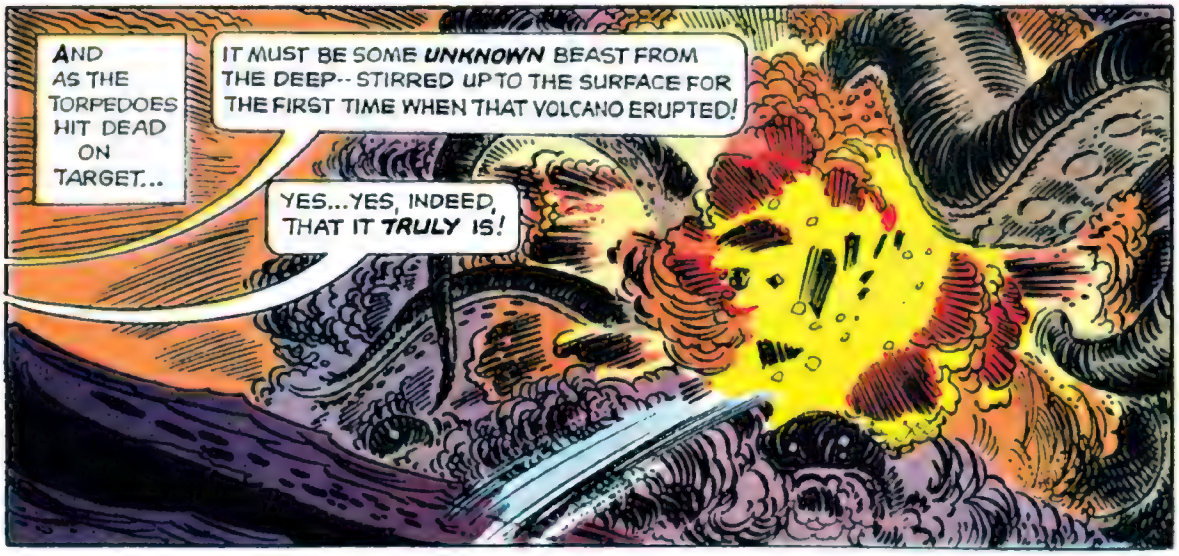

THAT NIGHT, AS ADMIRAL NELSON MANS THE CONNING TOWER BRIDGE...
FEAR NOT, CAPTAIN NABRO--I AM BRACED FOR THE COLOSSUS OF THE DEPTHS...
CAPTAIN NABRO?... WHO'S HE TALKING TO?
HIMSELF, CURLEY...

AND LATER, BELOW DECK...
CURLEY, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THE ADMIRAL'S SICK, I TELL YOU! HIS MIND'S BEEN AFFECTED BY THE ACCIDENT IN THE WRECK!
PLEASE, COMMANDER...

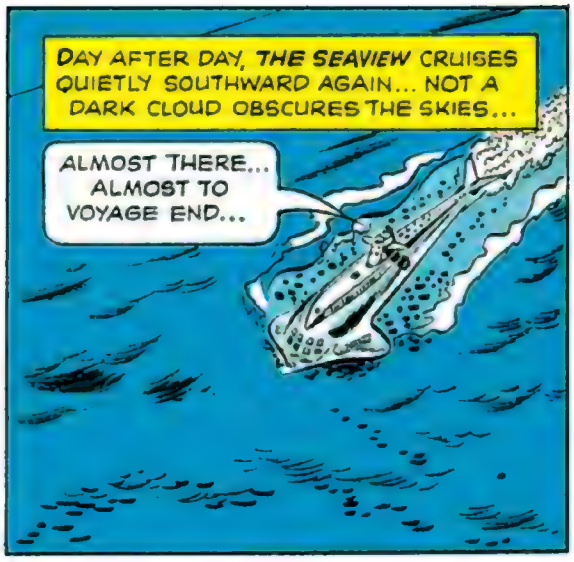
HE'S ACTING ODD, ALL RIGHT... BUT HE'S BROUGHT US THROUGH THREE CATASTROPHES WITHOUT A SCRATCH! I... JUST CAN'T GO AGAINST HIM, SIR!
OH, NO... NO! THIS CAN'T BE A SECRET MILITARY MISSION, CURLEY -- IT'S SOMETHING STRANGE... OMINOUS!

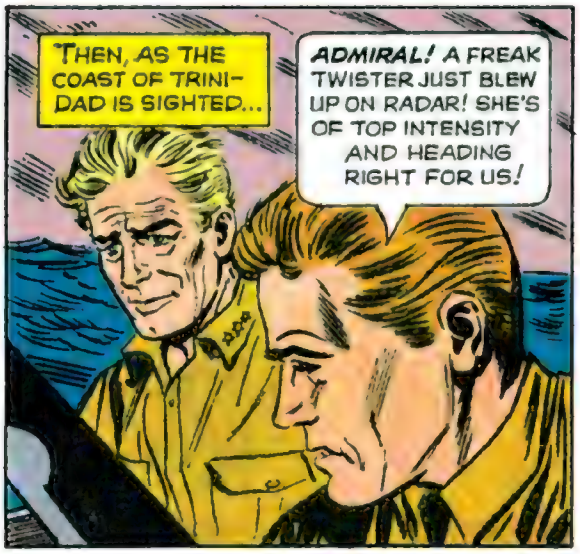
FOR FIVE DAYS THE SEAVIEW CRUISES SOUTHWARD WITHOUT INCIDENT, THEN...
THAR SHE BE--THE COLOSSUS OF THE DEPTHS! FIRE TORPEDO SPREAD #3 TWO DEGREES STARBOARD!
RIGHT, SIR!


SUDDEN DEATH SPITS OUT OF THE SEAVIEW TOWARD THE MYSTERIOUS SEA BEAST WRITHING IN THE WATERS AHEAD...
WH-WHAT IS IT? A GIANT SQUID?
NO... NO, IT HAS A DIFFERENT SHAPE!

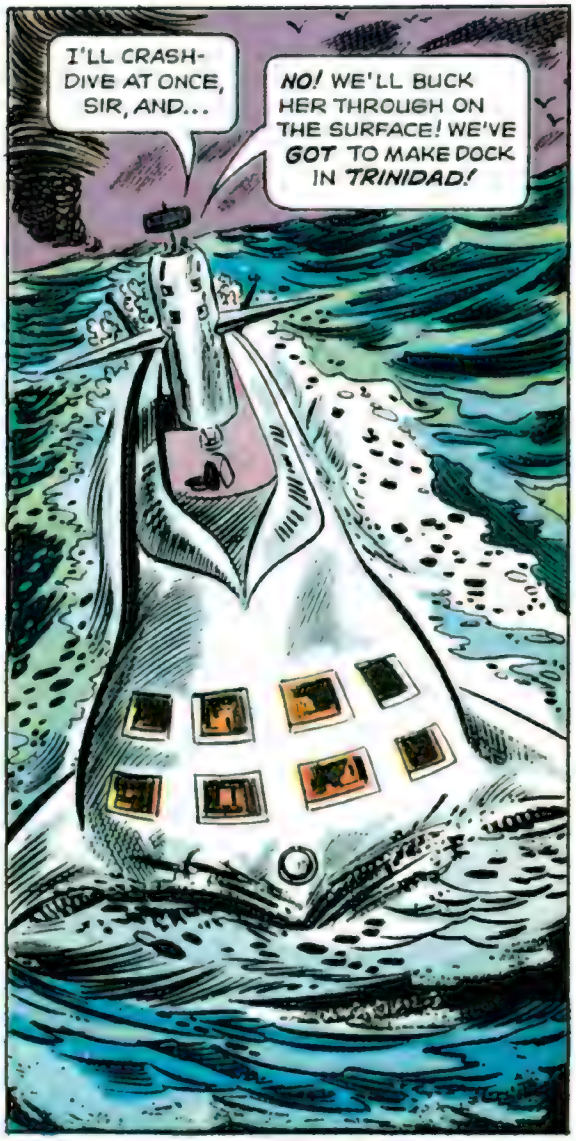

AND AS THE TORPEDOES HIT DEAD ON TARGET...
IT MUST BE SOME UNKNOWN BEAST FROM THE DEEP-- STIRRED UP TO THE SURFACE FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN THAT VOLCANO ERUPTED!
YES... YES, INDEED, THAT IT TRULY IS!

AND LATER, AS THE SPECTRAL FORM OF THE OLD SEAVIEW CAPTAIN PAYS ANOTHER VISIT TO ADMIRAL NELSON'S MIND...
JUST ONE MORE OBSTACLE, ADMIRAL... ONE MORE AND YOU SHALL HAVE SAVED A KINGDOM!
I--I KNOW... ONLY THE WHIRLPOOL OF DESPAIR BARS MY VOYAGE NOW!


DAY AFTER DAY, THE SEAVIEW CRUISES QUIETLY SOUTHWARD AGAIN... NOT A DARK CLOUD OBSCURES THE SKIES...
ALMOST THERE... ALMOST TO VOYAGE END...


THEN, AS THE COAST OF TRINIDAD IS SIGHTED...
ADMIRAL! A FREAK TWISTER JUST BLEW UP ON RADAR! SHE'S OF TOP INTENSITY AND HEADING RIGHT FOR US!

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, SIR! THIS BABY'S A FULL SCALE BLOW-- TRINIDAD'S RIGHT IN HER PATH!
GET BELOW AND BATTEN DOWN! WHEN SHE HITS, GIVE ME ENGINES ON FULL!


I'LL CRASH-DIVE AT ONCE, SIR, AND...
NO! WE'LL BUCK HER THROUGH ON THE SURFACE! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE DOCK IN TRINIDAD!

WHAT'S UP, SIR?
ONE SIDE, CURLEY... THE COMMANDER'S RIGHT!

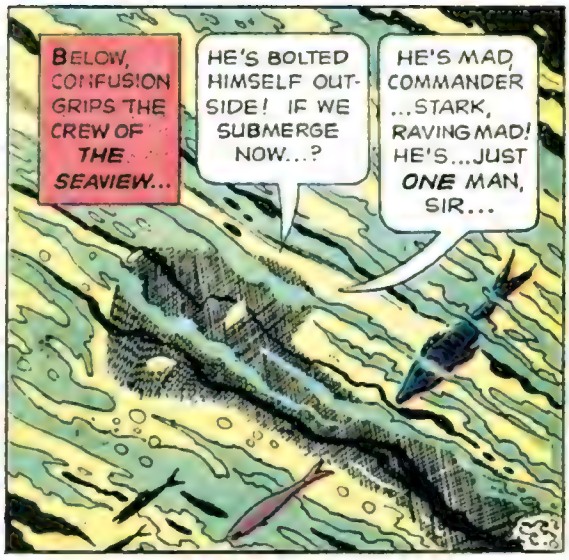
...ADMIRAL NELSON HAS FLIPPED COMPLETELY OUT OF HIS BONNET...HE WANTS TO SURFACE RUN A TYPHOON!

I'M FREEING YOU, COMMANDER! THE ADMIRAL IS OUT OF HIS MIND...HE'S IN THE TOWER TRYING TO SHOUT US THROUGH A TOP INTENSITY BLOW! DO SOMETHING!
YOU BET...!

PREPARE TO CRASH DIVE! I'LL PULL HIM OFF THE DECK FAST!

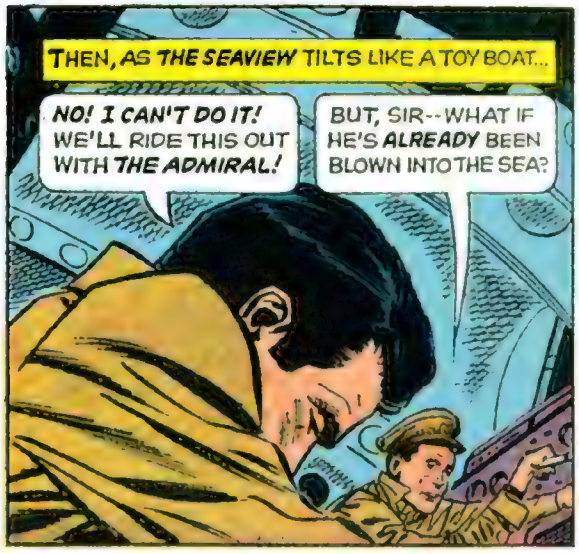
BUT AS COMMANDER CRANE REACHES THE CONNING TOWER HATCH, THE FIRST TOUCH OF THE STORM'S MIGHT SMITES THE SEAVIEW...
GO BELOW, COMMANDER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

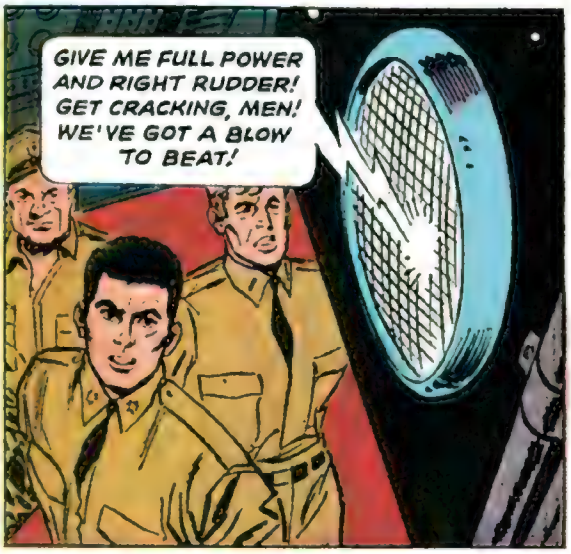
I'LL RIDE THIS OUT IN THE TOWER! FOLLOW MY COMMANDS TO THE LETTER!

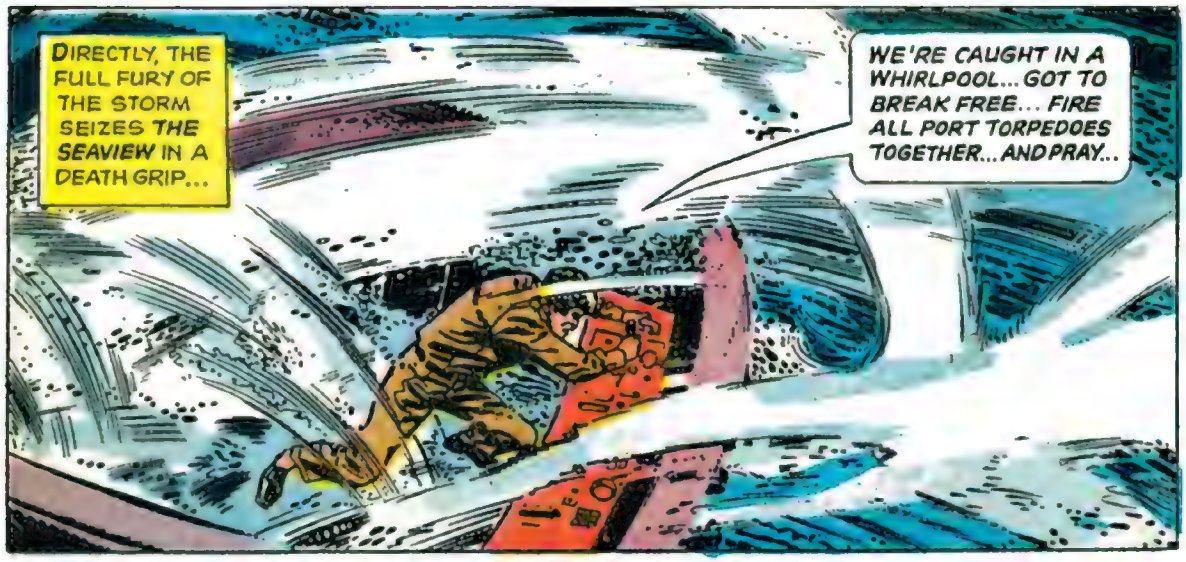

BELOW, CONFUSION GRIPS THE CREW OF THE SEAVIEW...
HE'S BOLTED HIMSELF OUTSIDE! IF WE SUBMERGE NOW...?
HE'S MAD, COMMANDER ...STARK, RAVING MAD! HE'S...JUST ONE MAN, SIR...

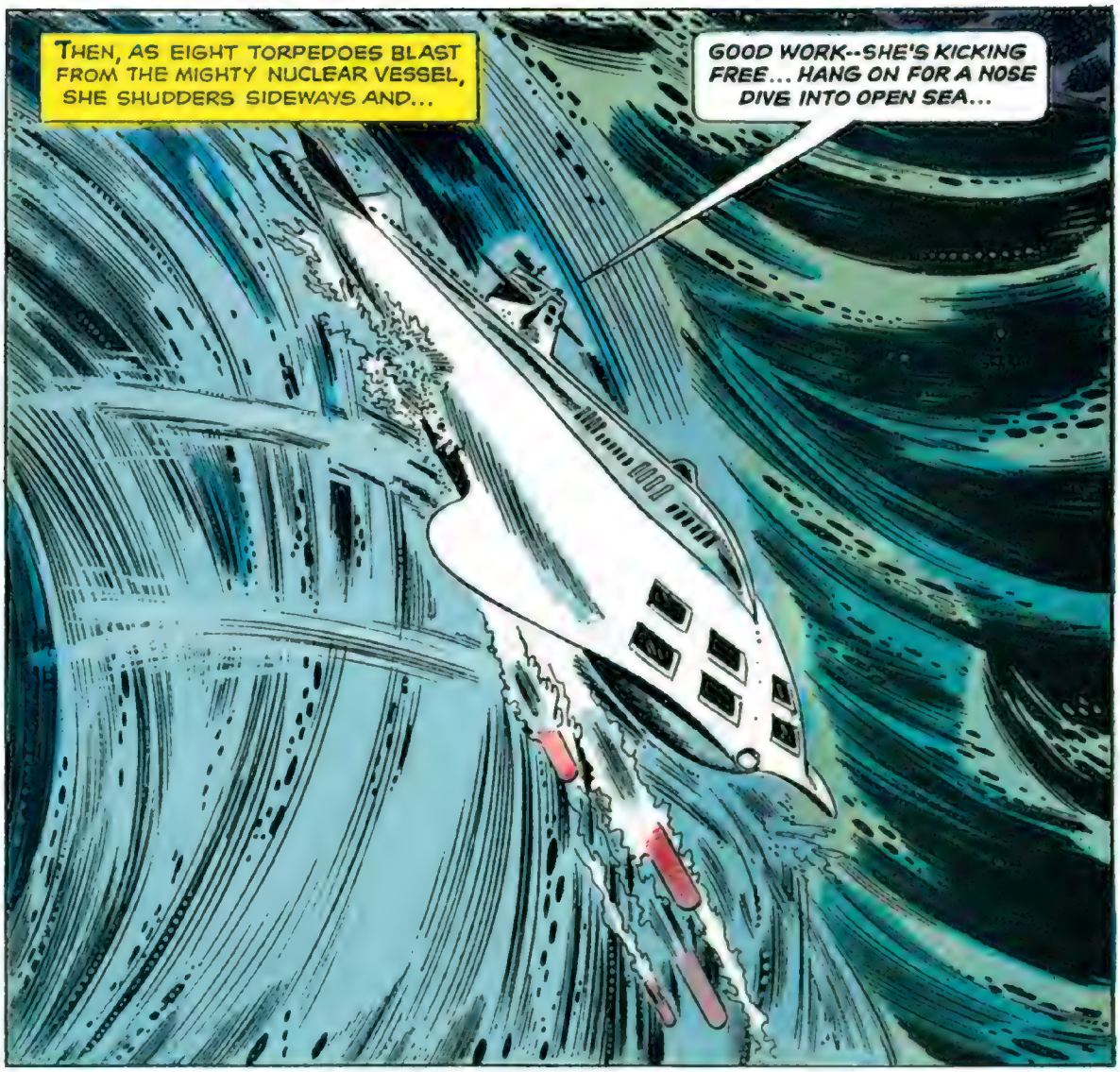
IT IS EITHER HIM OR US, SIR...AND THE SEAVIEW!
I-I KNOW...BUT HE'S NOT RESPONSIBLE... I...I...

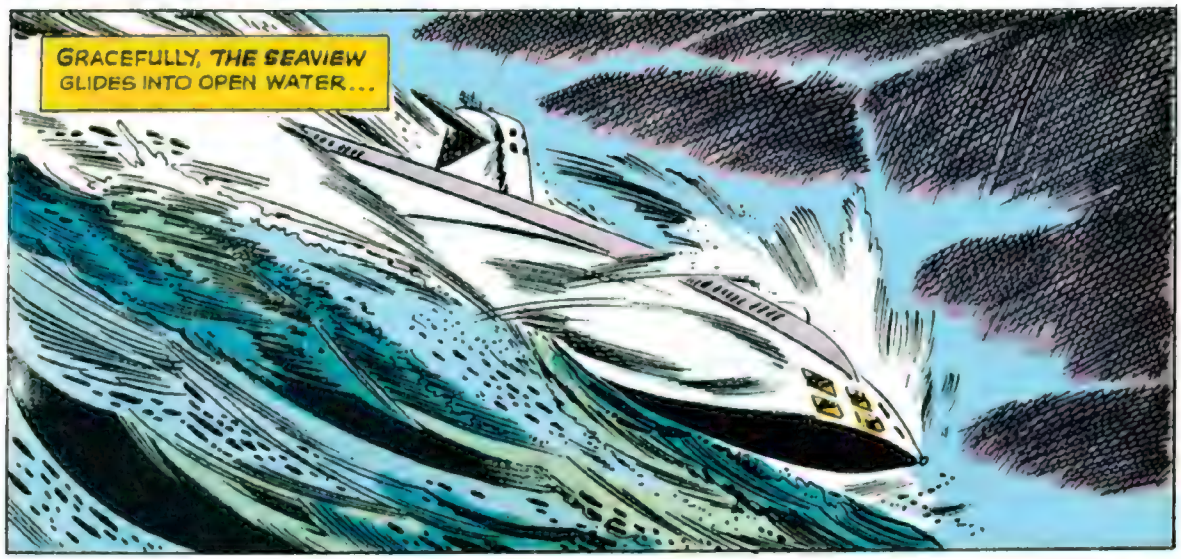
COMMANDER CRANE'S HAND HESITANTLY MOVES TOWARD THE CONTROLS...
THE NEEDLE'S GONE OFF THE PAPER, SIR--SHE'S A FULL BLOWN LULU!
IT...HAS TO BE YOUR DECISION, COMMANDER!

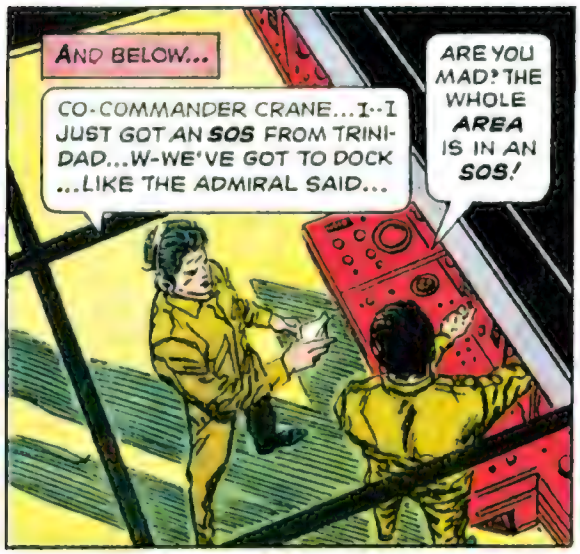

THEN, AS THE SEAVIEW TILTS LIKE A TOY BOAT...
NO! I CAN'T DO IT! WE'LL RIDE THIS OUT WITH THE ADMIRAL!
BUT, SIR--WHAT IF HE'S ALREADY BEEN BLOWN INTO THE SEA?


GIVE ME FULL POWER AND RIGHT RUDDER! GET CRACKING, MEN! WE'VE GOT A BLOW TO BEAT!


DIRECTLY, THE FULL FURY OF THE STORM SEIZES THE SEAVIEW IN A DEATH GRIP...
WE'RE CAUGHT IN A WHIRLPOOL... GOT TO BREAK FREE... FIRE ALL PORT TORPEDOES TOGETHER... AND PRAY...


THEN, AS EIGHT TORPEDOES BLAST FROM THE MIGHTY NUCLEAR VESSEL, SHE SHUDDERS SIDEWAYS AND...
GOOD WORK--SHE'S KICKING FREE... HANG ON FOR A NOSE DIVE INTO OPEN SEA...


GRACEFULLY, THE SEAVIEW GLIDES INTO OPEN WATER...

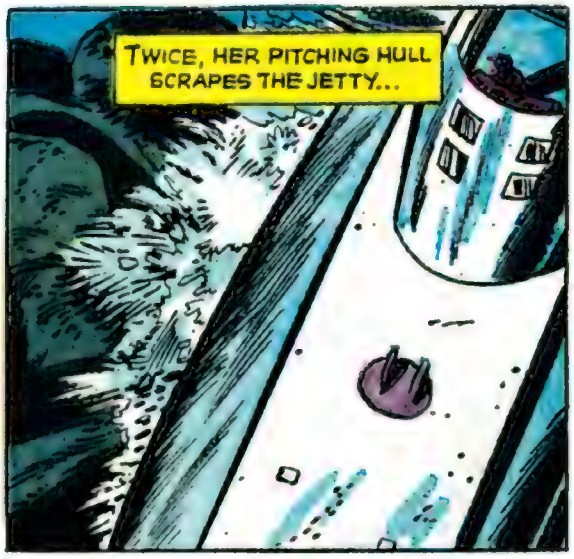

AND BELOW...
CO-COMMANDER CRANE...I--I JUST GOT AN SOS FROM TRINIDAD...W-WE'VE GOT TO DOCK ...LIKE THE ADMIRAL SAID...
ARE YOU MAD? THE WHOLE AREA IS IN AN SOS!

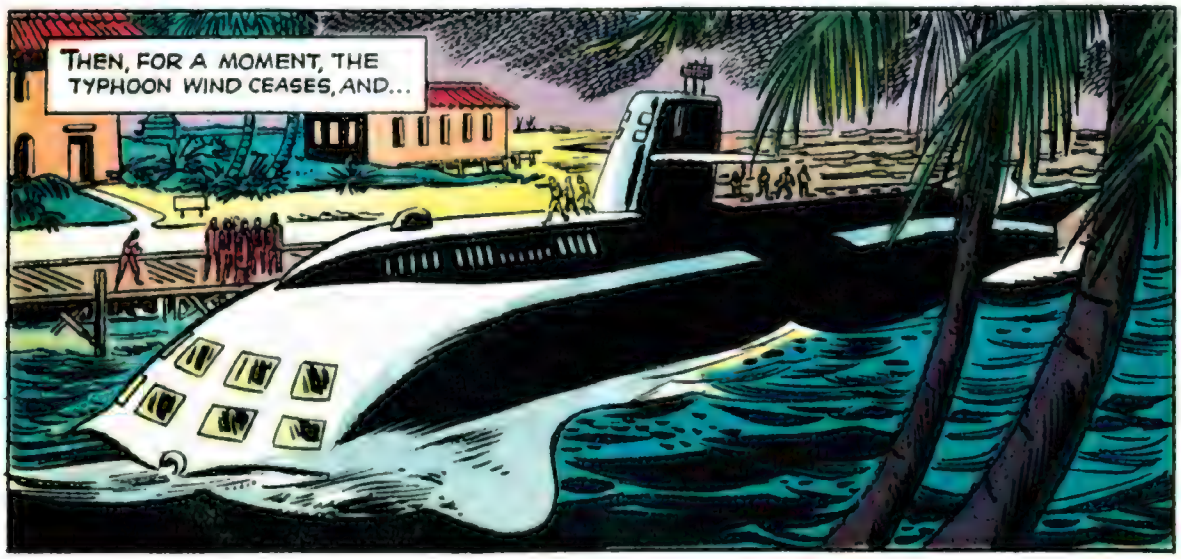
BUT AS THE RADIOMAN WHISPERS TO COMMANDER CRANE...
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR!...
WHAT!!

THEN...
HALF SPEED! HALF SPEED! THERE'S A LULL BEFORE THE TRINIDAD DOCKS... MOVE HER IN FAST...

HANG ON, ADMIRAL--WE'RE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY! WE'LL PARK THIS TUB AT THE TRINIDAD DOCK AS IF IT WERE A MOTORBOAT!

WIND-BEATEN FIGURES WAIT AS THE SEA-VIEW EDGES HER WAY INTO THE HARBOR...


TWICE, HER PITCHING HULL SCRAPES THE JETTY...


THEN, FOR A MOMENT, THE TYPHOON WIND CEASES, AND...

HURRY BELOW WHILE WE'RE STILL IN THE LULL, GENTLEMEN-- I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ADMIRAL!
NO, COMMANDER ...I'LL HELP YOU!

LATER, AS THE SEAVIEW SUBMERGES BENEATH THE STORM...
I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, MR. PRESIDENT--HE SEEMED TO HAVE A FANTASTIC PREMONITION THAT HE WAS NEEDED HERE!
THE SEAVIEW WAS OUR ONLY HOPE, COMMANDER...

THE DESTROYER THAT BROUGHT ME ON THIS TOP SECRET VISIT TO TRINIDAD COULDN'T POSSIBLY PICK US UP IN THIS TERRIBLE, UNPREDICTED STORM...

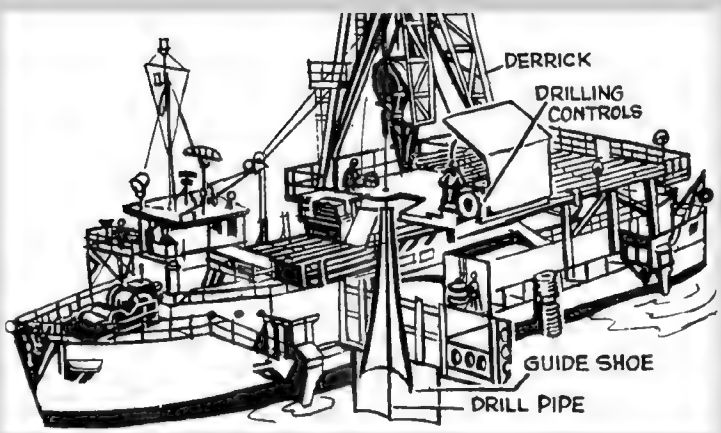
AND THERE WERE NO OTHER UNDERSEAS CRAFT IN THE AREA...
I ACCOMPLISHED OUR MISSION, MR. PRESIDENT...

YOU SEE, I COULDN'T LET THE CAPTAIN OF THE FIRST SEAVIEW DOWN... NOT AFTER HE HAD ALERTED ME TO YOUR PROBLEM!

OUR MEDIC SAYS IT WAS A COMBINATION OF HIS FEARFUL EXPERIENCE AND HEAD INJURY THAT INDUCED HIS HALLUCINATIONS, MR. PRESIDENT! NOW THAT HIS "MISSION" IS SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED, HE'LL BE SHIPSHAPE AFTER A REST, WE'RE INFORMED!
A MOST REMARKABLE MAN!

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

PROJECT MOHOLE



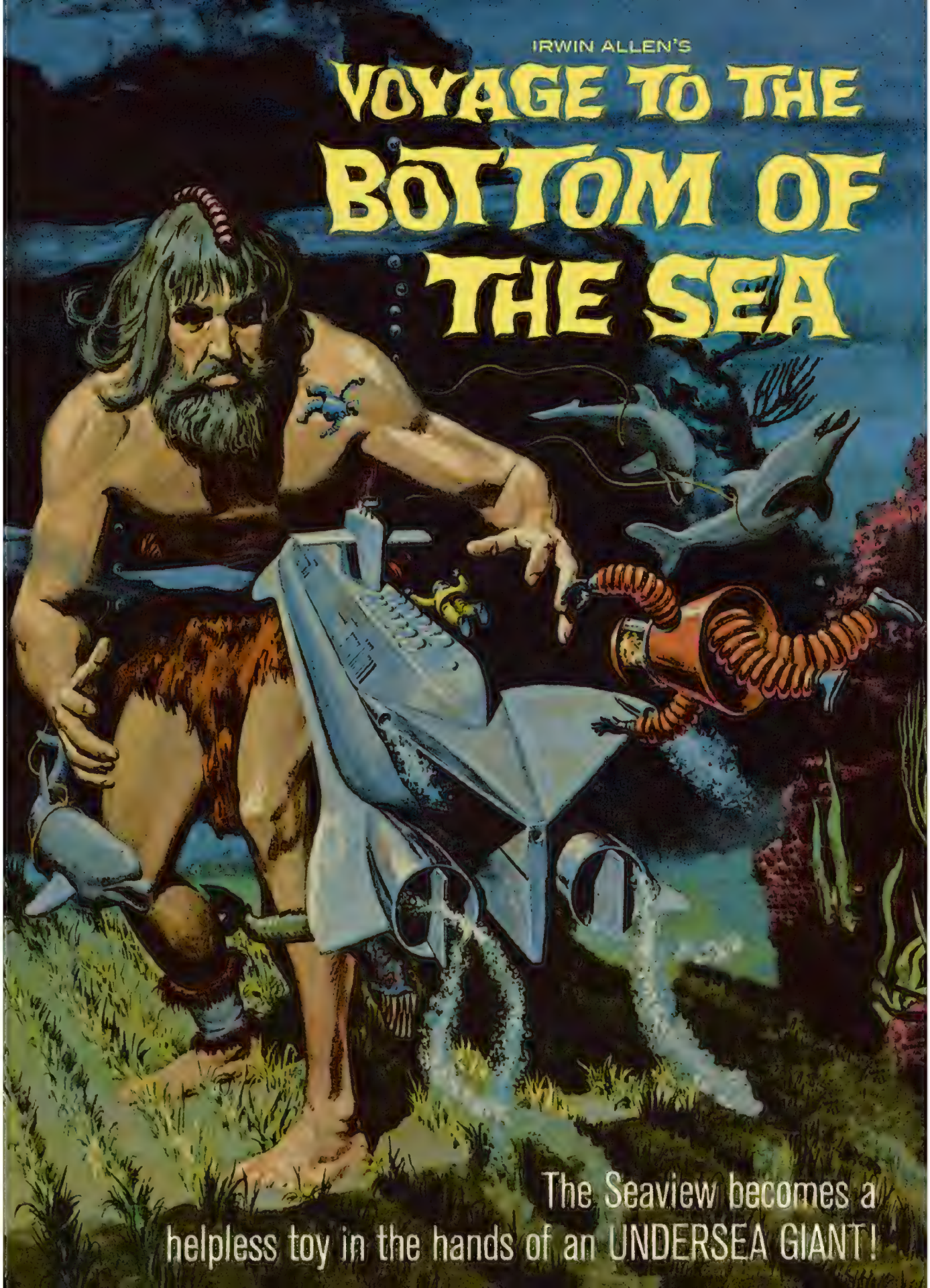
To drill a MOHOLE in the Earth's crust beneath the ocean floor geologists use a floating rig like the one pictured above.

The decks of the barge are stacked with the miles of drill-pipe needed to reach and explore Earth's puzzling MOHO zone.

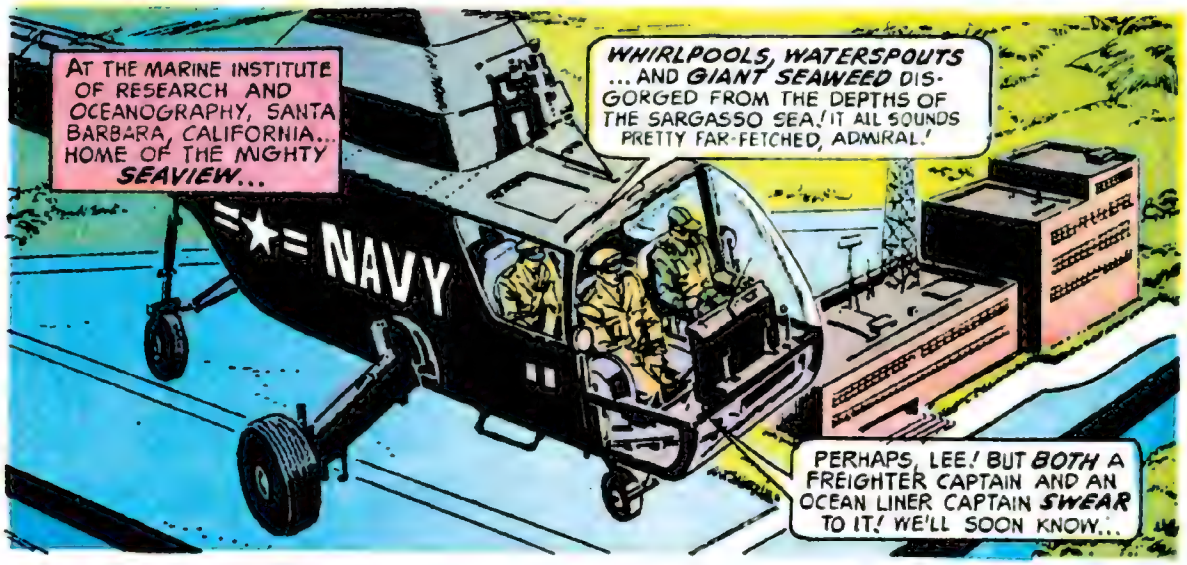
At the bottom of the drill tube is the drill-bit shown above. It is studded with rock-cutting diamonds and worth $8,000.

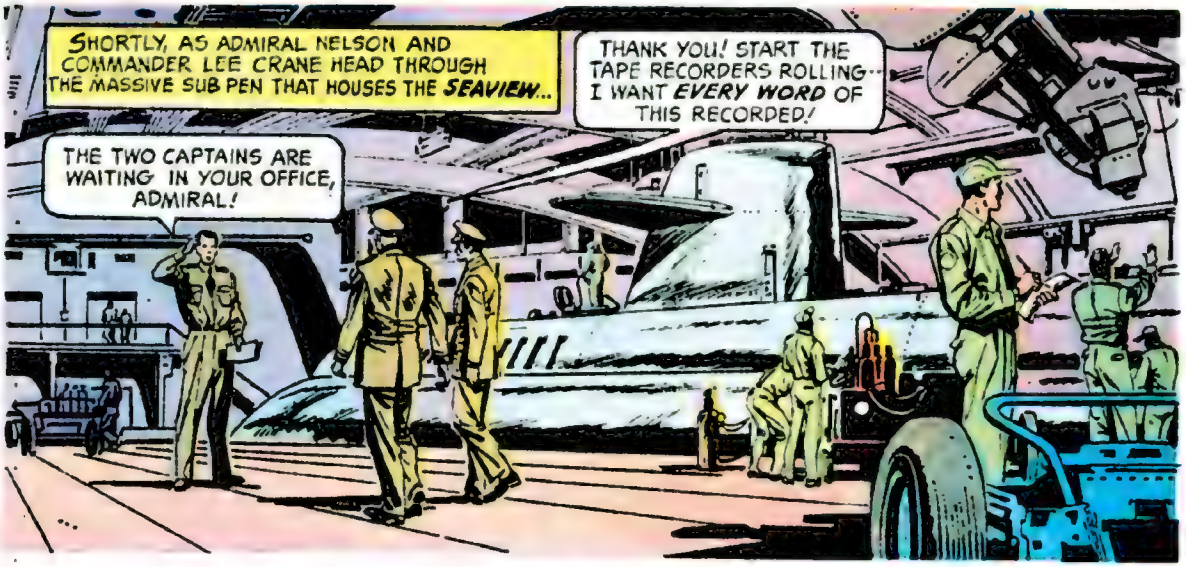
To learn the causes of earthquakes, Soviet scientists are drilling MOHOLES in the earthquake hot-spots shown above.

Scientists foresee undersea earthquake monitoring stations and power-plants run by the energy supplied beneath Earth's crust.

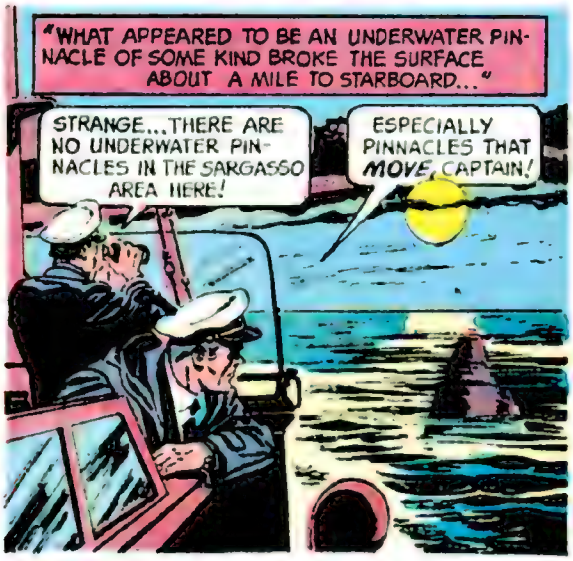

IRWIN ALLEN'S
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
The Seaview becomes a helpless toy in the hands of an UNDERSEA GIANT!

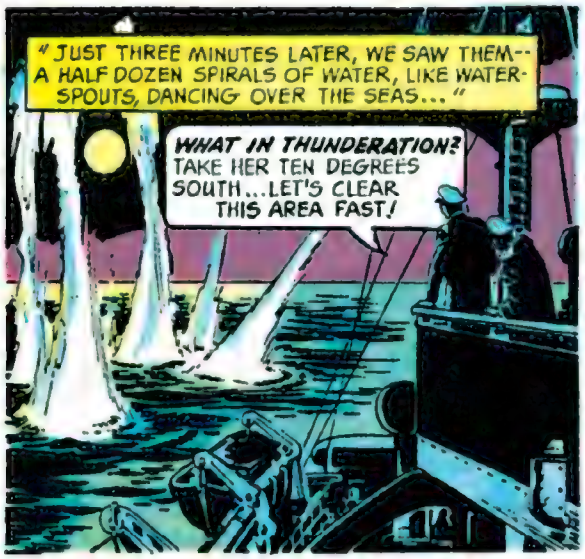
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
IT WAS A SIGHT NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN BY THE INTREPID MEN OF THE SEAVIEW! 1,000 FATHOMS DOWN IN THE SARGASSO SEA, A FANTASTIC MARINE WORLD UNFOLDED BEFORE THEM... GIANT WHALES, HERDED LIKE COWS... A "FARMLAND" ON THE OCEAN FLOOR, TILLED LIKE THE LANDS ABOVE! AND "SOMETHING" STALKING THE DEEP, WAITING... WAITING FOR WHAT GRIM PURPOSE THE SEAVIEW CREW COULD ONLY GUESS AS THEY INVADED THE FORBIDDEN REALM THAT HARBORED...
ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE DEPTHS
G-GREAT GALLOPING SAILFISH! W-WHAT IS THAT?
NELSON TO CREW! RETURN TO THE SHIP AT ONCE! ON THE DOUBLE! DO NOT TRY TO RESCUE ME! THAT IS AN ORDER!
10133-605
VOYAGE TO B. OF SEA #4-662


AT THE MARINE INSTITUTE OF RESEARCH AND OCEANOGRAPHY, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA... HOME OF THE MIGHTY SEAVIEW...
WHIRLPOOLS, WATERSPOUTS ... AND GIANT SEAWEED DISGORGED FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SARGASSO SEA! IT ALL SOUNDS PRETTY FAR-FETCHED, ADMIRAL!
NAVY
PERHAPS, LEE! BUT BOTH A FREIGHTER CAPTAIN AND AN OCEAN LINER CAPTAIN SWEAR TO IT! WE'LL SOON KNOW...

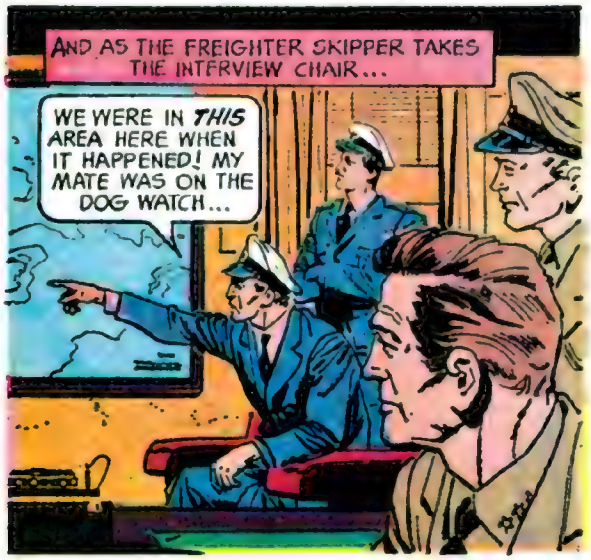

SHORTLY, AS ADMIRAL NELSON AND COMMANDER LEE CRANE HEAD THROUGH THE MASSIVE SUB PEN THAT HOUSES THE SEAVIEW...
THANK YOU! START THE TAPE RECORDERS ROLLING... I WANT EVERY WORD OF THIS RECORDED!
THE TWO CAPTAINS ARE WAITING IN YOUR OFFICE, ADMIRAL!

AND SOON AFTER, AS THE CAPTAIN OF THE LINER, AMERICAN QUEEN, SPEAKS...
IT WAS 2400 HOURS—MIDNIGHT, WHEN WE FIRST SAW THE SIGHTING! BUT THERE WAS A FULL MOON AND THE VISIBILITY WAS EXCELLENT!

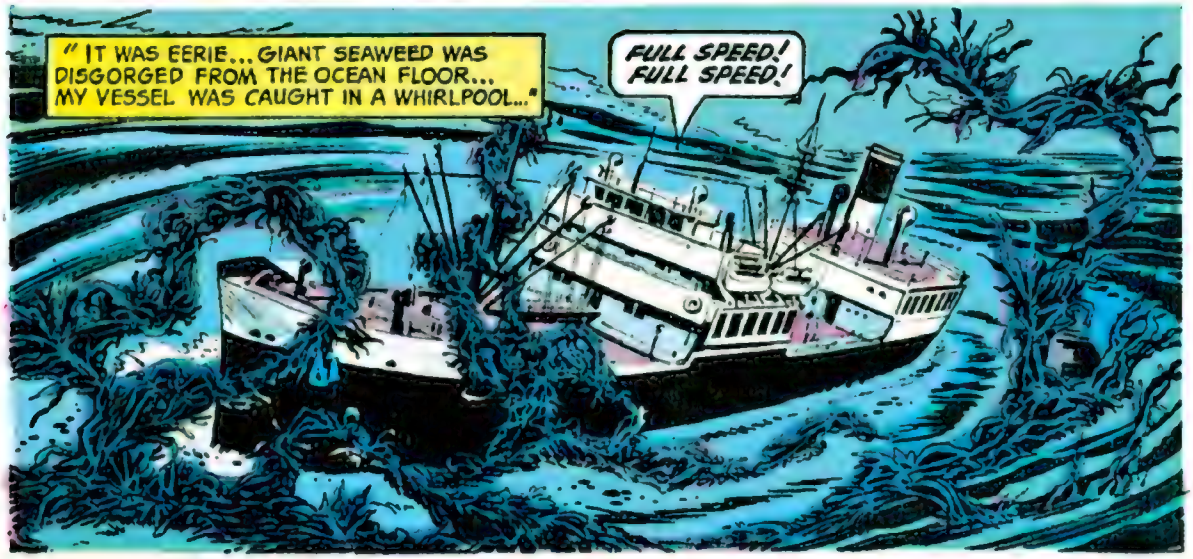

"WHAT APPEARED TO BE AN UNDERWATER PINNACLE OF SOME KIND BROKE THE SURFACE ABOUT A MILE TO STARBOARD..."
STRANGE...THERE ARE NO UNDERWATER PINNACLES IN THE SARGASSO AREA HERE!
ESPECIALLY PINNACLES THAT MOVE, CAPTAIN!

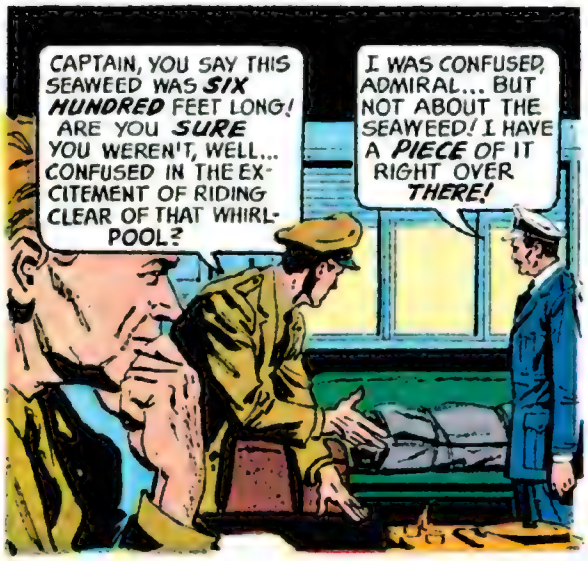

"JUST THREE MINUTES LATER, WE SAW THEM-- A HALF DOZEN SPIRALS OF WATER, LIKE WATER-SPOUTS, DANCING OVER THE SEAS..."
WHAT IN THUNDERATION? TAKE HER TEN DEGREES SOUTH...LET'S CLEAR THIS AREA FAST!

THERE WAS NO WIND AND THE SEA WAS CALM! IN MY TWENTY YEARS AT SEA I HAVE SEEN NOTHING LIKE IT BEFORE! I HAVE NO EXPLANATION FOR THE PHENOMENON!
VERY GOOD, CAPTAIN...


AND AS THE FREIGHTER SKIPPER TAKES THE INTERVIEW CHAIR...
WE WERE IN THIS AREA HERE WHEN IT HAPPENED! MY MATE WAS ON THE DOG WATCH...

"SUDDENLY, I HEARD HIM CRY OUT AND THE SHIP SHOOK FROM BOW TO STERN..."
C-CAPTAIN! TROUBLE DEAD AHEAD!

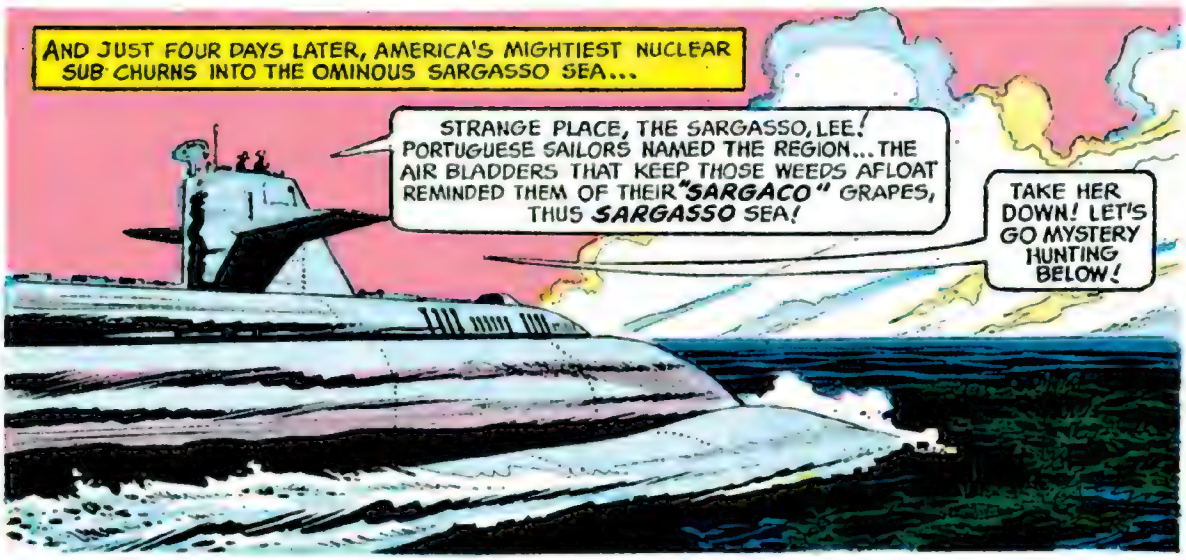

"IT WAS EERIE...GIANT SEAWEED WAS DISGORGED FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR... MY VESSEL WAS CAUGHT IN A WHIRLPOOL..."
FULL SPEED! FULL SPEED!

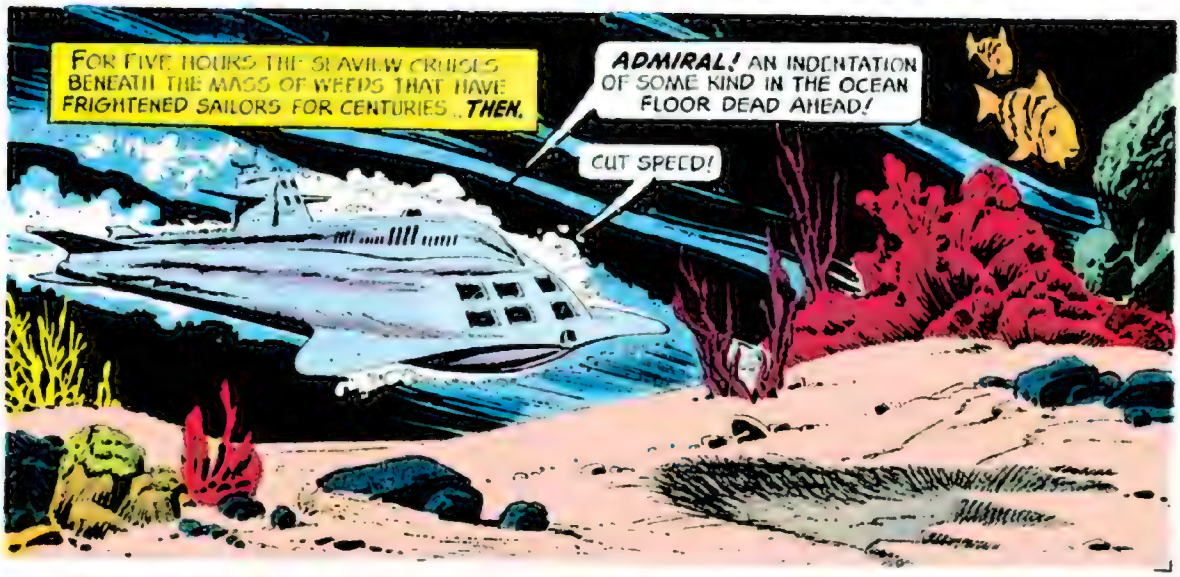

CAPTAIN, YOU SAY THIS SEAWEED WAS SIX HUNDRED FEET LONG! ARE YOU SURE YOU WEREN'T, WELL... CONFUSED IN THE EXCITEMENT OF RIDING CLEAR OF THAT WHIRLPOOL?
I WAS CONFUSED, ADMIRAL... BUT NOT ABOUT THE SEAWEED! I HAVE A PIECE OF IT RIGHT OVER THERE!

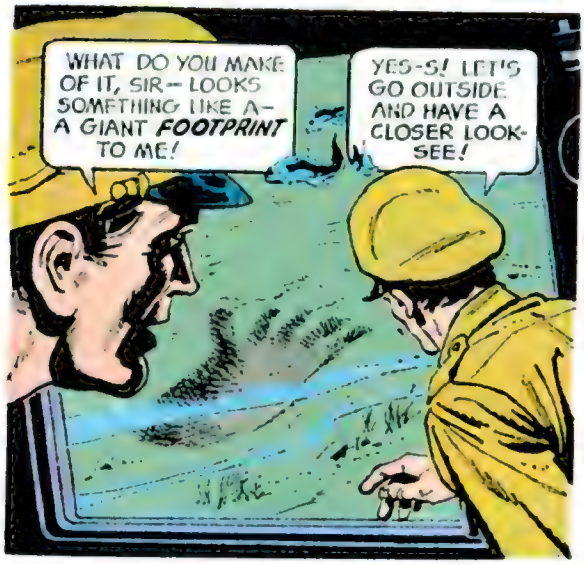
AND AS THE PACKAGE IS UNROLLED...
THIRTY LENGTHS AT OVER 20 FEET EACH! IT'S ALMOST 700 FEET LONG, ADMIRAL!
WHEW-W!

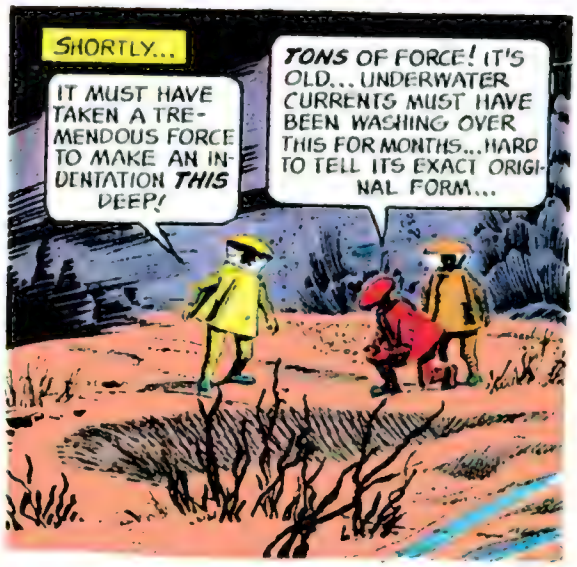
EXTRA TOUGH... FIBROUS... NOTHING LIKE ANYTHING WE'VE COME ACROSS BEFORE, LEE!

GET THIS DOWN TO THE LAB AND SET UP OPERATIONS FOR AN EMERGENCY RESEARCH CRUISE! I WANT TO BE IN THIS AREA OF THE SARGASSO IN FOUR DAYS!
SAR
SEE


AND JUST FOUR DAYS LATER, AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST NUCLEAR SUB CHURNS INTO THE OMINOUS SARGASSO SEA...
STRANGE PLACE, THE SARGASSO, LEE! PORTUGUESE SAILORS NAMED THE REGION... THE AIR BLADDERS THAT KEEP THOSE WEEDS AFLOAT REMINDED THEM OF THEIR "SARGACO" GRAPES, THUS SARGASSO SEA!
TAKE HER DOWN! LET'S GO MYSTERY HUNTING BELOW!

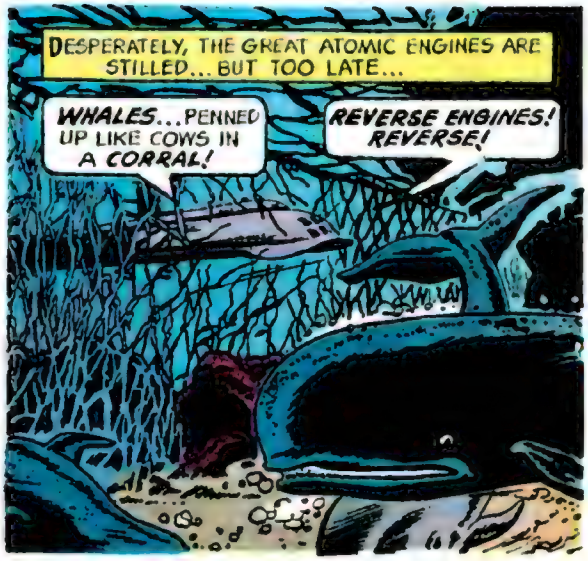

FOR FIVE HOURS THE SEAVIEW CRUISES BENEATH THE MASS OF WEEDS THAT HAVE FRIGHTENED SAILORS FOR CENTURIES ..THEN.
ADMIRAL! AN INDENTATION OF SOME KIND IN THE OCEAN FLOOR DEAD AHEAD!
CUT SPEED!


WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, SIR-- LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE A-- A GIANT FOOTPRINT TO ME!
YES-S! LET'S GO OUTSIDE AND HAVE A CLOSER LOOK-SEE!


SHORTLY...
IT MUST HAVE TAKEN A TREMENDOUS FORCE TO MAKE AN INDENTATION THIS DEEP!
TONS OF FORCE! IT'S OLD... UNDERWATER CURRENTS MUST HAVE BEEN WASHING OVER THIS FOR MONTHS...HARD TO TELL ITS EXACT ORIGINAL FORM...

PROBABLY SOME UNUSUAL UPHEAVAL IN THE OCEAN FLOOR CREATED THE STRANGE PATTERN...MAKING IT LOOK LIKE A FOOTPRINT! LET'S GO BACK ABOARD, LEE -- KEEP CRUISING!

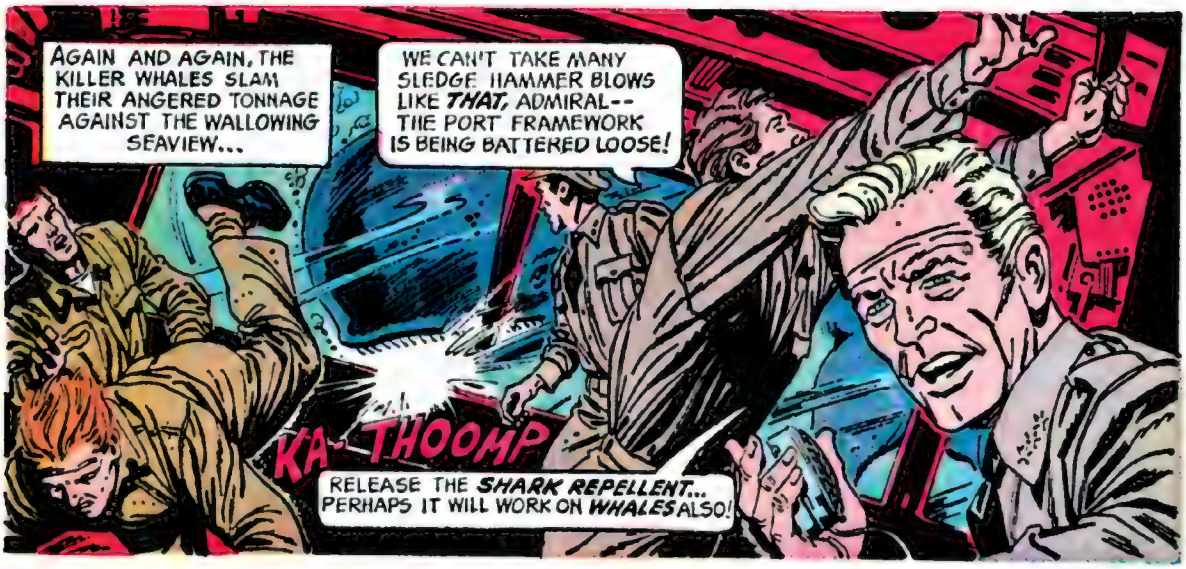
ONCE AGAIN, THE SEAVIEW SURGES THROUGH THE ALIEN WATERS...UNTIL...
Y-YIPES!
URRKA-URRKA
GREAT SUFFERING HANNAH! LOOK!

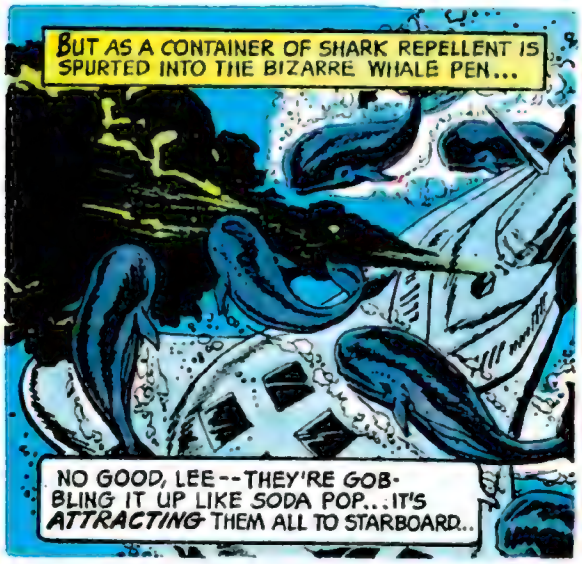


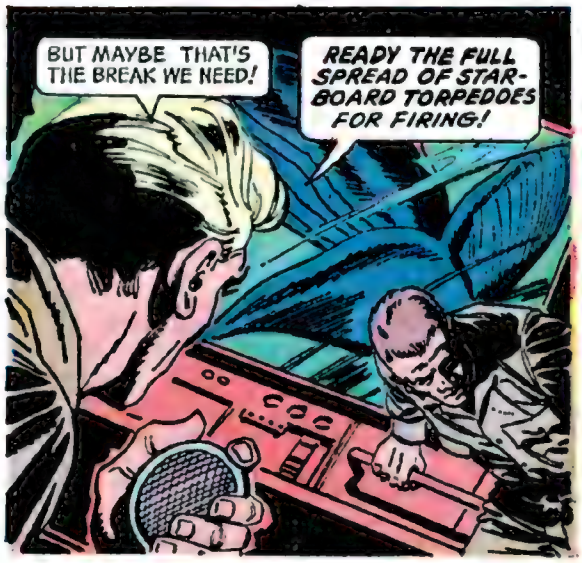
THE ANGERED BEHEMOTHS OF THE DEEP SWARM LIKE GIANT BEES TO ATTACK THE STEEL INVADER OF THEIR REALM...

FIRE PORT TORPEDOES #1 AND #2! REV UP THOSE REVERSE ENGINES! BACK US OUT OF HERE!

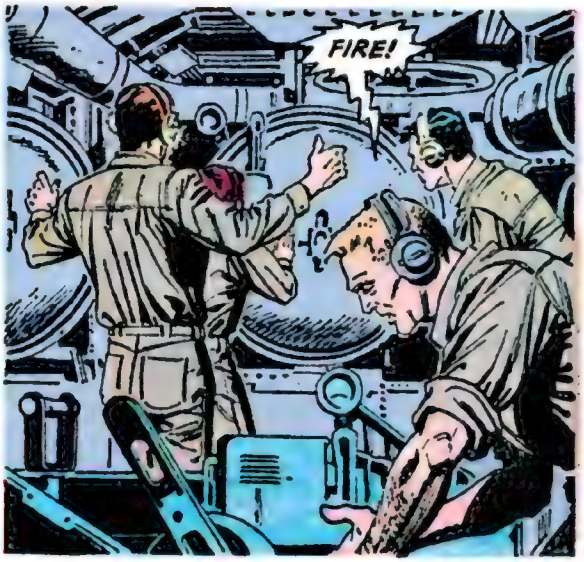
OUR PROPS ARE CAUGHT IN THE SEAWEED, ADMIRAL! WE'RE TRYING TO KICK HER FREE! THAT STUFF'S TOUGH AS WIRE!


AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE KILLER WHALES SLAM THEIR ANGERED TONNAGE AGAINST THE WALLOWING SEAVIEW...
WE CAN'T TAKE MANY SLEDGE HAMMER BLOWS LIKE THAT, ADMIRAL-- THE PORT FRAMEWORK IS BEING BATTERED LOOSE!
KA-THOOMP
RELEASE THE SHARK REPELLENT... PERHAPS IT WILL WORK ON WHALES ALSO!


BUT AS A CONTAINER OF SHARK REPELLENT IS SPURTED INTO THE BIZARRE WHALE PEN...
NO GOOD, LEE--THEY'RE GOBBLING IT UP LIKE SODA POP...IT'S ATTRACTING THEM ALL TO STARBOARD...


BUT MAYBE THAT'S THE BREAK WE NEED!
READY THE FULL SPREAD OF STARBOARD TORPEDOES FOR FIRING!

STEADY... STEADY... GIVE ME TWO DEGREES STARBOARD... I WANT TO WHACK A HOLE IN THAT PEN WITH THE SHOTS THAT MISS... STEADY AS SHE GOES...


FIRE!

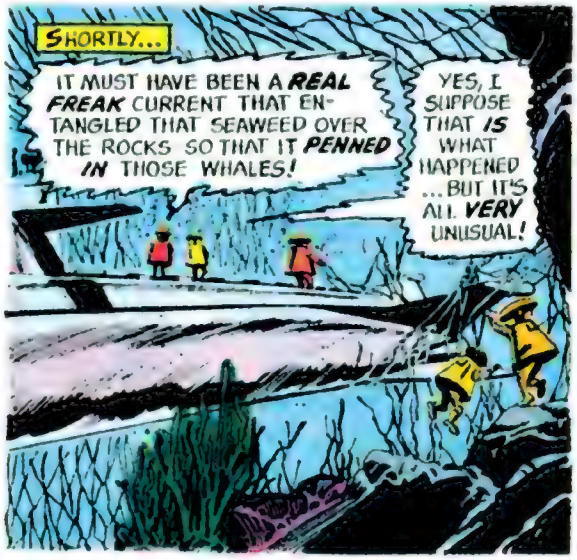
THE LETHAL SHAFTS SPURT FROM THE BATTERED NUCLEAR GOLIATH... SOME FIND THEIR MARKS... OTHERS STREAK ON TO PUNCTURE ROCK AND BLAST SEAWEED...

BULLS-EYE! WE'VE CHEWED A FEW OF THEM UP... AND THE OTHERS SEEM TO BE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT OUT OF THAT EXIT HOLE WE BLASTED!

BAAM!

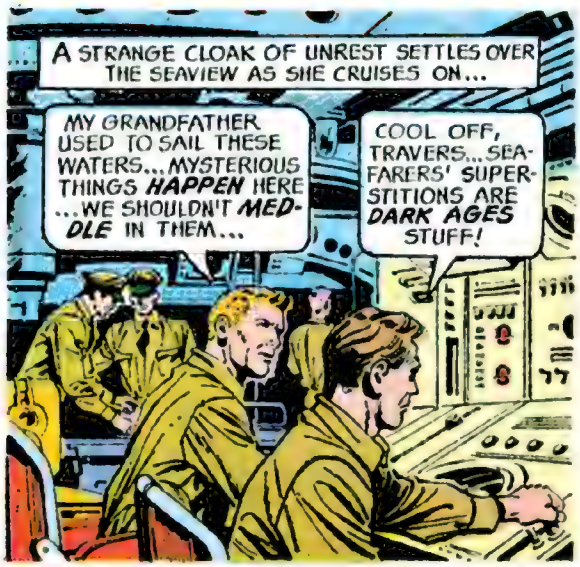
WHOOOSH!

BLAM



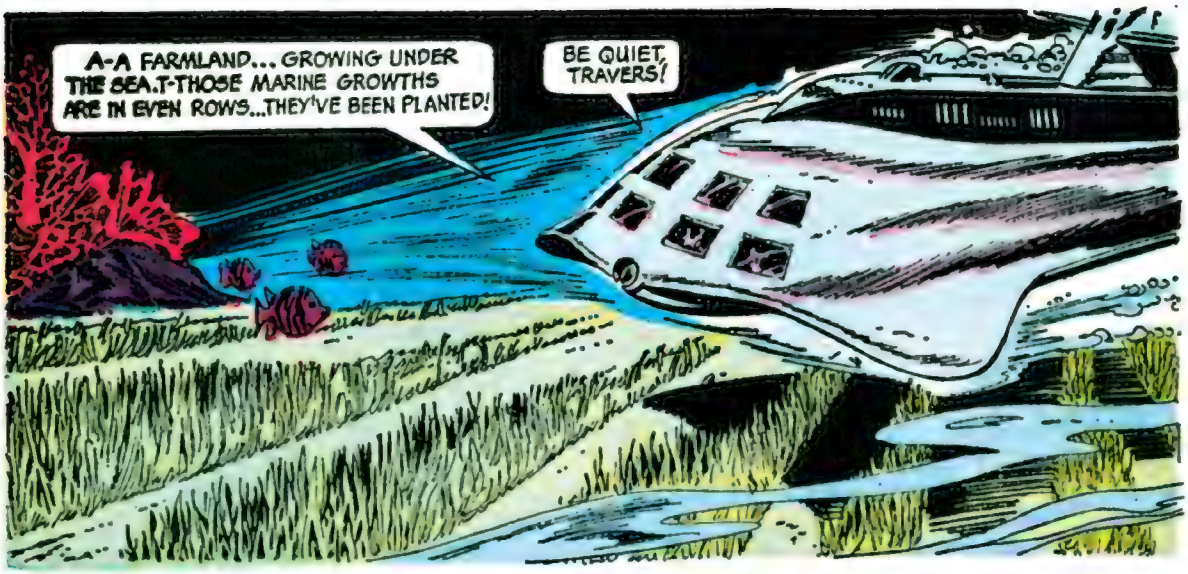
YOU KNOW, LEE, THIS WHOLE OPERATION HAS BEEN MIGHTY STRANGE FROM THE VERY START! 600-FOOT SEAWEED, WHIRLPOOLS AND WATERSPOUTS WITHOUT REASON... AND NOW A MACABRE IMPRINT ON THE OCEAN FLOOR AND A WHALE PEN...

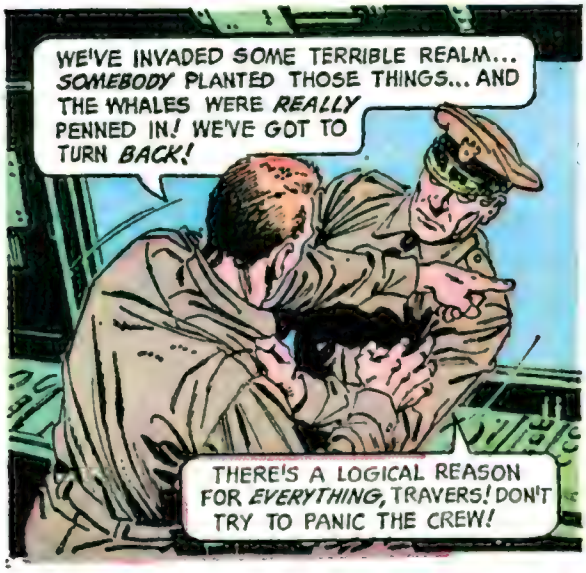
IT'S PROBABLY JUST COINCIDENCE... BUT STILL I CAN'T HELP FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING... WELL, OMINOUS ABOUT IT!
GOOD WORK! LET'S GO, MEN!


A STRANGE CLOAK OF UNREST SETTLES OVER THE SEAVIEW AS SHE CRUISES ON...
MY GRANDFATHER USED TO SAIL THESE WATERS... MYSTERIOUS THINGS HAPPEN HERE ...WE SHOULDN'T MEDDLE IN THEM...
COOL OFF, TRAVERS... SEAFARERS' SUPERSTITIONS ARE DARK AGES STUFF!

DON'T GET CUTE WITH ME, FILMORE! THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND ON THIS EARTH.. AND WHAT GOES ON IN THE DEEP OF THE SARGASSO IS ONE OF THEM!

ALL RIGHT, MEN... WHAT'S THIS SPAT ALL ABOUT? YOU'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
SORRY, SIR... IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T LIKE WHAT'S GOING ON AND...
LOOK! LOOK OUT THERE!

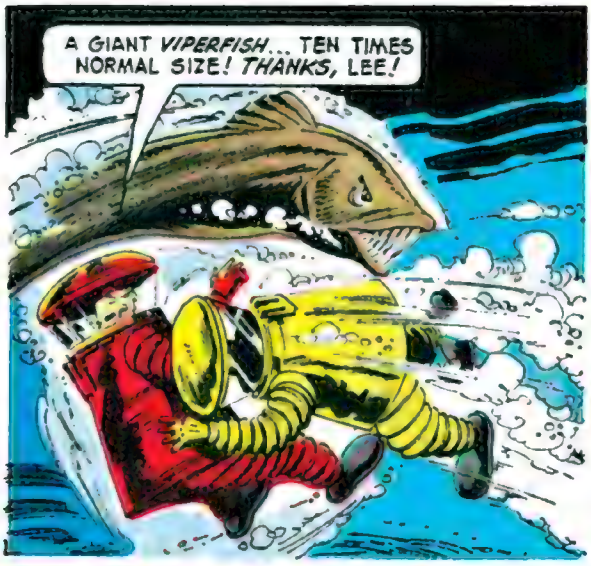

A-A FARMLAND... GROWING UNDER THE SEA.T-THOSE MARINE GROWTHS ARE IN EVEN ROWS...THEY'VE BEEN PLANTED!
BE QUIET, TRAVERS!


WE'VE INVADED SOME TERRIBLE REALM... SOMEBODY PLANTED THOSE THINGS... AND THE WHALES WERE REALLY PENNED IN! WE'VE GOT TO TURN BACK!
THERE'S A LOGICAL REASON FOR EVERYTHING, TRAVERS! DON'T TRY TO PANIC THE CREW!

CONFINE THIS MAN TO QUARTERS! ALL AVAILABLE MEN REPORT TO THE AIRLOCK... WE'RE GOING TO TAKE SAMPLES OF THAT MARINE VEGETATION!
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM... M-MAKE HIM TURN BACK!

SHORTLY, A BEWILDERED CREW EMERGES FROM THE SEAVIEW...
AN EDIBLE TYPE OF ALGAE GROWTH!
TRAVERS IS RIGHT, SIR...SOME THINKING POWER IS BEHIND ALL THIS...

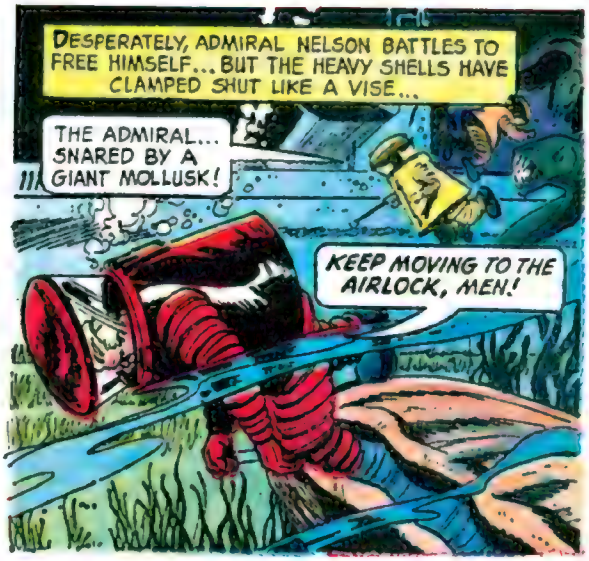
SUDDENLY...
DOWN ADMIRAL!


A GIANT VIPERFISH... TEN TIMES NORMAL SIZE! THANKS, LEE!

HORDES OF THEM! THEY'RE SWOOPING DOWN ON THE MARINE FARMLAND!
OF COURSE... JUST AS CROWS ATTACK LAND FARMS ABOVE! AND THEY'RE MORE DEADLY THAN SHARKS ...ALL HANDS RETURN TO THE SHIP!

BUT ADMIRAL NELSON'S ORDER COMES TOO LATE AS...
KEEP YOUR HEADS, MEN! SOME FOREIGN NATION MUST BE MAKING SECRET UNDERSEAS EXPERIMENTS WITH THIS SEA FARM! THOSE GIANT VIPERFISH ARE THROWBACKS TO PRIMEVAL DAYS...THERE IS NOTHING SUPERNATURAL OCCURRING HERE!

THEN, AS THE SHIP'S SKIPPER UNLEASHES A SHAFT...
WHA...?


DESPERATELY, ADMIRAL NELSON BATTLES TO FREE HIMSELF... BUT THE HEAVY SHELLS HAVE CLAMPED SHUT LIKE A VISE...
THE ADMIRAL... SNARED BY A GIANT MOLLUSK!
KEEP MOVING TO THE AIRLOCK, MEN!

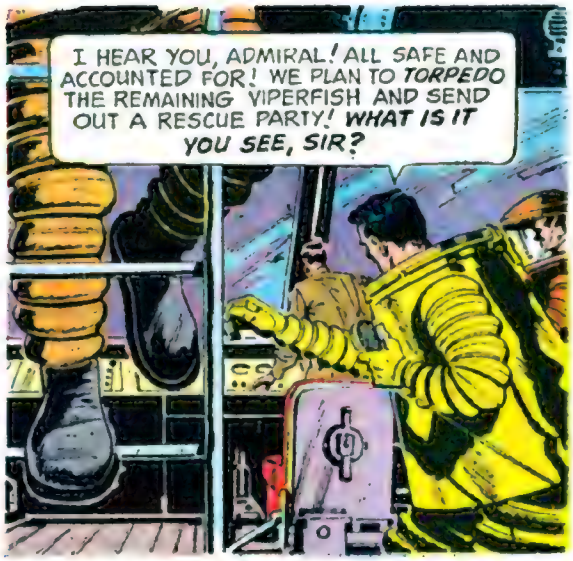
BUT AS COMMANDER LEE CRANE HEADS BACK TO ASSIST...
BACK! GET BACK, LEE! PROTECT THE CREW AND THE SHIP... THE VIPERFISH MAY NOT ATTACK ME... DON'T RISK A RESCUE ATTEMPT!

GET THOSE MEN INSIDE! CLOSE THE AIR-LOCK HATCH BEFORE IT'S PUT OUT OF COMMISSION! THAT'S AN ORDER, LEE!

HELPLESS IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE GIANT CLAM, NELSON CAN ONLY STRIKE AGAIN AND AGAIN AGAINST THE ROCK-HARD MUSCLE OF THE MAMMOTH MOLLUSK...
TOO TOUGH... I...I CAN'T PENETRATE THE SINEWS...

THEN, SUDDENLY...
W-WHAT'S THAT? A-A FIGURE EMERGING FROM THE SEAWEED! W-WHY IT MUST BE HUGE!

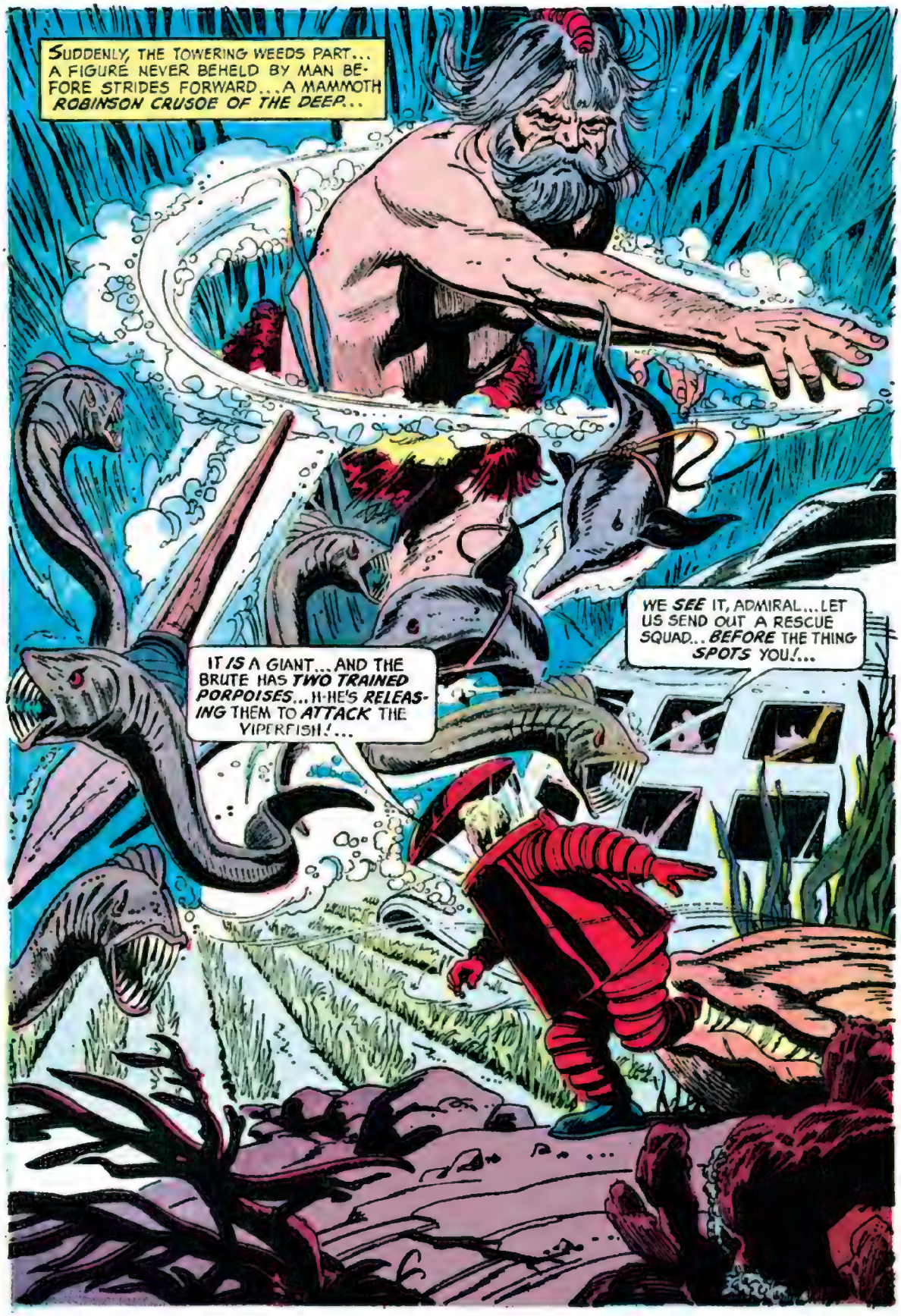
LEE, DO YOU HEAR ME? GET THE CREW INSIDE FAST! I SEE SOMETHING... SOMETHING BEYOND REASON... OVER! ANSWER ME!

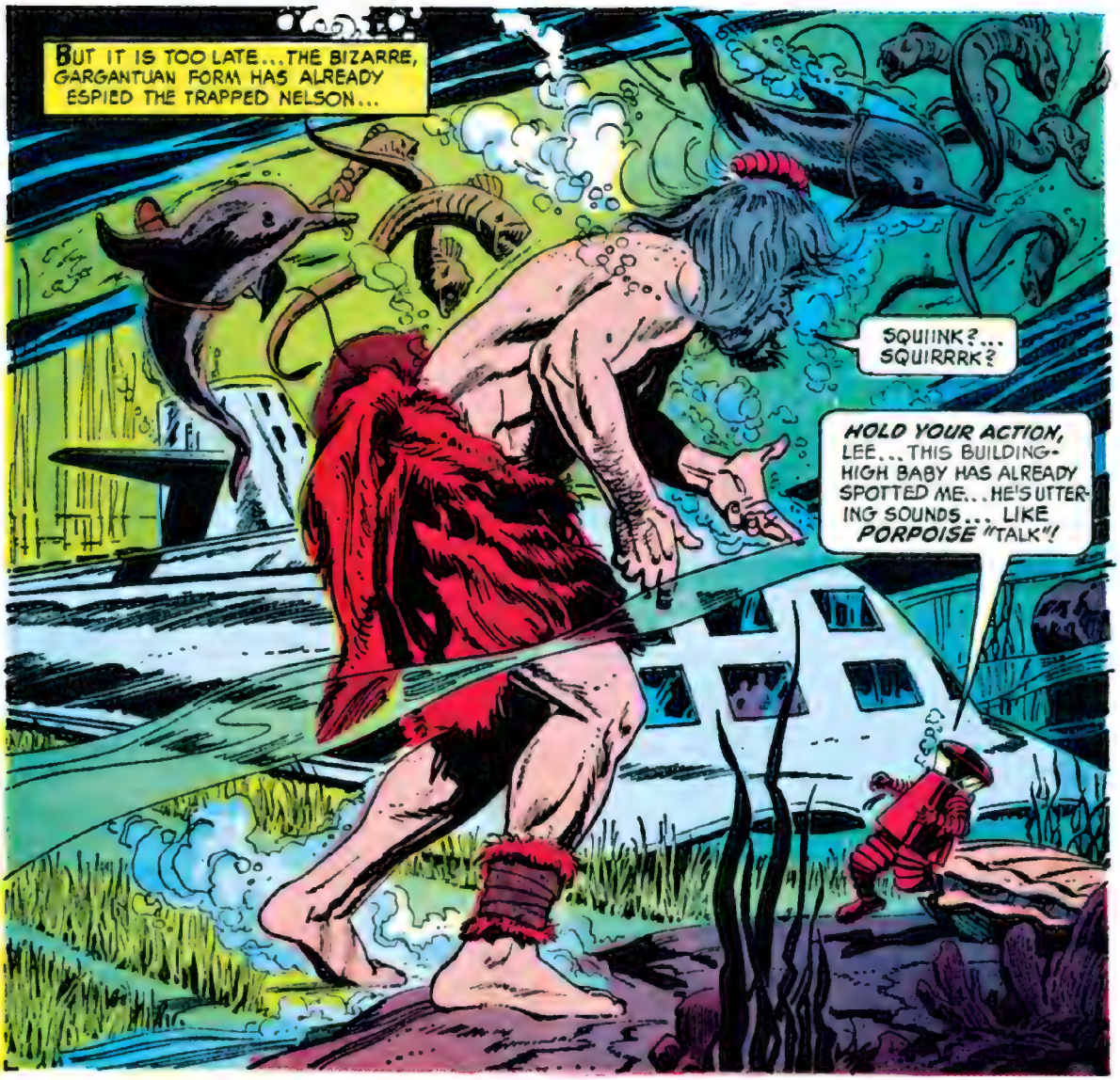

I HEAR YOU, ADMIRAL! ALL SAFE AND ACCOUNTED FOR! WE PLAN TO TORPEDO THE REMAINING VIPERFISH AND SEND OUT A RESCUE PARTY! WHAT IS IT YOU SEE, SIR?

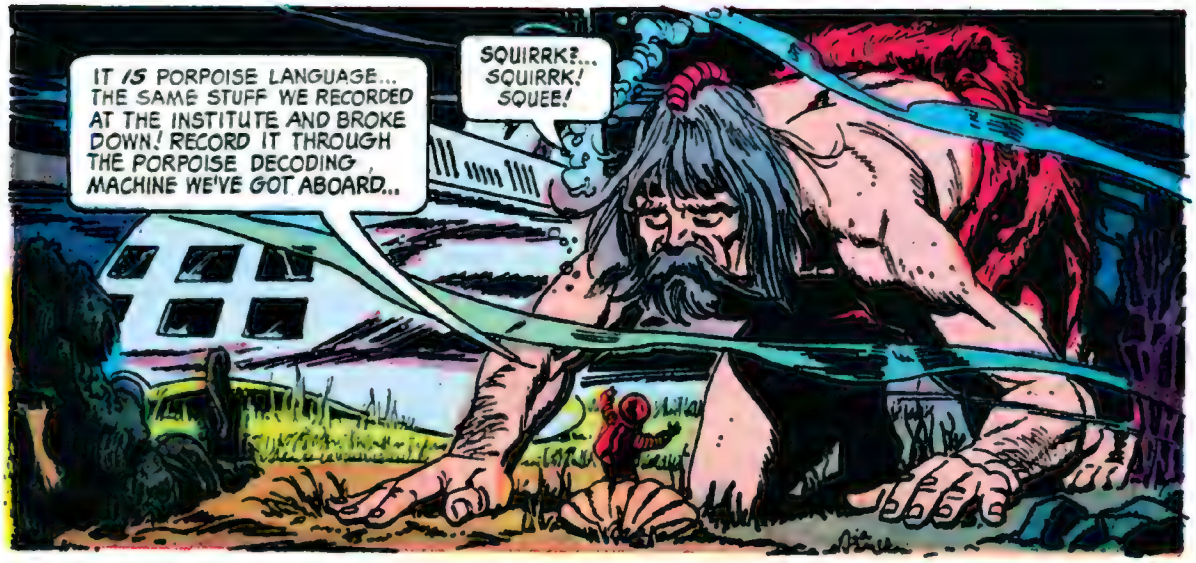
I-I'M NOT SURE, LEE! IT'S BIG... TALL AS THE SEAVIEW... AND IT'S MOVING!

WAIT A MOMENT... I CAN SEE IT CLEARER NOW... GREAT GRIEF! PERHAPS I'M SUFFERING FROM SHOCK, LEE... B-BUT IT LOOKS LIKE...

...A GIANT!


SUDDENLY, THE TOWERING WEEDS PART... A FIGURE NEVER BEHELD BY MAN BEFORE STRIDES FORWARD...A MAMMOTH ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE DEEP...
IT IS A GIANT... AND THE BRUTE HAS TWO TRAINED PORPOISES... H-HE'S RELEASING THEM TO ATTACK THE VIPERFISH!...
WE SEE IT, ADMIRAL... LET US SEND OUT A RESCUE SQUAD... BEFORE THE THING SPOTS YOU!...


BUT IT IS TOO LATE...THE BIZARRE, GARGANTUAN FORM HAS ALREADY ESPIED THE TRAPPED NELSON...
SQUIINK?... SQUIRRRK?
HOLD YOUR ACTION, LEE...THIS BUILDING-HIGH BABY HAS ALREADY SPOTTED ME...HE'S UTTERING SOUNDS... LIKE PORPOISE "TALK"!


IT IS PORPOISE LANGUAGE... THE SAME STUFF WE RECORDED AT THE INSTITUTE AND BROKE DOWN! RECORD IT THROUGH THE PORPOISE DECODING MACHINE WE'VE GOT ABOARD...
SQUIRRK?... SQUIRRK! SQUEE!

...AND PLAY THE TRANSLATION BACK TO ME! THIS IS IT, MEN... OUR GOLIATH IS REACHING OUT TO SEE WHAT KIND OF TOY I AM!

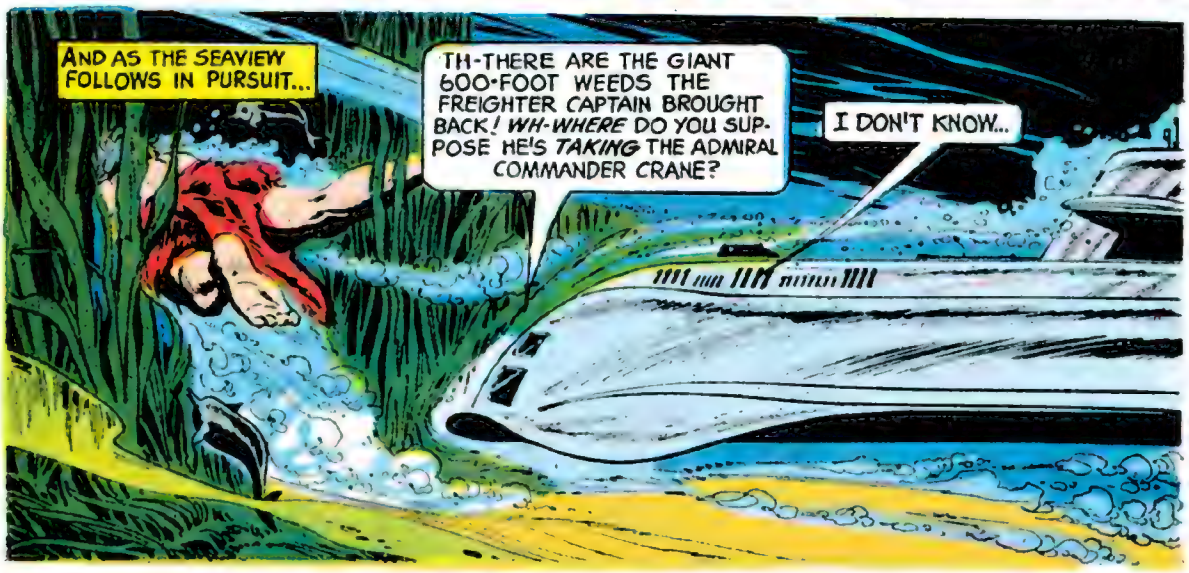
FIRE ALL NOSE TORPEDOES... NO! WAIT! THE THING ISN'T HARMING THE OLD MAN...

DON'T FIRE, LEE... HE SEEMS MORE CURIOUS THAN DANGEROUS!
DEVIL TAKE THE ADMIRAL... I CAN'T SEE HIM KILLED BEFORE MY EYES...

HE'S RELEASED ME! HE LIKES ME! THIS IS A FANTASTIC SCIENTIFIC FIND ...PLAY BACK THAT DECODED PORPOISE SQUABBLE TO ME!

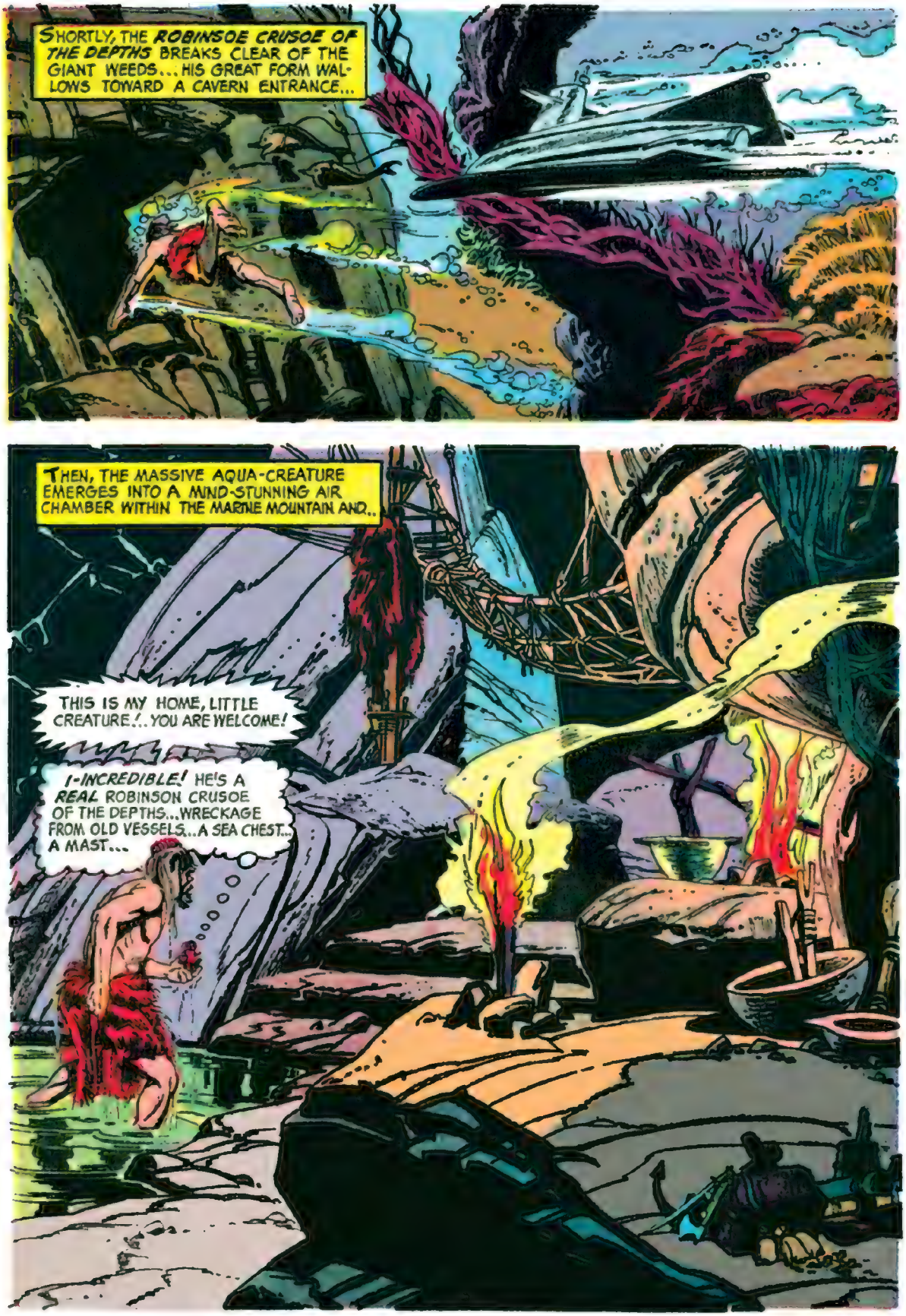
AND AS THE MAMMOTH HAND CLUTCHES ADMIRAL NELSON, ITS DECODED SOUNDS ARE RADIOED FROM THE SEAVIEW...
THE LITTLE CREATURE HAS HELPED ME... HE SAVED MY FARMLAND FROM THE VIPERFISH...

LIKE A MITE IN THE HANDS OF GULLIVER, NELSON IS WHISKED THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF THE SARGASSO SEA...
I WAS ON THE FAR SIDE OF MY REALM WITH MY GUARDIAN PORPOISES... YOU HELD THE VIPERFISH OFF UNTIL I COULD REACH HERE... YOU ARE MY FRIEND...

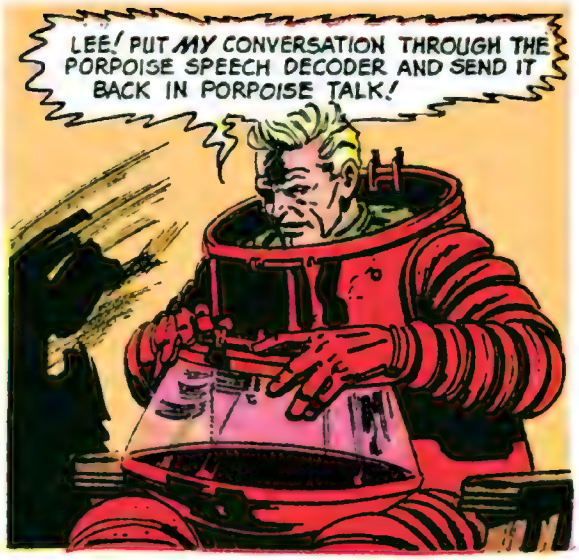

AND AS THE SEAVIEW FOLLOWS IN PURSUIT...
TH-THERE ARE THE GIANT 600-FOOT WEEDS THE FREIGHTER CAPTAIN BROUGHT BACK! WH-WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S TAKING THE ADMIRAL COMMANDER CRANE?
I DON'T KNOW...

... BUT WHEREVER IT IS, THE SEAVIEW IS GOING TO FOLLOW!

WHILE WITHIN SEAMAN TRAVERS' QUARTERS...
SEE! I TOLD YOU! WE'VE TRESPASSED INTO SOME FORBIDDEN SARGASSO REALM WHERE GIANTS DWELL!
SHUT UP TRAVERS -OR SO HELP ME I'LL DECK YOU!

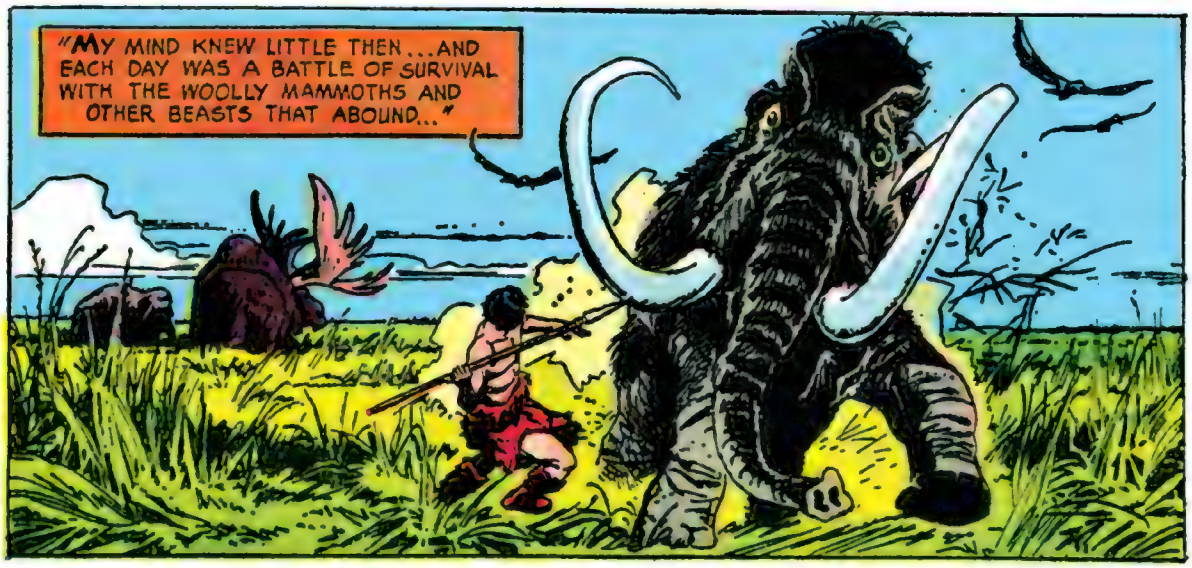

SHORTLY, THE ROBINSOE CRUSOE OF THE DEPTHS BREAKS CLEAR OF THE GIANT WEEDS... HIS GREAT FORM WALLOWS TOWARD A CAVERN ENTRANCE...
THEN, THE MASSIVE AQUA-CREATURE EMERGES INTO A MIND-STUNNING AIR CHAMBER WITHIN THE MARINE MOUNTAIN AND..
THIS IS MY HOME, LITTLE CREATURE!.. YOU ARE WELCOME!
I-INCREDIBLE! HE'S A REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE DEPTHS...WRECKAGE FROM OLD VESSELS...A SEA CHEST... A MAST...

A BIZARRE CONVERSATION BEGINS BETWEEN MODERN-DAY MAN AND THE "THING" IN THE DEEP...
I HAVE SEEN MANY OF YOU LITTLE ONES ON THE SEA ABOVE OVER THE CENTURIES...BUT I THOUGHT YOU ENEMIES ...I WAS AFRAID TO SHOW MYSELF!
CENTURIES? I-I'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO REPLY TO HIM...


LEE! PUT MY CONVERSATION THROUGH THE PORPOISE SPEECH DECODER AND SEND IT BACK IN PORPOISE TALK!

FINALLY WHEN THE VOICE PROBLEM HAS BEEN SOLVED...
YOU SAID CENTURIES, FRIEND! HAVE YOU LIVED LIKE THIS FOR THAT LENGTH OF TIME?
MUCH LONGER, LITTLE ONE! I GO BACK IN TIME OVER ONE MILLION YEARS...WHEN I FIRST DWELT UPON THE LAND ABOVE!

STUNNED, ADMIRAL NELSON LISTENS IN AWE TO THE GIANT'S STORY...
I WAS A WANDERER ON THE ARCTIC TUNDRA...ONE OF THE FIRST MEN ON EARTH...

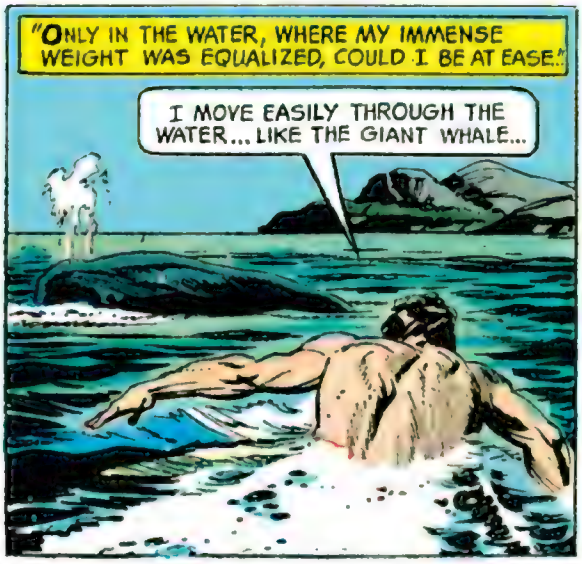

"MY MIND KNEW LITTLE THEN...AND EACH DAY WAS A BATTLE OF SURVIVAL WITH THE WOOLLY MAMMOTHS AND OTHER BEASTS THAT ABOUND..."

"I HAD BEEN WANDERING FOR MANY YEARS... AND I WAS LONELY..."
THERE MUST BE OTHERS OF MY KIND SOMEWHERE... MUST I ROAM FOREVER TO FIND THEM?...
"THEN AT THAT MOMENT, I SAW IT... A BLINDING FLASH IN THE SKY THAT SEEMED TO COME RIGHT AT ME..."
A FIRE FLAME FROM THE HEAVENS ...I-IT IS GOING TO STRIKE ME!
"I WAS NOT HIT, BUT THE GROUND SHOOK AS IF A THOUSAND MAMMOTHS WERE STAMPEDING...I COULD NOT SEE... FEAR PANICKED MY BODY INTO FLIGHT..."
"I FLED UNTIL MY SENSES REELED AND MY HEART WAS CLOSE TO BURSTING...AND TWO DAWNS LATER, 'IT' BEGAN TO HAPPEN..."
M-MY SKIN IS TIGHT ABOUT ME! COULD IT BE GETTING SMALLER?... OR AM I GETTING LARGER??
"AS THE DAYS GREW INTO WEEKS AND THE WEEKS INTO MONTHS, I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED..."
T-THE FIREBALL FROM SPACE... IT HAS DONE SOMETHING TO ME... I AM GROWING!
STILL TALLER... WHAT TERRIBLE CURSE HAS BEEN PUT UPON ME?
A GIANT! I HAVE BECOME A GIANT!

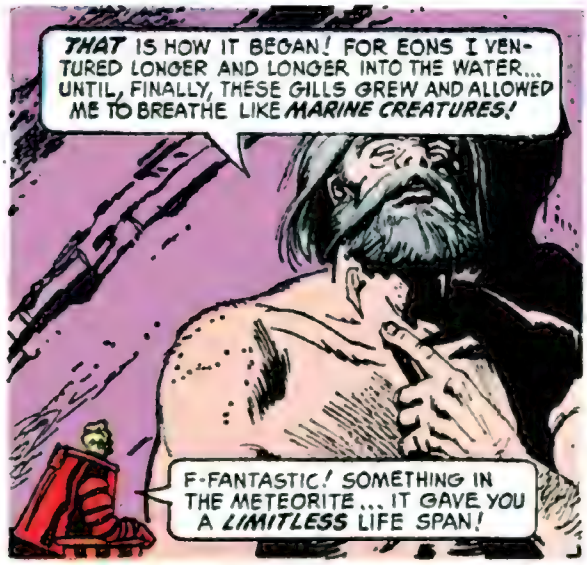
I-I AM A FREAK CREATURE... LIKE THE DINOSAURS, WHOSE BONES I HAVE FOUND IN MY TRAVELS!

"FOR A HUNDRED SUNSETS, I WANDERED SOUTHWARD WITH THE SUN... ALL MANNER OF BEASTS RAN BEFORE ME...

"THEN CAME THE DAY THE CREATURES KNEW MY WEAKNESS... I WAS SLOW, AWKWARD... THEY BESET ME FROM EVERY SIDE..."
MY MASSIVE SIZE HAS WEAKENED ME... IT IS DIFFICULT TO MERELY WALK UPON THE LAND...


"ONLY IN THE WATER, WHERE MY IMMENSE WEIGHT WAS EQUALIZED, COULD I BE AT EASE!"
I MOVE EASILY THROUGH THE WATER... LIKE THE GIANT WHALE...

YES... THIS SHOULD BE MY HOME... WHERE I DO NOT HAVE TO CARRY MY WEIGHT, LIKE TONS OF STONE, UPON MY SHOULDERS ACROSS THE LAND!..


THAT IS HOW IT BEGAN! FOR EONS I VENTURED LONGER AND LONGER INTO THE WATER... UNTIL, FINALLY, THESE GILLS GREW AND ALLOWED ME TO BREATHE LIKE MARINE CREATURES!
F-FANTASTIC! SOMETHING IN THE METEORITE... IT GAVE YOU A LIMITLESS LIFE SPAN!

YES! I SAW YOUR FIRST THREE LITTLE SHIPS CROSS THE SEAS BY SAIL... THEN THEY GREW IN SIZE, LARGER AND LARGER...
COLUMBUS! YOU SAW HIS VESSELS... AND IT WAS YOUR FORM THAT WAS MAKING THE MYSTERIOUS WHIRLPOOLS AND WATERSPOUTS!

SUDDENLY, AS THE GIANT ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE DEPTHS REPLIES...
I OFTEN SURFACE TO LOOK AT YOUR WORLD... BUT I AM AFRAID TO SHOW MYSELF!... THE ALARM!
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG

YOU HAVE AN ALARM SYSTEM??
TO WARN ME OF THE GIANT SQUID! EACH YEAR THEY TRAVEL UP THE GULF-STREAM PAST MY HOME... AND EACH YEAR THEY SEEK TO DESTROY ME!

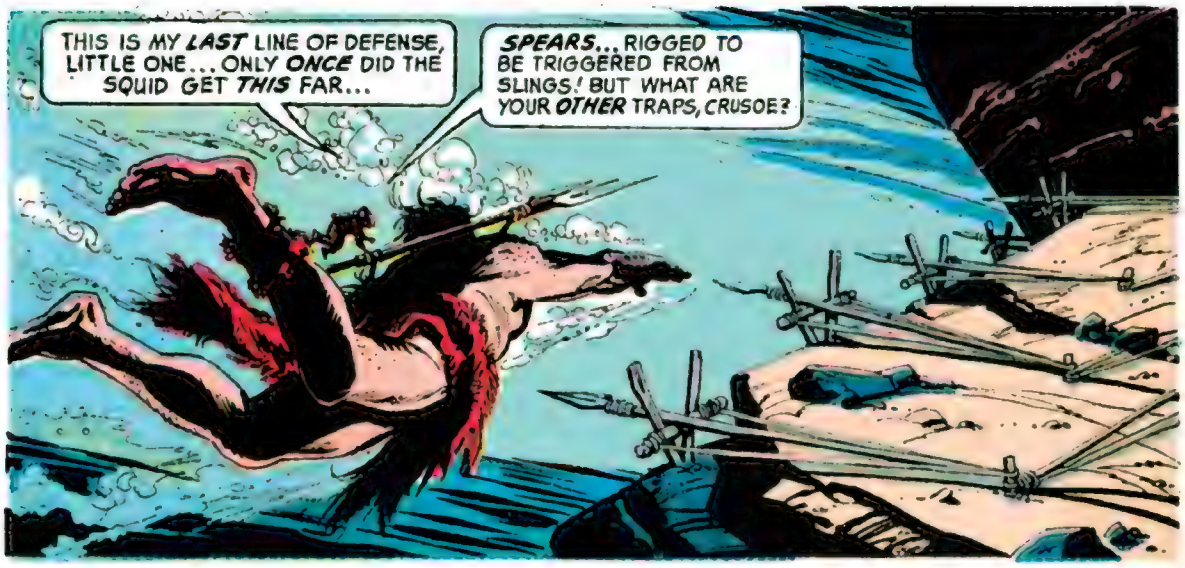
"I HAVE TETHERED MY WEED ROPES TO NETS MANY LEAGUES AWAY SO THAT THE BELLS WILL RING WHEN THEY APPROACH..."

THEY WILL PASS BEFORE MY UNDERWATER MOUNTAIN CAVE IN SHORT TIME...I MUST MAKE SURE MY TRAPS ARE READY TO DRIVE THEM OFF!
I'LL HELP, CRUSOE! I'LL BE YOUR MAN FRIDAY!

SHORTLY...
THE ADMIRAL...WITH THE GIANT!
AHOY THERE, LEE...EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER! RIG FOR BATTLE WITH A PACK OF GIANT SQUID! FOLLOW US!

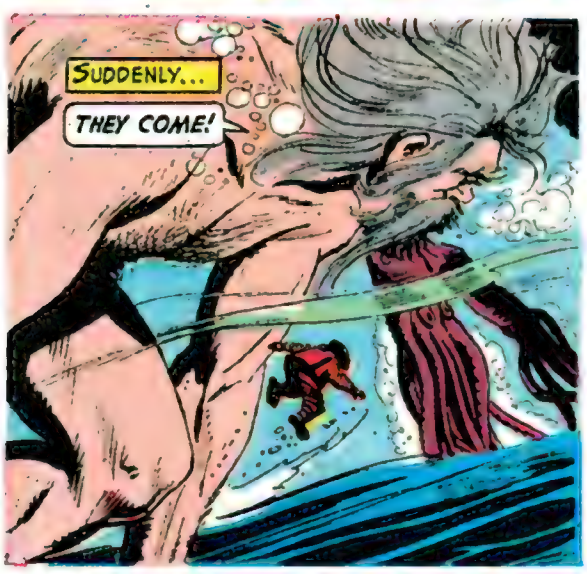
DON'T PANIC, LEE...I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW, BUT EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL! KEEP ON OUR TAIL AND BE READY FOR ACTION!

THEN, AS THE GIANT MAKES A MOTION...
GREAT CAESAR!


THIS IS MY LAST LINE OF DEFENSE, LITTLE ONE... ONLY ONCE DID THE SQUID GET THIS FAR...
SPEARS... RIGGED TO BE TRIGGERED FROM SLINGS! BUT WHAT ARE YOUR OTHER TRAPS, CRUSOE?

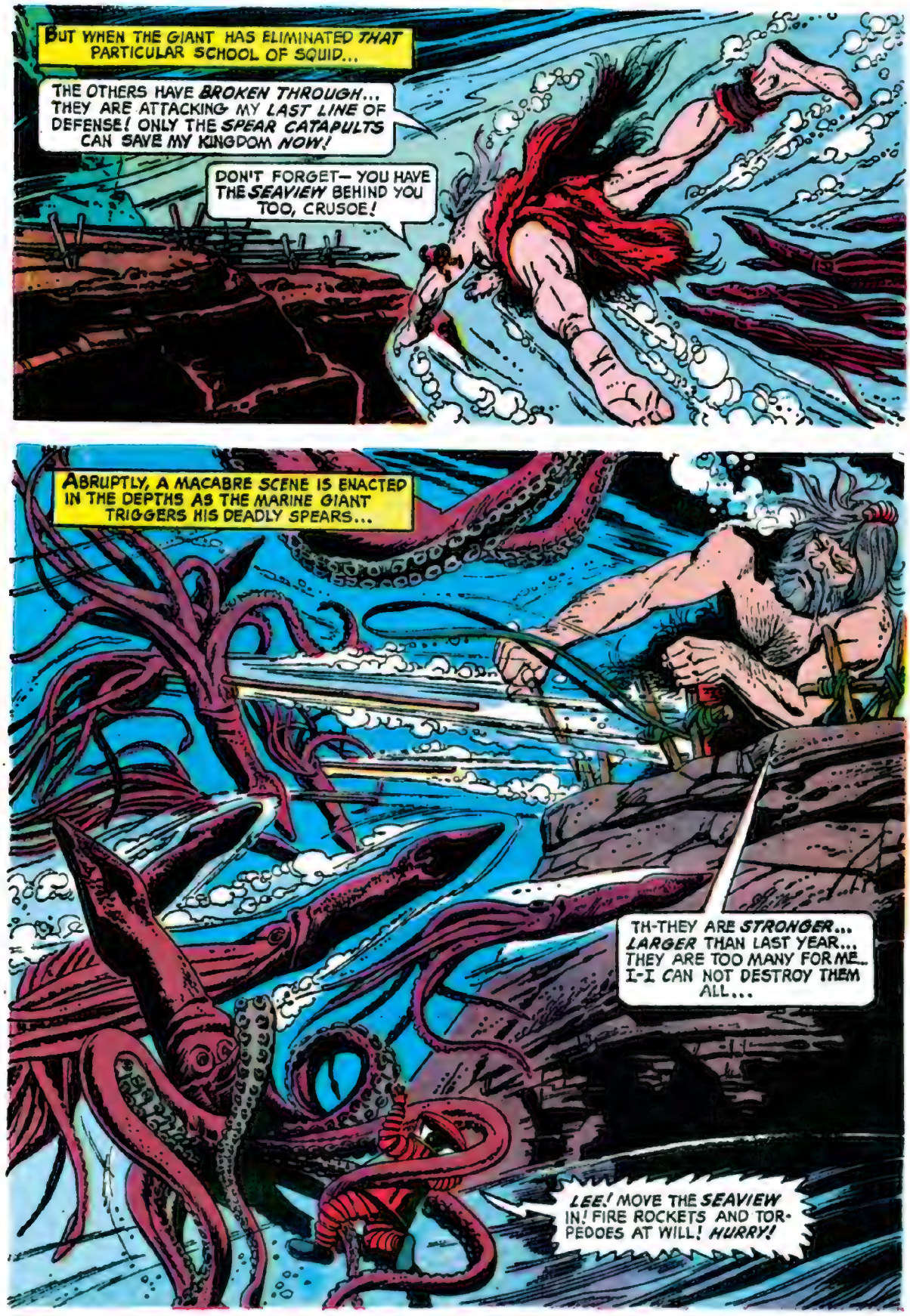
IF THE SQUID ATTACK FROM THIS DIRECTION I CAN DROP MY NETS UPON THEM!

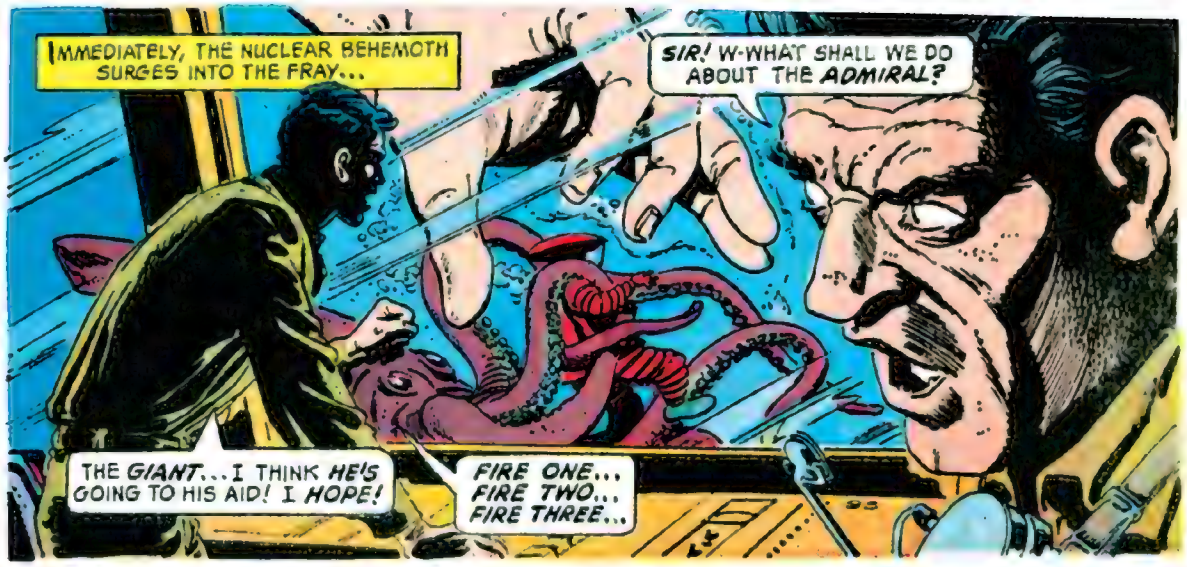
IF THEY COME FROM THIS SIDE, I CAN SOMETIMES FORCE THEM THROUGH THE CANYON PASSAGE THAT LEADS MILES OUT TO SEA!..
BY CREATING AN UNDERWATER SUCTION THAT DRAWS THEM THROUGH THE CANYON OPENING!(WHEW-W!) THERE ARE NO BARNACLES GROWING UNDER YOU, CRUSOE!

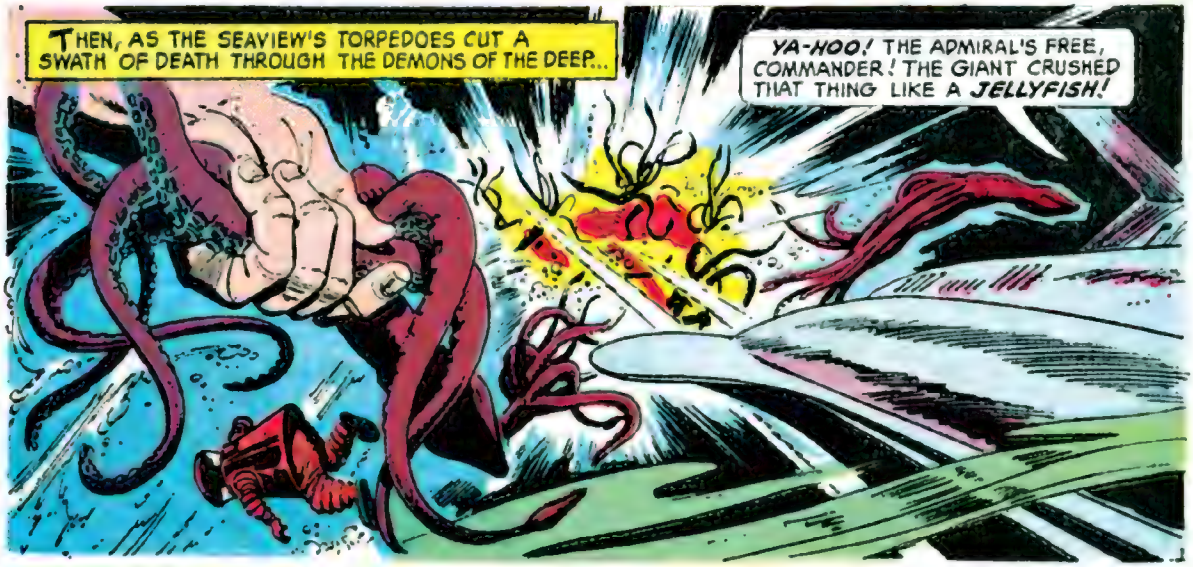

SUDDENLY...
THEY COME!

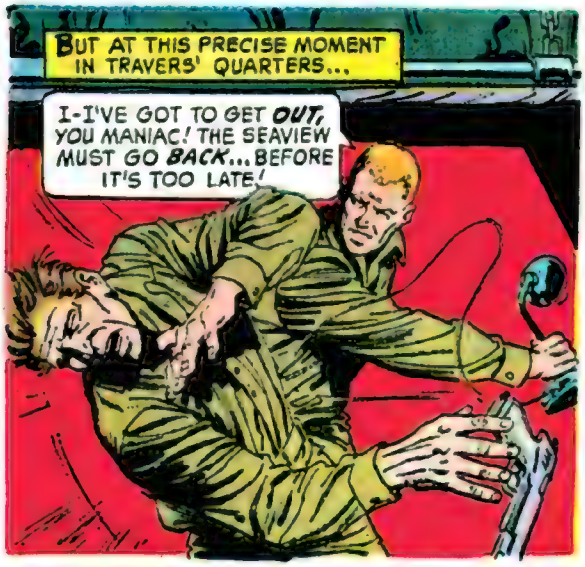
MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SEAVIEW...
SONAR'S PICKING UP SOME ACTION, SIR... DEAD AHEAD ABOUT 500 YARDS!
TH-THIS IS INSANITY! A GIANT OF THE DEEP... ATTACKED BY GIANT SQUID... AND ADMIRAL NELSON GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE!

THE GIANT SQUID ATTACK... AND THE CRUSOE OF THE DEPTHS GOES INTO ACTION...
THEY ARE SWERVING FROM THE GULF STREAM... BEGINNING THEIR ATTACK ON MY KINGDOM!
AND HEADING TOWARD ONE OF YOUR NETS!
THE MAMMOTH AQUA-CREATURE MAKES A MIGHTY SLASH WITH A HARPOON-KNIFE...
THEN, THE SEA BOILS WITH FURY AS DEADLY SQUID ARE TRAPPED...
OTHERS COME... NEAR THE CANYON MOUTH!
THE INNER-SPACE CRUSOE CHURNS WATER WITH POWER EQUALING THE SEAVIEW'S PROPS AND...
IT'S WORKING! THE GIANT SQUID ARE BEING DRAWN INTO THE CANYON PASSAGE! KEEP IT UP, CRUSOE!


BUT WHEN THE GIANT HAS ELIMINATED THAT PARTICULAR SCHOOL OF SQUID...
THE OTHERS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH... THEY ARE ATTACKING MY LAST LINE OF DEFENSE! ONLY THE SPEAR CATAPULTS CAN SAVE MY KINGDOM NOW!
DON'T FORGET— YOU HAVE THE SEAVIEW BEHIND YOU TOO, CRUSOE!
ABRUPTLY, A MACABRE SCENE IS ENACTED IN THE DEPTHS AS THE MARINE GIANT TRIGGERS HIS DEADLY SPEARS...
TH-THEY ARE STRONGER... LARGER THAN LAST YEAR... THEY ARE TOO MANY FOR ME... I-I CAN NOT DESTROY THEM ALL...
LEE! MOVE THE SEAVIEW IN! FIRE ROCKETS AND TORPEDOES AT WILL! HURRY!

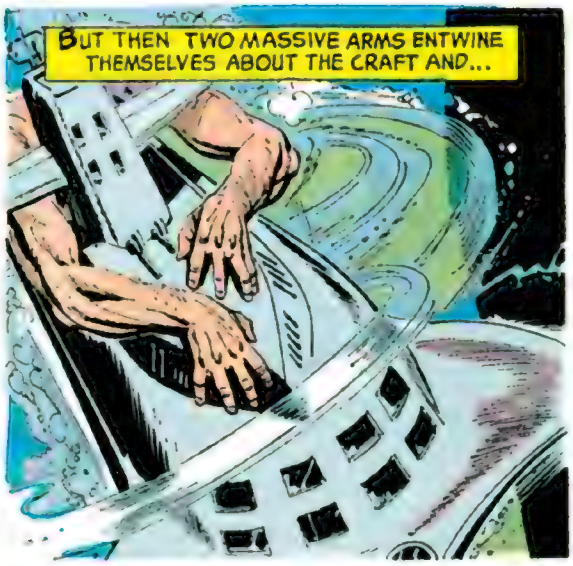

IMMEDIATELY, THE NUCLEAR BEHEMOTH SURGES INTO THE FRAY...
SIR! W-WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT THE ADMIRAL?
THE GIANT...I THINK HE'S GOING TO HIS AID! I HOPE!
FIRE ONE... FIRE TWO... FIRE THREE...

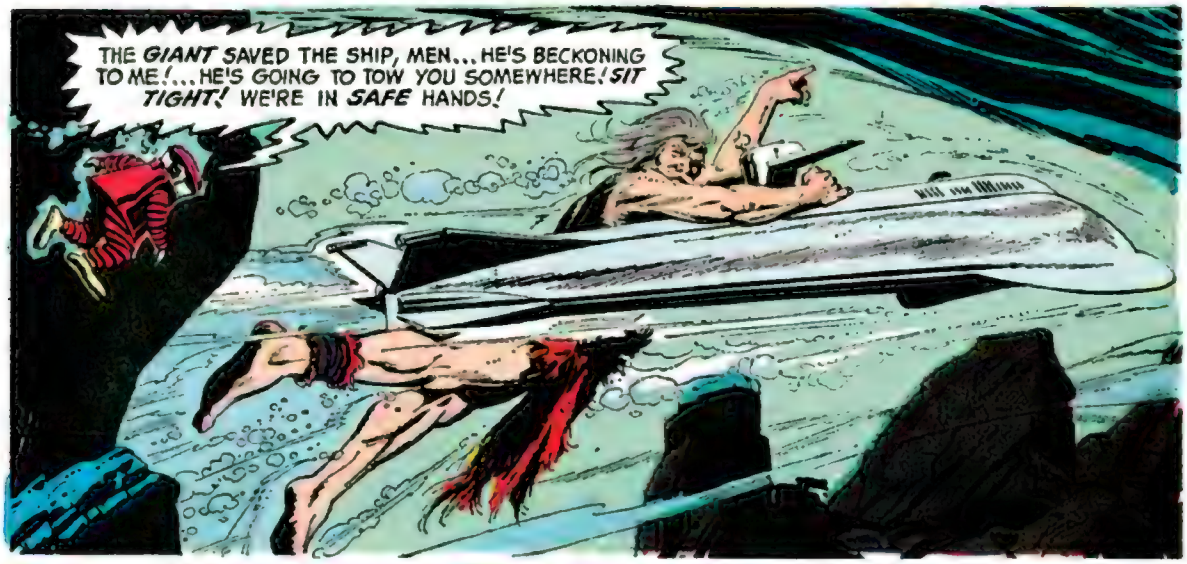

THEN, AS THE SEAVIEW'S TORPEDOES CUT A SWATH OF DEATH THROUGH THE DEMONS OF THE DEEP...
YA-HOO! THE ADMIRAL'S FREE, COMMANDER! THE GIANT CRUSHED THAT THING LIKE A JELLYFISH!


BUT AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT IN TRAVERS' QUARTERS...
I-I'VE GOT TO GET OUT, YOU MANIAC! THE SEAVIEW MUST GO BACK...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

POSSESSED WITH FEAR, TRAVERS PLUMMETS INTO THE CONTROL ROOM AND...
TRAVERS! HE'S LOOSE ...A-AND LOONEY!
TURN THE SEAVIEW ABOUT...ONLY DOOM AWAITS US HERE IN THE SARGASSO DEPTHS!

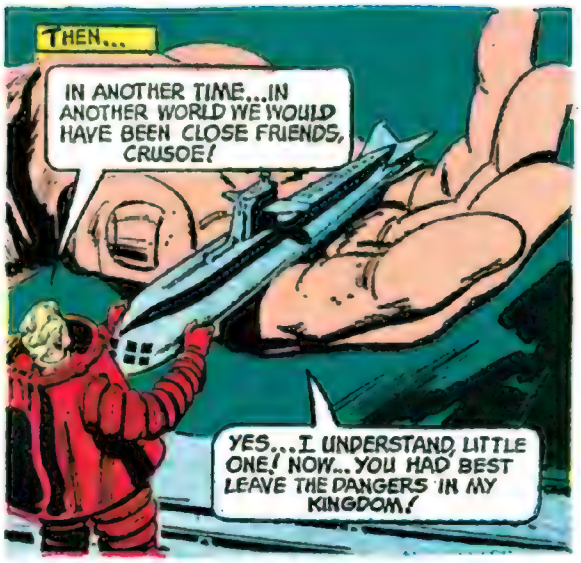
HER CONTROLS JAMMED, THE SEAVIEW WALLOWS THROUGH THE DEEP LIKE A WOUNDED WHALE...
MARINE MOUNTAIN DEAD AHEAD...WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

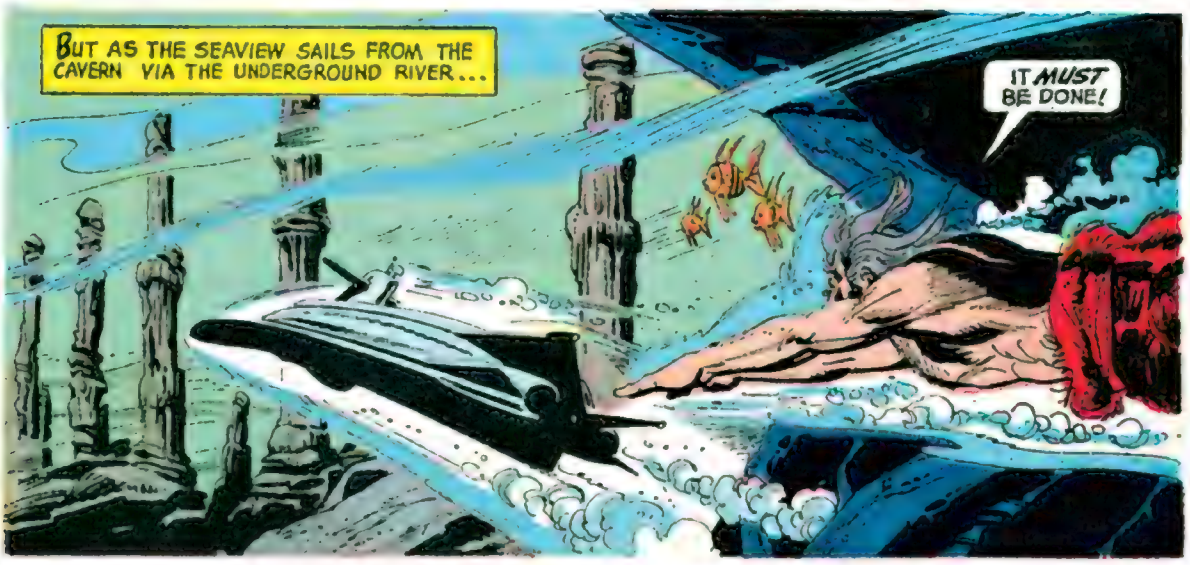

BUT THEN TWO MASSIVE ARMS ENTWINE THEMSELVES ABOUT THE CRAFT AND...


THE GIANT SAVED THE SHIP, MEN...HE'S BECKONING TO ME!...HE'S GOING TO TOW YOU SOMEWHERE! SIT TIGHT! WE'RE IN SAFE HANDS!

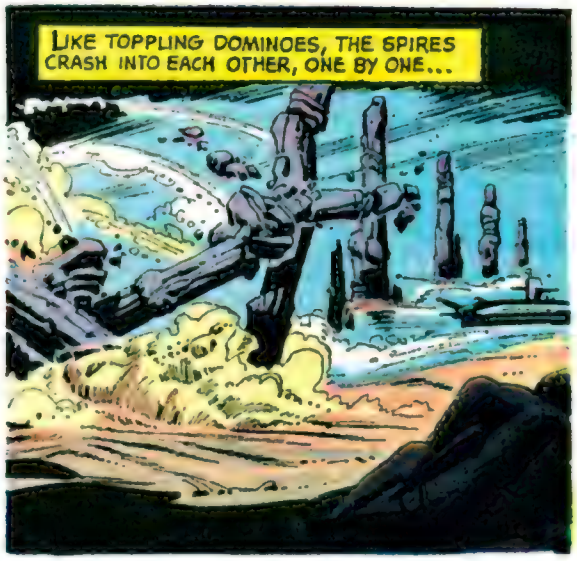
AND SHORTLY... AS THE EIGHTH WONDER ON EARTH SURFACES...
THIS IS THE ONLY EXIT THROUGH WHICH YOU CAN SURFACE BEYOND THE THICK WEEDS THAT FLOAT ABOVE ON THE SARGASSO, MY LITTLE FRIENDS...

WAIT, CRUSOE! I WANT TO GIVE YOU A KEEPSAKE OF OUR MEETING...
LEE! BRING ME THE SILVER SEAVIEW TROPHY!

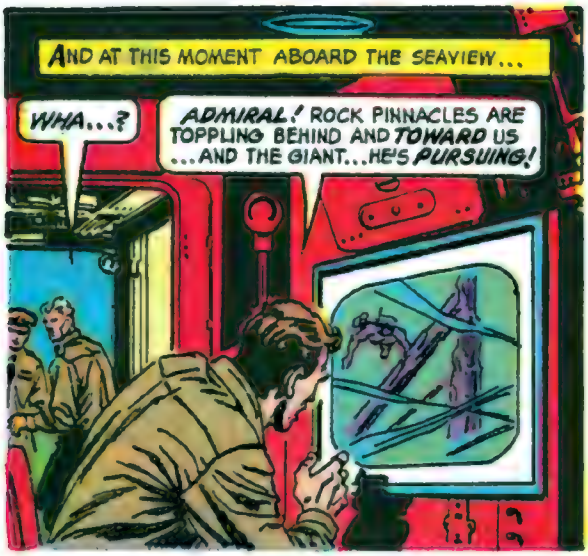

THEN...
IN ANOTHER TIME...IN ANOTHER WORLD WE WOULD HAVE BEEN CLOSE FRIENDS, CRUSOE!
YES...I UNDERSTAND, LITTLE ONE! NOW...YOU HAD BEST LEAVE THE DANGERS IN MY KINGDOM!

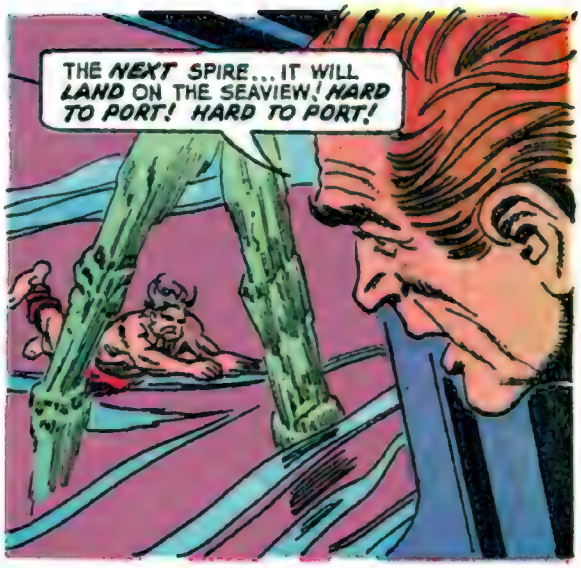

BUT AS THE SEAVIEW SAILS FROM THE CAVERN VIA THE UNDERGROUND RIVER...
IT MUST BE DONE!

...THEY WOULD NOT MEAN TO HARM ME... BUT WHEN THEY TELL OF OUR MEETING, OTHERS WILL COME... OTHERS WHO ARE CRUEL... I WOULD BE DRIVEN OFF...OR SLAIN AS A FREAK...


LIKE TOPPLING DOMINOES, THE SPIRES CRASH INTO EACH OTHER, ONE BY ONE...

MOVING FASTER THAN THE SEAVIEW, THE GREAT MARINE PINNACLES THUNDER DOWN UPON THE OCEAN FLOOR...
RRRUMMBLE!
THEN, SUDDENLY, THE MAMMOTH MARINE GIANT LOOKS AT THE OBJECT IN HIS HANDS...
THEY WERE KIND TO ME... THEY SAVED MY KINGDOM FROM THE INVADERS... AND NOW I DESTROY THEM TO PROTECT MYSELF...
NO!... I CAN NOT DO IT... I WILL NOT DESTROY THOSE WHO HAVE HELPED ME! B-BUT... CAN I REACH THEM IN TIME?
THE GIANT'S MIGHTY ARMS STROKE THE WATER LIKE PADDLE WHEELS AS HE RACES AFTER THE FALLING SPIRES...
TO LET THEM DIE WOULD TRULY MAKE ME A MONSTER! A FREAK OF THE DEPTHS!


AND AT THIS MOMENT ABOARD THE SEAVIEW...
WHA...?
ADMIRAL! ROCK PINNACLES ARE TOPPLING BEHIND AND TOWARD US ...AND THE GIANT...HE'S PURSUING!

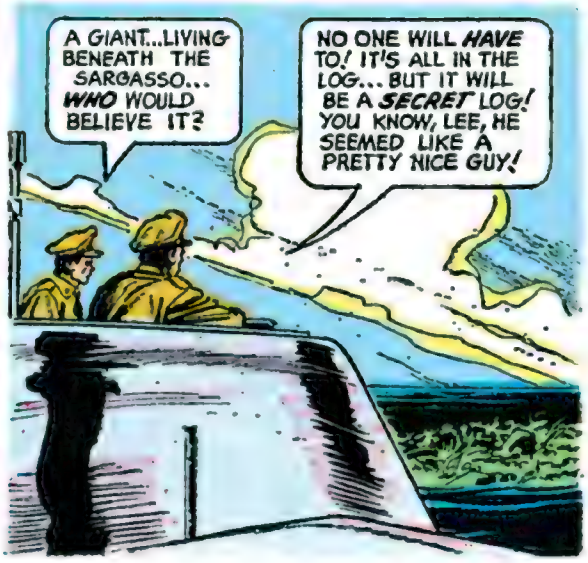

THE NEXT SPIRE...IT WILL LAND ON THE SEAVIEW! HARD TO PORT! HARD TO PORT!

IN ONE GREAT LUNGE, THE GIANT SPURTS BETWEEN THE FINAL FALLING ROCK CONE... A MONSTROUS ARM REACHES OUT TO HOLD BACK TONS OF FALLING STONE...
SQUIRRRK...SQUEE... SQUIRRRRK!
GREAT GRIEF! HE'S HOLDING BACK THE TOPPLED ROCK SPIRE TO SAVE US...URGING US TO SPEED THROUGH!
BAM
A-AND THE OCEAN FLOOR, ADMIRAL... IT'S CRACKING UNDER THE PRESSURE! AHEAD FULL!
KA-BOOM

FINALLY, THE CORAL-FILLED BOTTOM CANNOT STAND THE STRAIN ... IT CRACKS OPEN ...
T-THE CORAL BOTTOM HAS GIVEN!

AND THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE DEEP PLUMMETS INTO THE BOTTOMLESS TRENCH BENEATH...
CCRAASH
CRUMMBLE!

AND MINUTES LATER, THE SEAVIEW SURFACES CLEAR OF THE SARGASSO WEEDS...


A GIANT...LIVING BENEATH THE SARGASSO... WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT?
NO ONE WILL HAVE TO! IT'S ALL IN THE LOG... BUT IT WILL BE A SECRET LOG! YOU KNOW, LEE, HE SEEMED LIKE A PRETTY NICE GUY!

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA PIN-UP

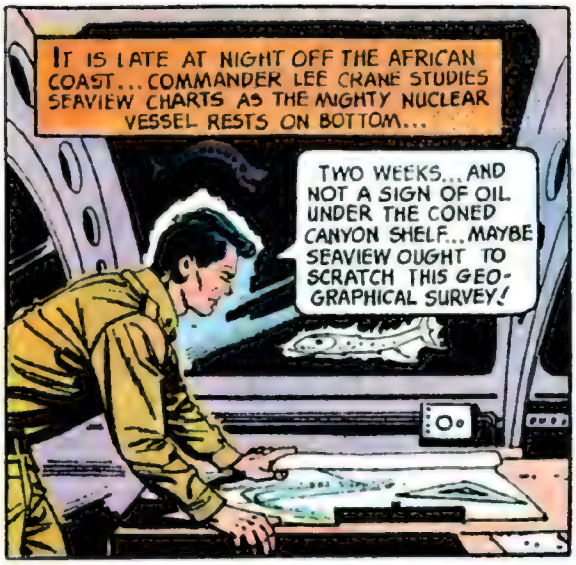
IRWIN ALLEN'S

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

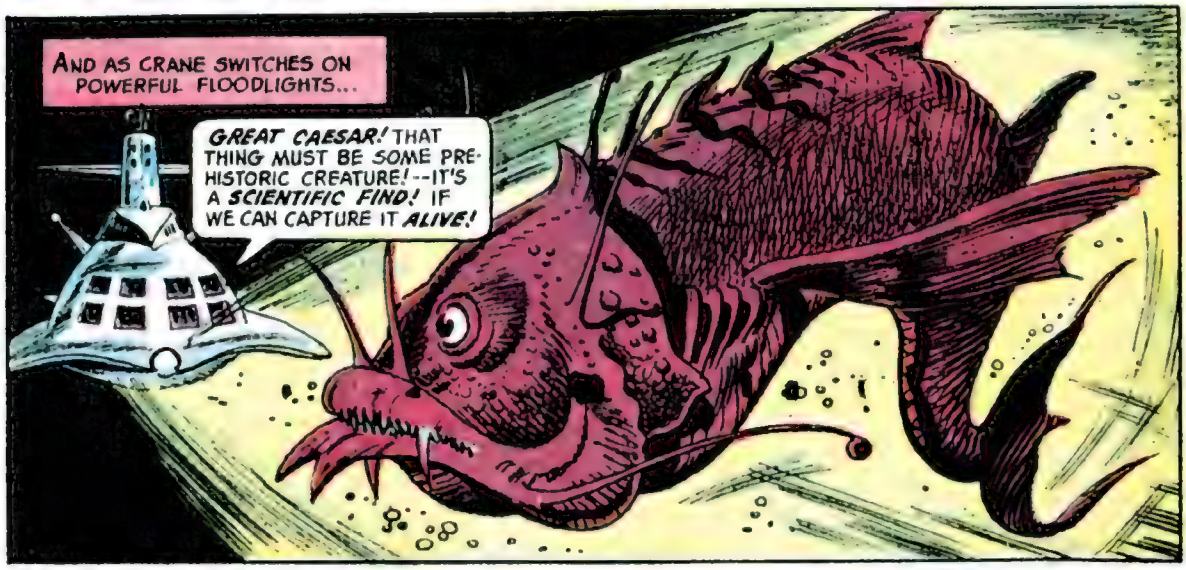
A vengeful hunter and his undersea safari stalk a prize trophy—Admiral Nelson!

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

The GREAT UNDERSEA SAFARI

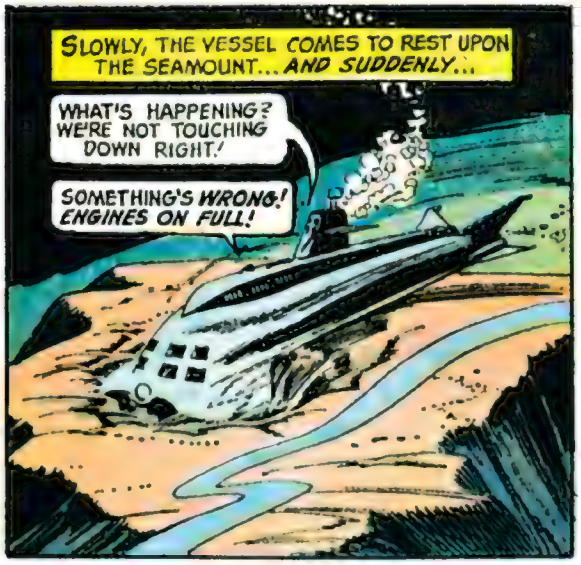

IT IS LATE AT NIGHT OFF THE AFRICAN COAST... COMMANDER LEE CRANE STUDIES SEAVIEW CHARTS AS THE MIGHTY NUCLEAR VESSEL RESTS ON BOTTOM...
TWO WEEKS... AND NOT A SIGN OF OIL UNDER THE CONED CANYON SHELF... MAYBE SEAVIEW OUGHT TO SCRATCH THIS GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY!

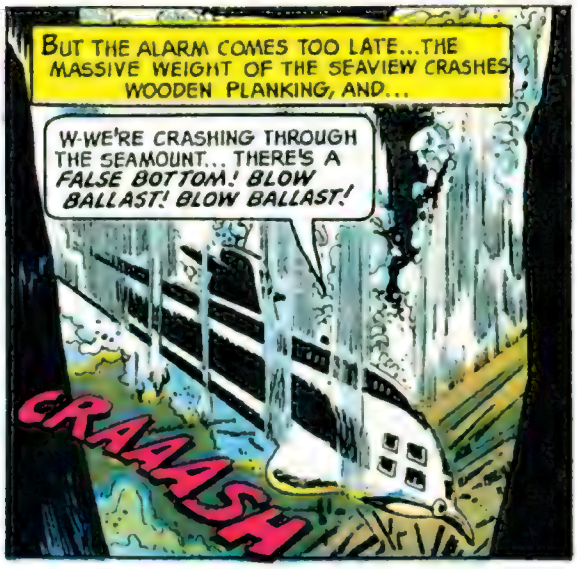
SUDDENLY, A MOVEMENT IN THE WATER CATCHES HIS EYE...
W-WHAT IN THE WORLD!


AND AS CRANE SWITCHES ON POWERFUL FLOODLIGHTS...
GREAT CAESAR! THAT THING MUST BE SOME PREHISTORIC CREATURE!--IT'S A SCIENTIFIC FIND! IF WE CAN CAPTURE IT ALIVE!

QUICKLY, THE SEAVIEW IS ALERTED TO ACTION AND...
CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE THING, LEE? DID IT HAVE FINS?
IT HAS EVERYTHING, ADMIRAL! THE GOSH DARNDEST SIGHT I'VE EVER SEEN! LOOK... IT'S HEADING FOR THAT SUNKEN SEAMOUNT!

THEN...
THE THING'S BURROWING UNDER THE SAND... THAT MUST BE ITS LAIR! SETTLE THE SHIP DOWN AND BREAK OUT THE DIVING GEAR, LEE... WE'LL TRY AND NET THAT BABY!





ABRUPTLY, THE WATER COMES ALIVE WITH NIGHTMARISH FIGURES...

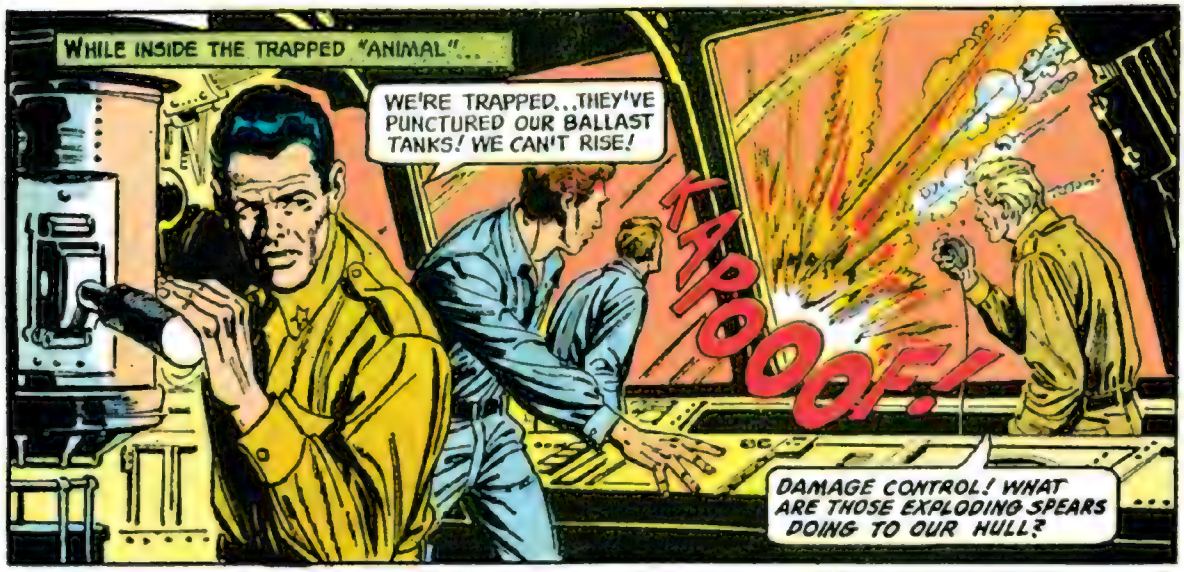
THE SEAVIEW HAS FALLEN VICTIM TO MY ANIMAL TRAP! PUNCTURE HER BALLAST TANKS! QUICKLY! CRIPPLE THE BEAST AND I WILL ADMINISTER THE KILL!

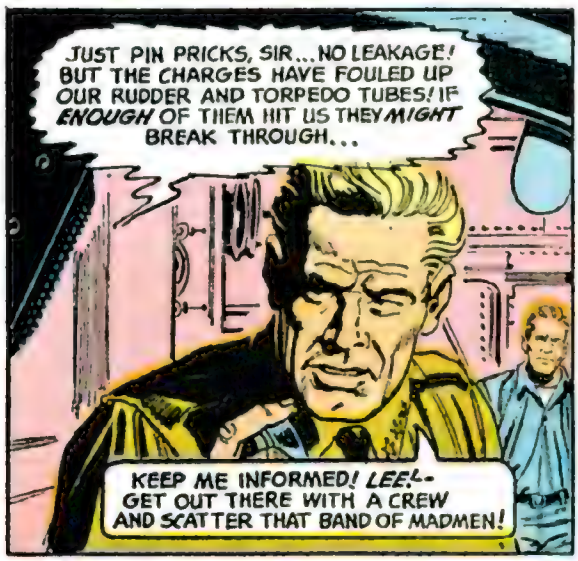
AIM FOR HER VITAL PARTS... HER RUDDER... THE TORPEDO TUBES... REMEMBER, A WOUNDED ANIMAL CAN BE DANGEROUS!

POW

POW

POW!


WHILE INSIDE THE TRAPPED "ANIMAL"...
WE'RE TRAPPED...THEY'VE PUNCTURED OUR BALLAST TANKS! WE CAN'T RISE!
KAPOOOF!
DAMAGE CONTROL! WHAT ARE THOSE EXPLODING SPEARS DOING TO OUR HULL?


JUST PIN PRICKS, SIR...NO LEAKAGE! BUT THE CHARGES HAVE FOULED UP OUR RUDDER AND TORPEDO TUBES! IF ENOUGH OF THEM HIT US THEY MIGHT BREAK THROUGH...
KEEP ME INFORMED! LEE!-- GET OUT THERE WITH A CREW AND SCATTER THAT BAND OF MADMEN!

SHORTLY...
THIS IS INSANITY... A KILLER SAFARI UTILIZING THE LATEST DIVING GEAR...WHO COULD BE BEHIND IT? WHY?

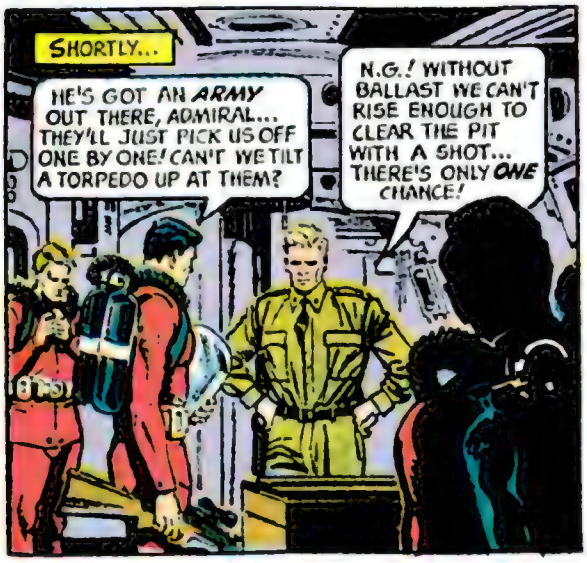
ADMIRAL! I'VE SPOTTED THE BOSS OF THIS OPERATION...HE'S RIDING A SAFARI COMMANDING CAR! GOING IN AFTER HIM!

THE CHARACTER EVEN HAS HIS OWN GUN BEARER...LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF UNDERWATER ROCKET WEAPON! BUT IT'S BUILT LIKE A GIANT ELEPHANT GUN!
WATCH YOURSELF, LEE...THIS IS NO HI-JINKS...THAT LEADER IS OUT FOR BLOOD!

GREAT SUFFERING HANNAH! HE'S PLANNING TO BLOW A HOLE IN OUR GLASS PORTS WITH THAT ROCKET-FIRING BLUNDERBUSS...

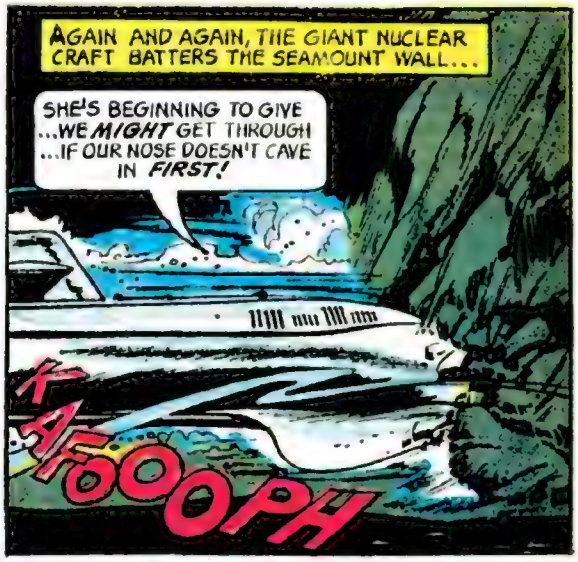
DESPERATELY, LEE RIPS THE LETHAL WEAPON AWAY AND...
OH, OH! REINFORCEMENTS! THIS IS NO GOOD...I'VE GOT HIS CANNON...BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT BACK WITH THE BOYS AND FIGURE THINGS OUT! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED!

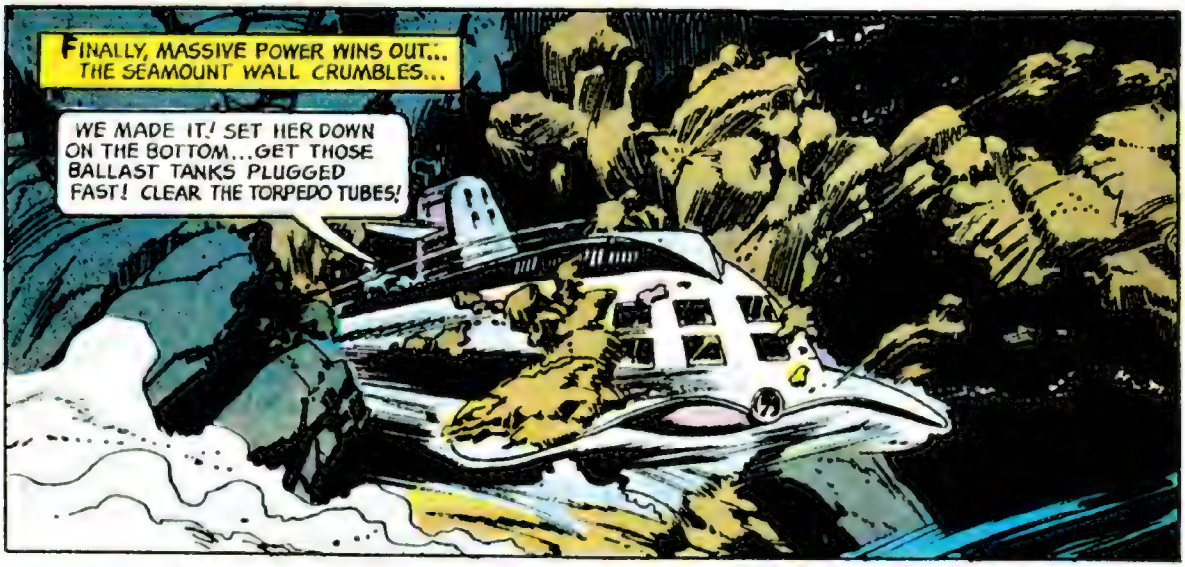
AND AS THE UNDERSEA HUNTER FIRES...
WOW! THAT ROCKET WOULD HAVE OPENED UP OUR NOSE LIKE A JELLY JAR...

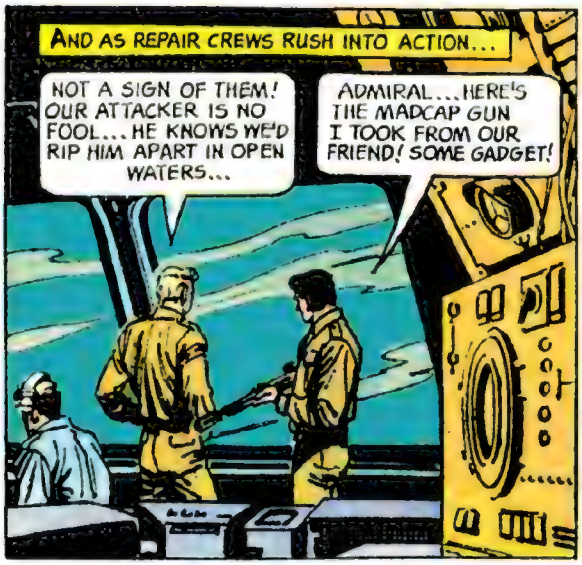

SHORTLY...
HE'S GOT AN ARMY OUT THERE, ADMIRAL... THEY'LL JUST PICK US OFF ONE BY ONE! CAN'T WE TILT A TORPEDO UP AT THEM?
N.G.! WITHOUT BALLAST WE CAN'T RISE ENOUGH TO CLEAR THE PIT WITH A SHOT... THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE!

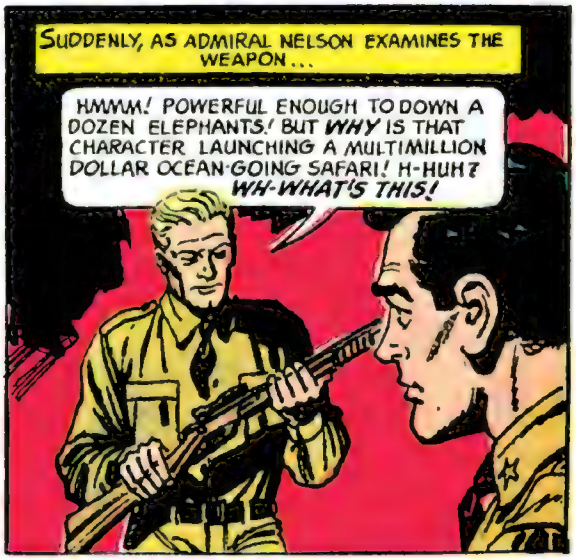
ONLY ABOUT TWENTY FEET OF SEAMOUNT SEPARATES US FROM THE OPEN WATER...IF THIS HULL WILL HOLD WE MIGHT BARGE THROUGH.
GIVE ME QUARTER SPEED...WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME RAMMING!

THEN, AS THE MARINE WHITE HUNTER OBSERVES FRANTICALLY...
WHAT ARE THEY DOING...I CAN'T GET A TARGET ON THEIR VITAL SPOT-THE GLASS PORTS!


AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE GIANT NUCLEAR CRAFT BATTERS THE SEAMOUNT WALL...
SHE'S BEGINNING TO GIVE ...WE MIGHT GET THROUGH ...IF OUR NOSE DOESN'T CAVE IN FIRST!
KAFOOOPH


FINALLY, MASSIVE POWER WINS OUT... THE SEAMOUNT WALL CRUMBLES...
WE MADE IT! SET HER DOWN ON THE BOTTOM...GET THOSE BALLAST TANKS PLUGGED FAST! CLEAR THE TORPEDO TUBES!

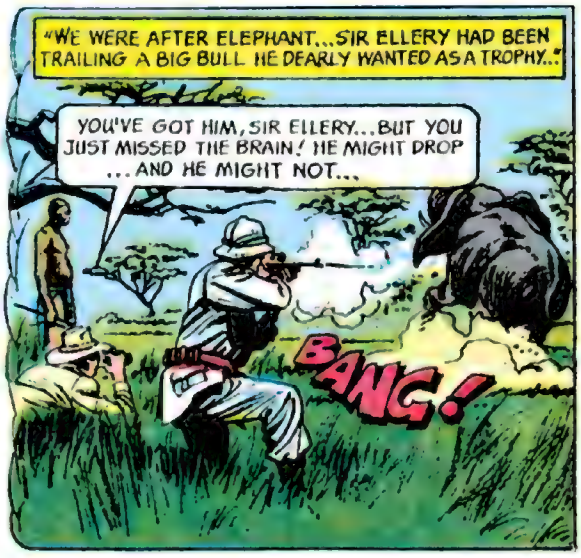

AND AS REPAIR CREWS RUSH INTO ACTION...
NOT A SIGN OF THEM! OUR ATTACKER IS NO FOOL...HE KNOWS WE'D RIP HIM APART IN OPEN WATERS...
ADMIRAL...HERE'S THE MADCAP GUN I TOOK FROM OUR FRIEND! SOME GADGET!


SUDDENLY, AS ADMIRAL NELSON EXAMINES THE WEAPON...
HMMM! POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DOWN A DOZEN ELEPHANTS! BUT WHY IS THAT CHARACTER LAUNCHING A MULTIMILLION DOLLAR OCEAN-GOING SAFARI! H-HUH? WH-WHAT'S THIS!

THE STOCK OF A BRITISH MADE GUN WITH THE INITIALS E.B.! GREAT SCOTT, OF COURSE! THIS COMES FROM ONE OF SIR ELLERY BARRETT'S ELEPHANT GUNS! HE'S OUR MYSTERY MARINE ATTACKER!
SIR ELLERY BARRETT?
E B

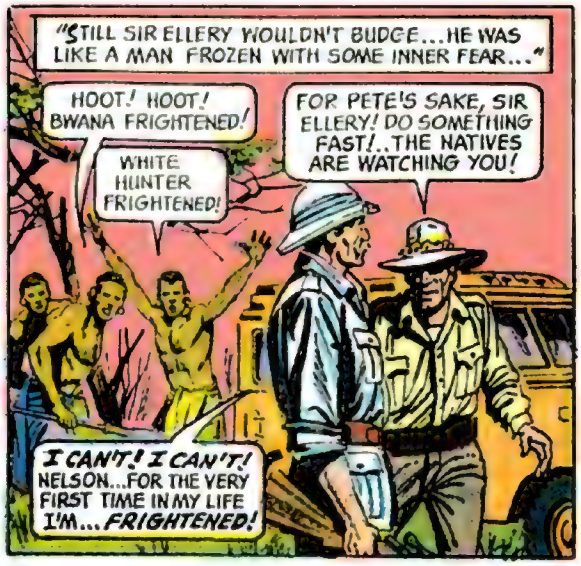
YES, LEE ... AT ONE TIME HE WAS THE GREATEST WHITE HUNTER WORKING OUT OF KENYA, AFRICA - HERE! WE WENT ON SAFARI TO-GETHER THREE TIMES...

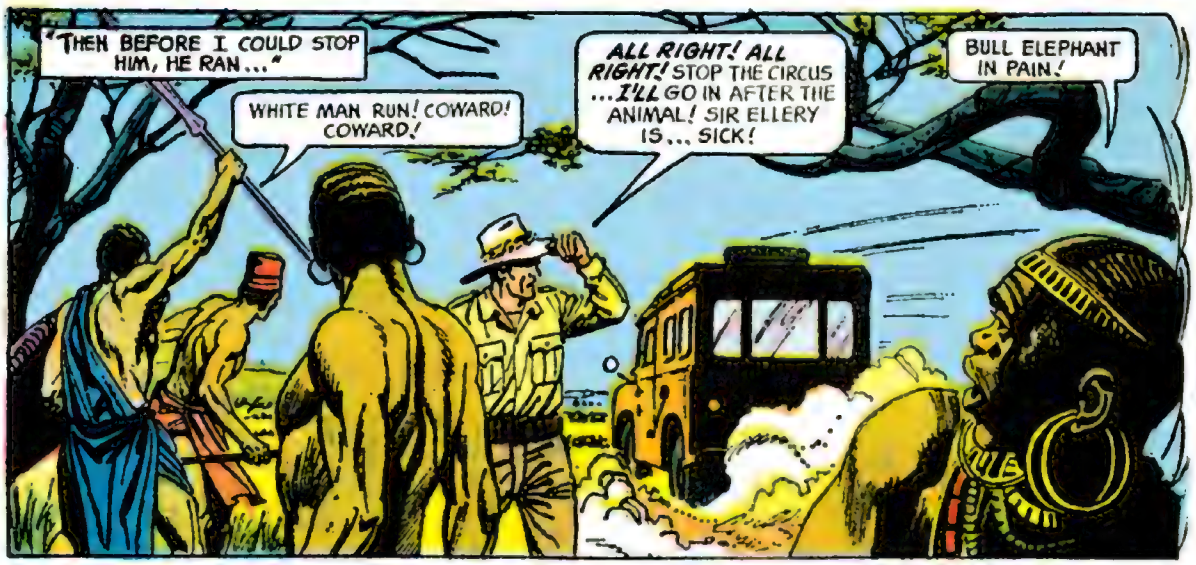
FOR YEARS, HE WAS A LEGEND IN THE AREA! HE SEEMED TO KNOW NO FEAR ... THEN IT HAPPENED...


"WE WERE AFTER ELEPHANT... SIR ELLERY HAD BEEN TRAILING A BIG BULL HE DEARLY WANTED AS A TROPHY..."
YOU'VE GOT HIM, SIR ELLERY... BUT YOU JUST MISSED THE BRAIN! HE MIGHT DROP ... AND HE MIGHT NOT...
BANG!

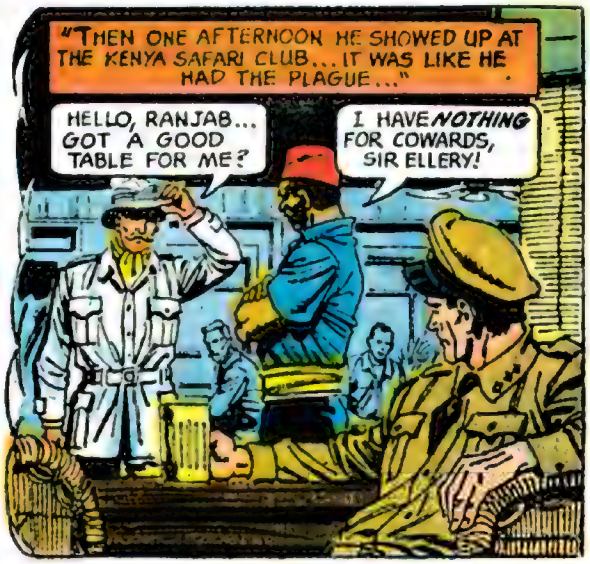
"THE BEAST DIDN'T DROP... HE TRUMPETED AND THUNDERED INTO THE BUSH... AND IT WAS THEN THAT SOMETHING HAPPENED TO SIR ELLERY BARRETT, WHITE HUNTER SUPREME..."
THE BULL CAN'T LAST LONG ... YOU'VE GOT A SURE KILL! GO AFTER HIM FAST!... W-WHY, WHAT'S WRONG?

I-I DON'T KNOW, NELSON... I-I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE! A-A DOZEN YEARS IN THE BUSH... AND NOW I CAN'T MOVE!
OF COURSE YOU CAN! DON'T JUST STAND THERE--YOU'VE GOT A WOUNDED ANIMAL TO PUT OUT OF ITS MISERY!

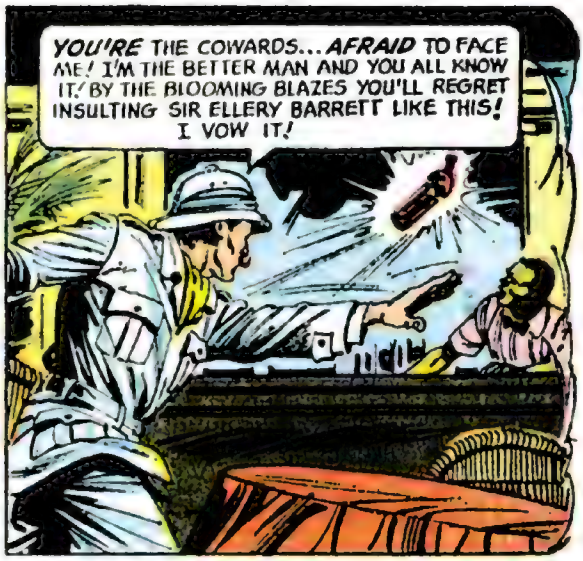

"STILL SIR ELLERY WOULDN'T BUDGE...HE WAS LIKE A MAN FROZEN WITH SOME INNER FEAR..."
HOOT! HOOT! BWANA FRIGHTENED!
WHITE HUNTER FRIGHTENED!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, SIR ELLERY! DO SOMETHING FAST!..THE NATIVES ARE WATCHING YOU!
I CAN'T! I CAN'T! NELSON...FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I'M...FRIGHTENED!


"THEN BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM, HE RAN..."
WHITE MAN RUN! COWARD! COWARD!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! STOP THE CIRCUS ...I'LL GO IN AFTER THE ANIMAL! SIR ELLERY IS... SICK!
BULL ELEPHANT IN PAIN!

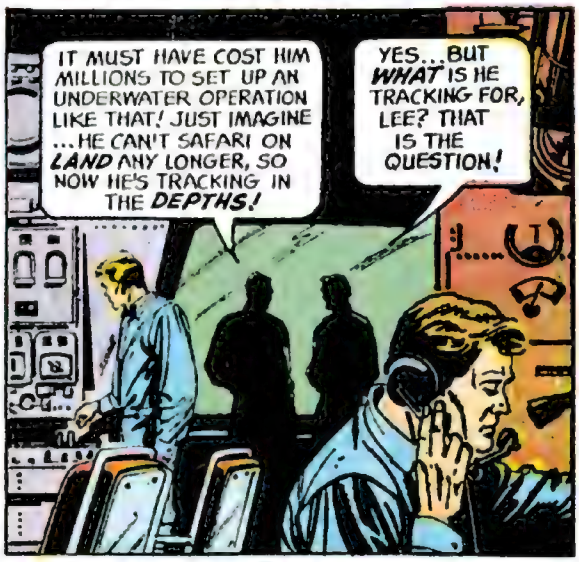
THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN, LEE...BUT IT WASN'T THE FINISH OF THINGS! SIR ELLERY DISAPPEARED FOR A WEEK...

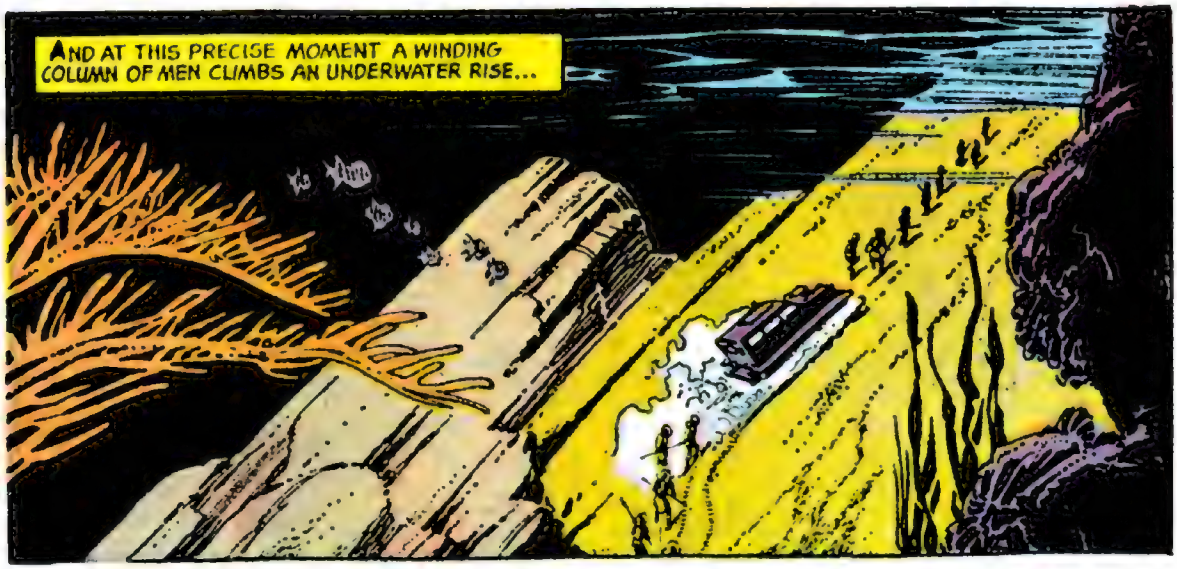

"THEN ONE AFTERNOON HE SHOWED UP AT THE KENYA SAFARI CLUB... IT WAS LIKE HE HAD THE PLAGUE..."
HELLO, RANJAB... GOT A GOOD TABLE FOR ME?
I HAVE NOTHING FOR COWARDS, SIR ELLERY!

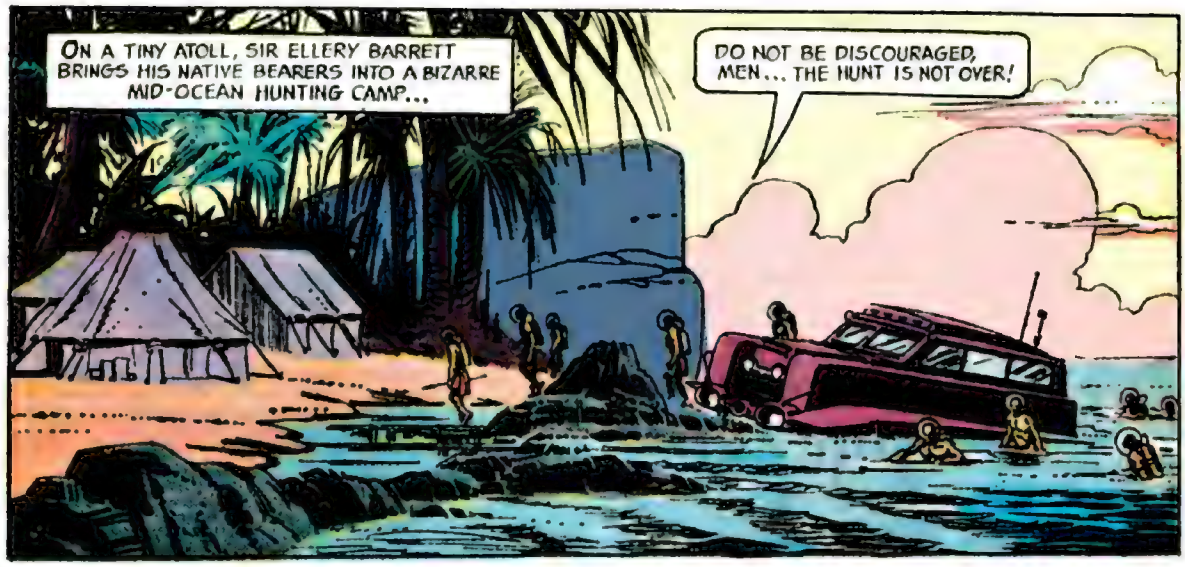
"SIR ELLERY SEATED HIMSELF...THE RESULTS WERE TERRIBLE, LEE..."
LEAVE! ALL OF YOU...LEAVE! I'M A BETTER BLOODY MAN THAN ANY OF YOU! I'VE TRACKED MORE GROUND, KILLED MORE GAME AND FOUGHT MORE BATTLES...


YOU'RE THE COWARDS...AFRAID TO FACE ME! I'M THE BETTER MAN AND YOU ALL KNOW IT! BY THE BLOOMING BLAZES YOU'LL REGRET INSULTING SIR ELLERY BARRETT LIKE THIS! I VOW IT!

SO THAT'S IT! SIR ELLERY JUST SLIPPED OUT OF EVERYBODY'S LIFE ABOUT THREE YEARS BACK! NOBODY THOUGHT ANYTHING ABOUT HIS THREAT... AND HE NEVER DID ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
WELL, HE SURE IS NOW!


IT MUST HAVE COST HIM MILLIONS TO SET UP AN UNDERWATER OPERATION LIKE THAT! JUST IMAGINE ...HE CAN'T SAFARI ON LAND ANY LONGER, SO NOW HE'S TRACKING IN THE DEPTHS!
YES...BUT WHAT IS HE TRACKING FOR, LEE? THAT IS THE QUESTION!


AND AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT A WINDING COLUMN OF MEN CLIMBS AN UNDERWATER RISE...

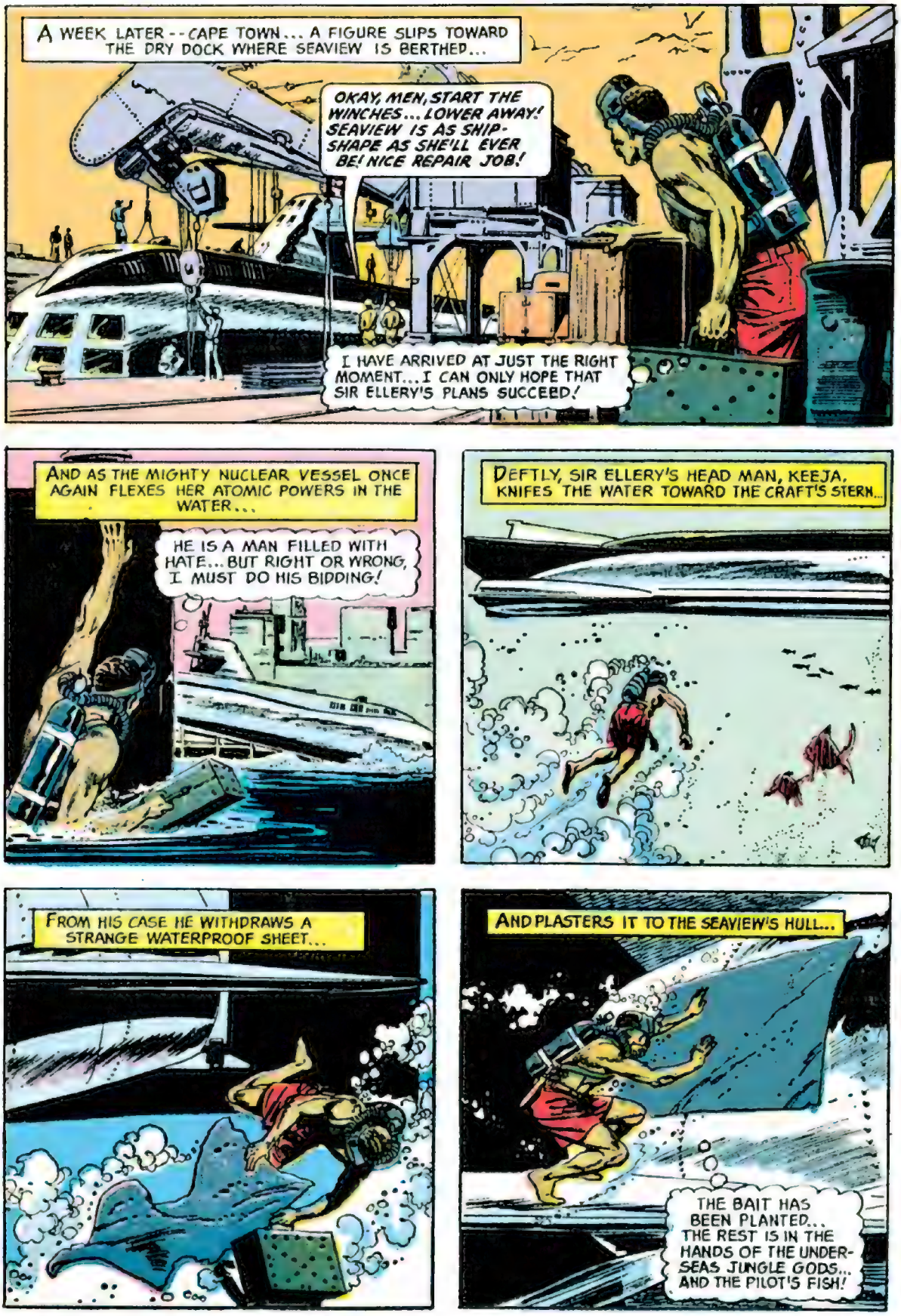

ON A TINY ATOLL, SIR ELLERY BARRETT BRINGS HIS NATIVE BEARERS INTO A BIZARRE MID-OCEAN HUNTING CAMP...
DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED, MEN... THE HUNT IS NOT OVER!

SOON THE PREY WILL BE IN OUR BAG, KEEJA! I CAN TELL *EXACTLY* WHERE OUR ANIMAL WILL GO NOW...

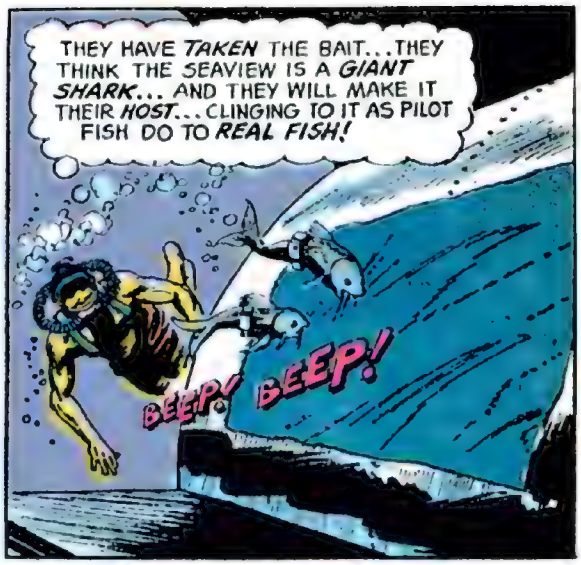
WE HAVE WOUNDED THE GREAT BEAST DEEPLY... IT MUST RETIRE DEEP INTO THE BUSH TO *HEAL* ITS WOUNDS! AND DO YOU KNOW WHERE THAT PLACE IS, KEEJA?... *HERE*... THE REPAIR DOCKS AT *CAPE TOWN!*
YES, SIR ELLERY!

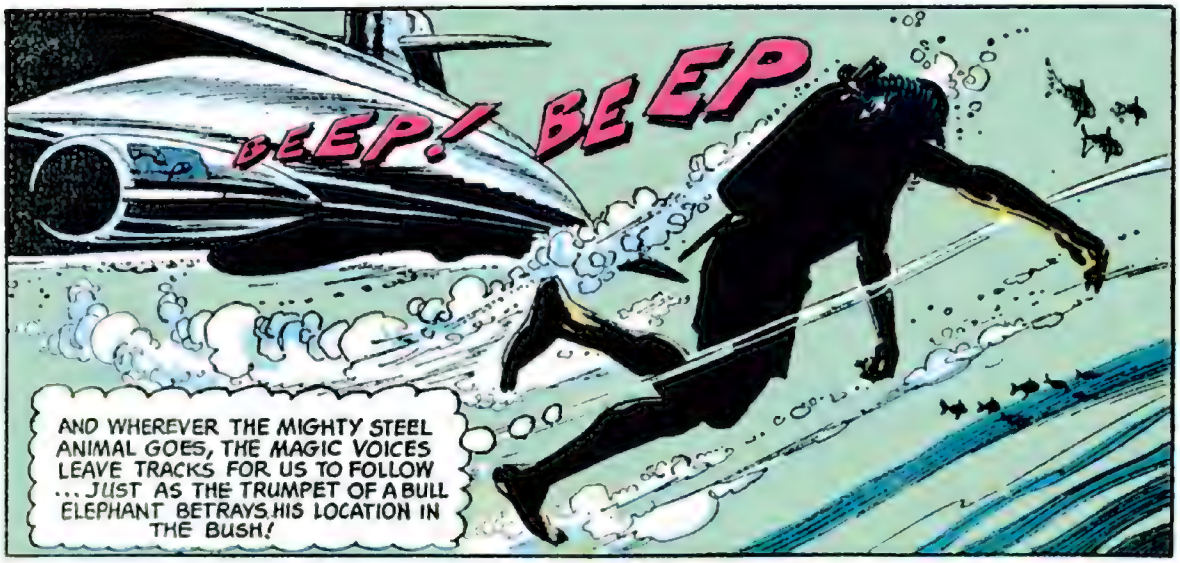
AND WHEN IT *LEAVES* WE SHALL FOLLOW AND *DESTROY* THE BEAST FOREVER... AND WITH IT *ADMIRAL HARRIMAN NELSON!*

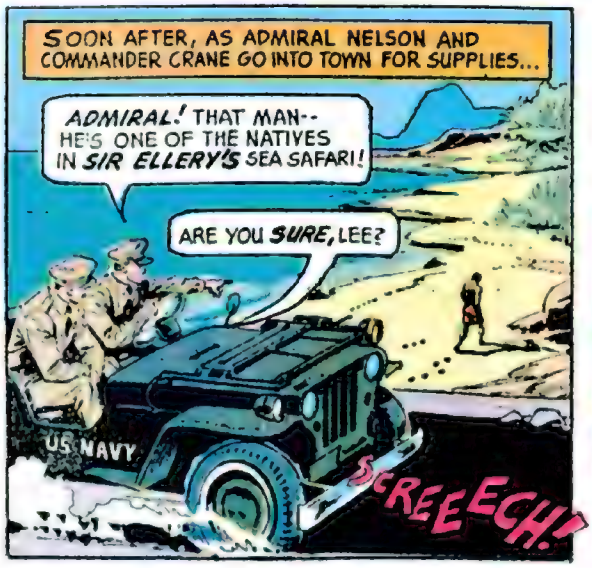
NELSON! THE TRAITOR WHO REVEALED MY *ONE DAY OF WEAKNESS* TO THE WORLD AND DROVE ME FROM THE VELDT I LOVE! HOW DEARLY I WILL MAKE HIM PAY FOR THAT!


A WEEK LATER--CAPE TOWN... A FIGURE SLIPS TOWARD THE DRY DOCK WHERE SEAVIEW IS BERTHED...
OKAY, MEN, START THE WINCHES... LOWER AWAY! SEAVIEW IS AS SHIP-SHAPE AS SHE'LL EVER BE! NICE REPAIR JOB!
I HAVE ARRIVED AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT... I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT SIR ELLERY'S PLANS SUCCEED!
AND AS THE MIGHTY NUCLEAR VESSEL ONCE AGAIN FLEXES HER ATOMIC POWERS IN THE WATER...
HE IS A MAN FILLED WITH HATE... BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, I MUST DO HIS BIDDING!
DEFTLY, SIR ELLERY'S HEAD MAN, KEEJA, KNIFES THE WATER TOWARD THE CRAFT'S STERN...
FROM HIS CASE HE WITHDRAWS A STRANGE WATERPROOF SHEET...
AND PLASTERS IT TO THE SEAVIEW'S HULL...
THE BAIT HAS BEEN PLANTED... THE REST IS IN THE HANDS OF THE UNDER-SEAS JUNGLE GODS... AND THE PILOT'S FISH!

THEN...
IF MY MASTER'S SYNTHETIC SHARK SKIN WORKS, THE PILOT FISH WILL ATTACH THEMSELVES TO IT...


THEY HAVE TAKEN THE BAIT...THEY THINK THE SEAVIEW IS A GIANT SHARK... AND THEY WILL MAKE IT THEIR HOST...CLINGING TO IT AS PILOT FISH DO TO REAL FISH!
BEEP! BEEP!


BEEP! BEEP
AND WHEREVER THE MIGHTY STEEL ANIMAL GOES, THE MAGIC VOICES LEAVE TRACKS FOR US TO FOLLOW ...JUST AS THE TRUMPET OF A BULL ELEPHANT BETRAYS HIS LOCATION IN THE BUSH!

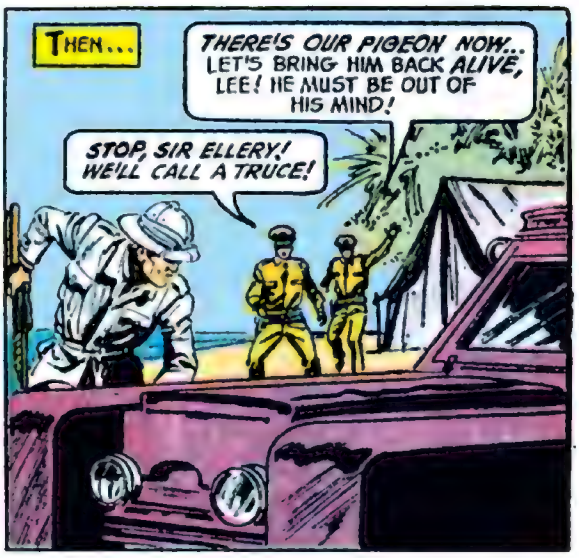

SOON AFTER, AS ADMIRAL NELSON AND COMMANDER CRANE GO INTO TOWN FOR SUPPLIES...
ADMIRAL! THAT MAN-- HE'S ONE OF THE NATIVES IN SIR ELLERY'S SEA SAFARI!
ARE YOU SURE, LEE?
US NAVY
SCREEECH!

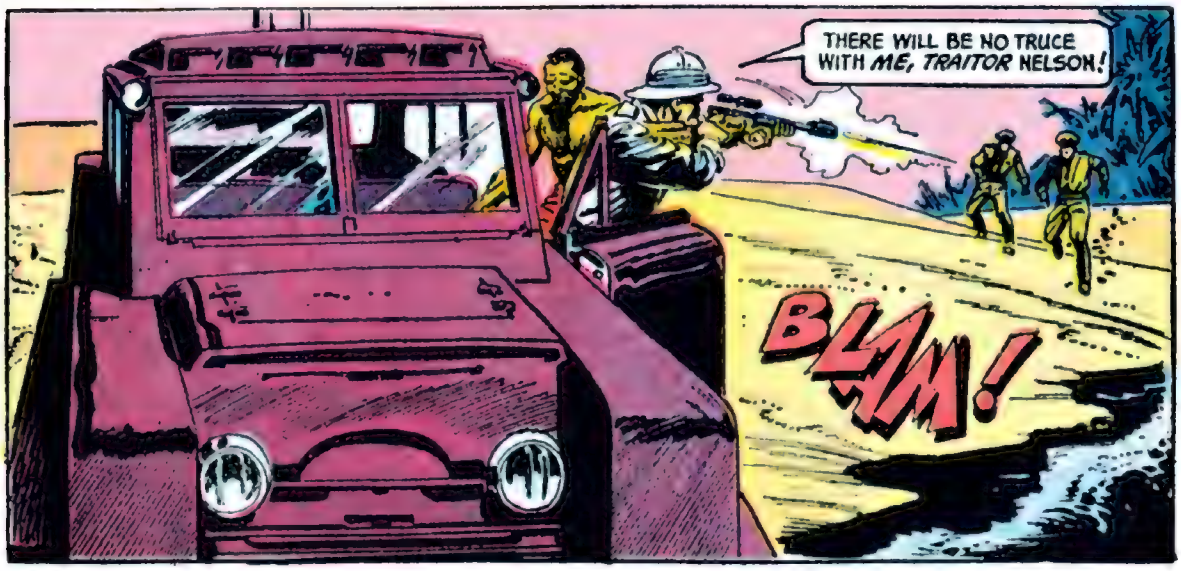
CERTAINLY! HE WAS THE GUN BEARER WHO HANDED HIM HIS WEAPON!
CAREFUL...DON'T LET HIM SEE US! WE MAY NIP THIS WHOLE INSANE OPERATION IN THE BUD IF HE LEADS US TO SIR ELLERY!

SHORTLY...
A SAFARI CAMP...PITCHED RIGHT OUTSIDE TOWN IN THAT HIDDEN WOODLAND! AND TEN TO ONE ELLERY'S THERE! LET'S GO!

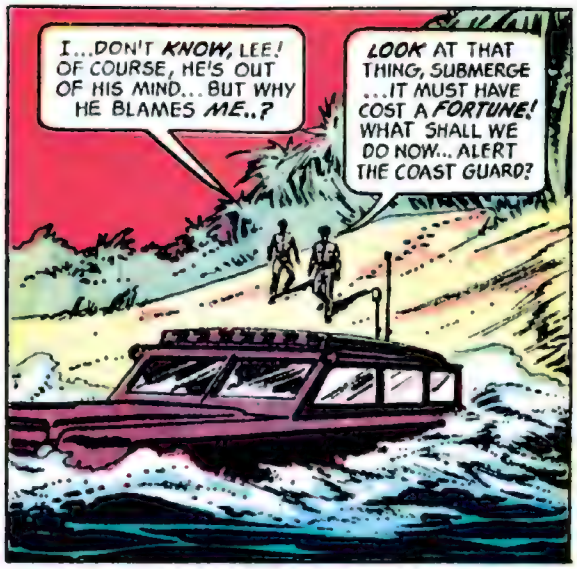
BUT AS THE PAIR CREEPS FORWARD...
GUARDS!
ZIP!
ZIP!

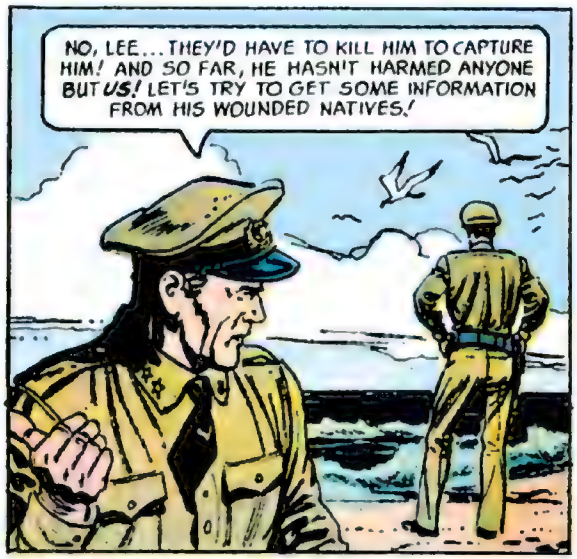
DON'T SHOOT TO KILL, LEE... JUST KNOCK THEM OUT OF ACTION! SIR ELLERY'S PROBABLY GOT THEM HYPNOTIZED INTO FOLLOWING HIS COMMANDS!
BAM! BAM!


THEN...
THERE'S OUR PIGEON NOW... LET'S BRING HIM BACK ALIVE, LEE! HE MUST BE OUT OF HIS MIND!
STOP, SIR ELLERY! WE'LL CALL A TRUCE!


THERE WILL BE NO TRUCE WITH ME, TRAITOR NELSON!
BLAM!

YOUR BETRAYAL FORCED ME FROM THE JUNGLES INTO THE SEAS, NELSON... BUT I AM STILL THE BEST WHITE HUNTER ALIVE! AND YOU SHALL SOON KNOW IT... TURNCOAT!
WH-WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, ADMIRAL?


I...DON'T KNOW, LEE! OF COURSE, HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND... BUT WHY HE BLAMES ME..?
LOOK AT THAT THING, SUBMERGE ...IT MUST HAVE COST A FORTUNE! WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW... ALERT THE COAST GUARD?

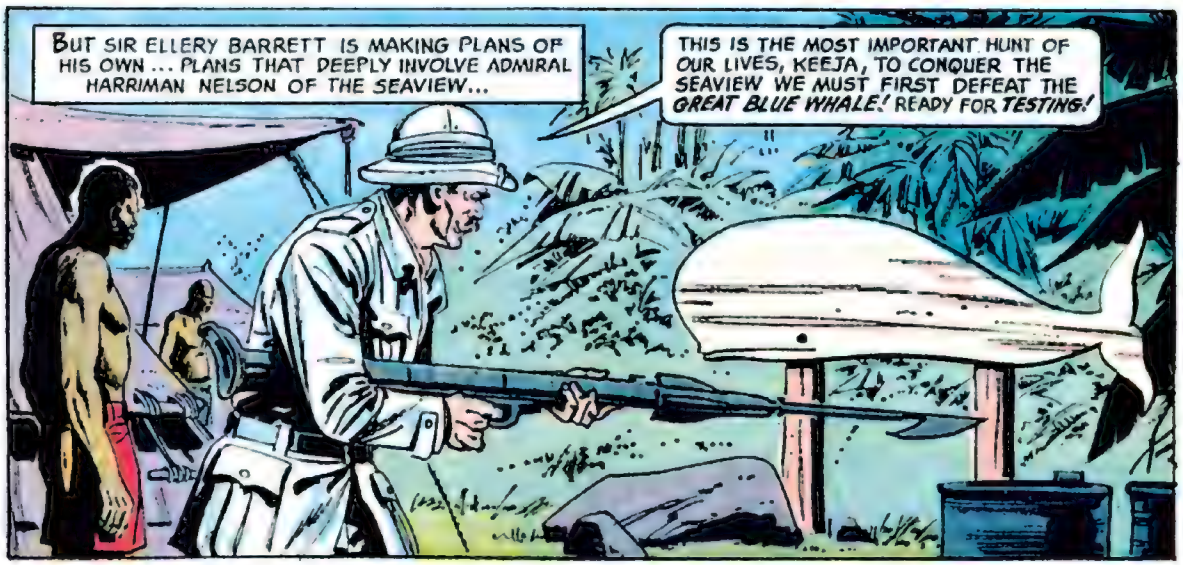

NO, LEE... THEY'D HAVE TO KILL HIM TO CAPTURE HIM! AND SO FAR, HE HASN'T HARMED ANYONE BUT US! LET'S TRY TO GET SOME INFORMATION FROM HIS WOUNDED NATIVES!

BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE FALLEN NATIVES...
DEAD... BY THEIR OWN HANDS!
HE'S GOT A TERRIBLE HOLD ON THESE PEOPLE... LET'S CHECK IN TOWN AND SEE IF WE CAN GET A LEAD ON SIR ELLERY'S ACTIONS!

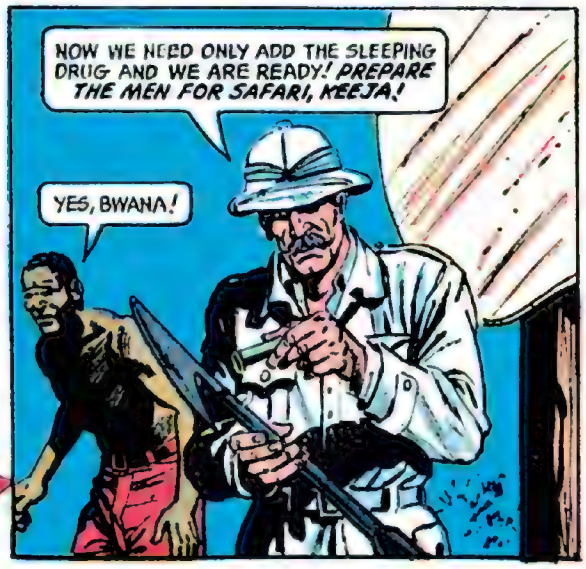
LATER, AT THE WHITE HUNTERS' CLUB IN TOWN...
SIR ELLERY! YES, INDEED, I KNOW WHAT HE'S BEEN UP TO! HE'S NO LONGER A MEMBER, OF COURSE... BUT HE MADE A GOOD THING OF IT IN DIAMONDS! FOUND HIMSELF A MINE UP THE COAST!
SO THAT'S WHERE HIS MONEY IS COMING FROM! THANK YOU, SIR!

SOON AFTER, AT CAPETOWN MARINE SUPPLIES...
SIR ELLERY WANTED ONLY THE LATEST AND BEST EQUIPMENT! I SOLD HIM OVER A HALF MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH A YEAR AGO! HE PICKED IT UP BY BOAT AND JUST VANISHED!
THANKS!

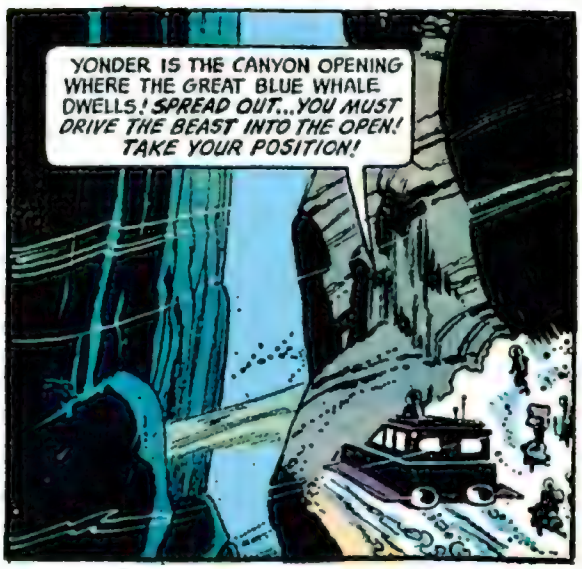
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, ADMIRAL? DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S GOT SOME HIDDEN CAMP ON THE OCEAN FLOOR?
PROBABLY! BUT LET'S FINISH OUR OWN BUSINESS IN CONGO CANYON! AFTERWARD, WE'LL TRY TO RUN THIS NIGHTMARE DOWN!


BUT SIR ELLERY BARRETT IS MAKING PLANS OF HIS OWN ... PLANS THAT DEEPLY INVOLVE ADMIRAL HARRIMAN NELSON OF THE SEAVIEW...
THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT HUNT OF OUR LIVES, KEEJA, TO CONQUER THE SEAVIEW WE MUST FIRST DEFEAT THE GREAT BLUE WHALE! READY FOR TESTING!

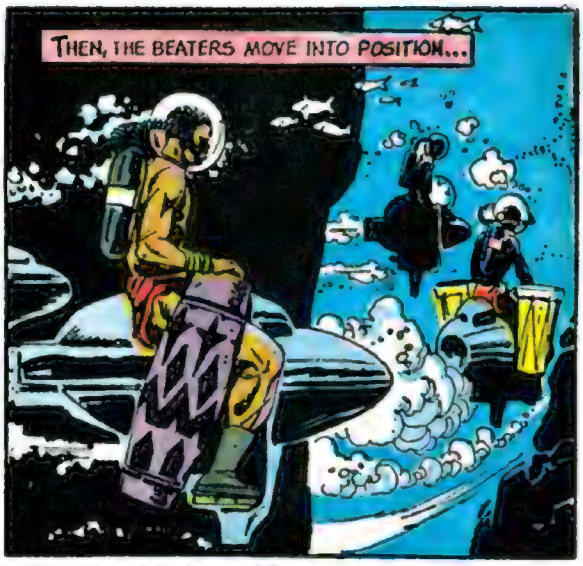
A JET BLAST ROCKETS THE HARPOON THROUGH THE AIR AND...
EXCELLENT! A PERFECT BULL'S-EYE! THE WEAPON IS FIRING TRUE!
FOOOOSH
THWAMP!


NOW WE NEED ONLY ADD THE SLEEPING DRUG AND WE ARE READY! PREPARE THE MEN FOR SAFARI, KEEJA!
YES, BWANA!

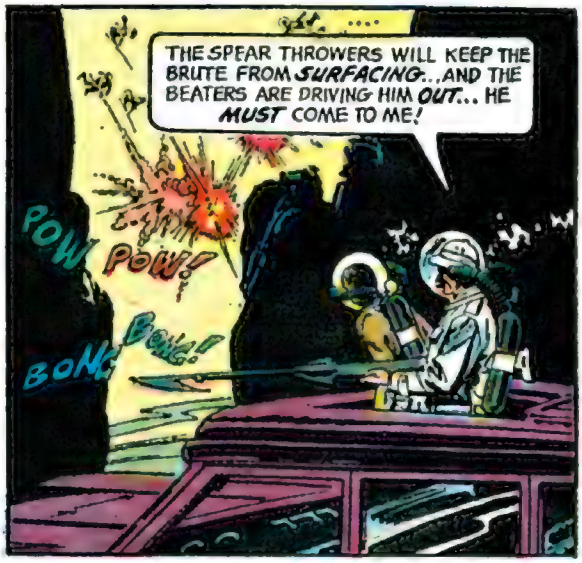
AND SO, SIR ELLERY'S INCREDIBLE UNDERSEAS SAFARI STARTS OFF INTO THE OCEAN DEEP!... SOMEWHERE, OUT IN THE VAST REACHES OF THE SEA FLOOR BEFORE HIM, HIS PRIZE GAME AWAITS *THE GREAT BLUE WHALE!* BUT HOW DOES THIS FANTASTIC SAFARI AFFECT THE *SEAVIEW?*... AND *ADMIRAL NELSON?*



THE NATIVE HUNTERS SCAMPER UP THE CANYON WALLS...THEIR EXPLOSIVE SPEARS POISED...


THEN, THE BEATERS MOVE INTO POSITION...

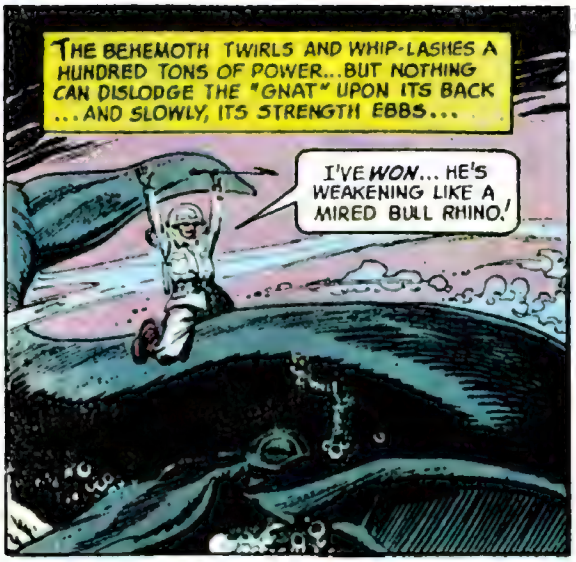
FINALLY ALL IS READY, THE BEATERS LEAP INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE CANYON THUMPING THEIR GONGS... A MASSIVE FORM MOVES...
BONG
BONG
BONG


THE SPEAR THROWERS WILL KEEP THE BRUTE FROM SURFACING...AND THE BEATERS ARE DRIVING HIM OUT... HE MUST COME TO ME!
POW
POW!
BONG
BONG!

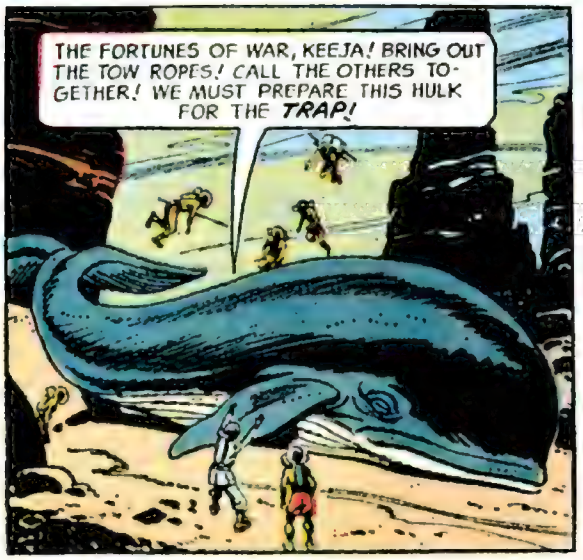
SUDDENLY, A MONSTROUS FORM SURGES FROM THE CANYON MOUTH...
HE COMES! SLEEP, ACCURSED WHALE!

THE DRUG-FILLED HARPOON BIT SLAMS INTO THE WHALE'S SIDE... AND AS THE CHARGE EXPLODES WITHIN HIM, THE CREATURE IN ITS TORMENT LASHES THE OCEAN WORLD TO FOAM...
D-DON'T KILL IT! GIVE THE DRUG TIME TO TAKE EFFECT! WE MUST HAVE THE GREAT BLUE WHALE ALIVE!
BWANA! BWANA!

SLEEP, WHALE! SLEEP! I'VE TRAPPED A DOZEN LIONS... RUN TO GROUND THIRTY RHINOS... YOU SHALL NOT BEST ME WHEN I NEED YOUR HELP SO GREATLY! SLEEP!

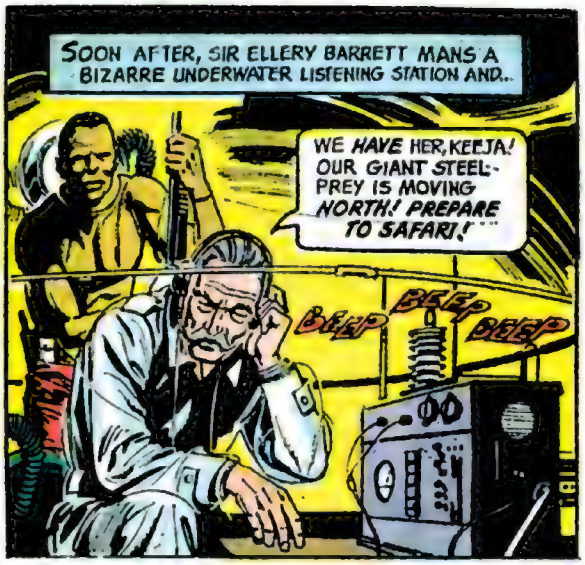

THE BEHEMOTH TWIRLS AND WHIP-LASHES A HUNDRED TONS OF POWER...BUT NOTHING CAN DISLODGE THE "GNAT" UPON ITS BACK ...AND SLOWLY, ITS STRENGTH EBBS...
I'VE WON... HE'S WEAKENING LIKE A MIRED BULL RHINO!

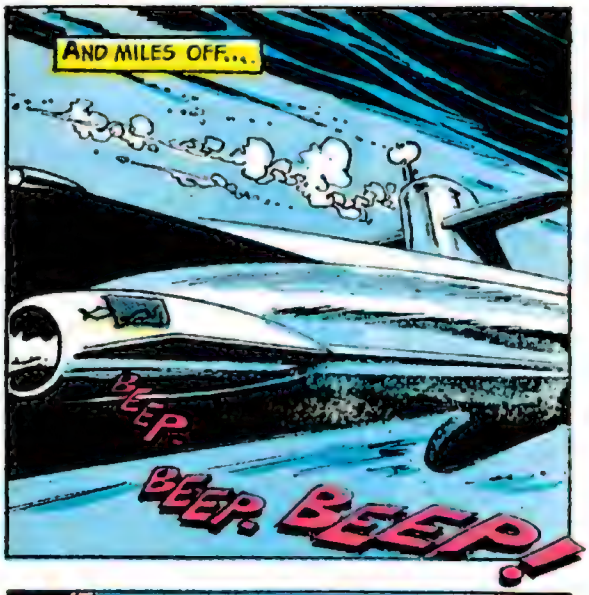
THEN, THE BATTLE IS OVER... SIR ELLERY IS THE VICTOR..
IT IS OVER, KEEJA...THE GREAT BLUE WHALE IS OURS!
IT IS A MIRACLE, BWANA... BUT OUR CAMP IS WRECKED... WE HAVE LOST A DOZEN MEN!

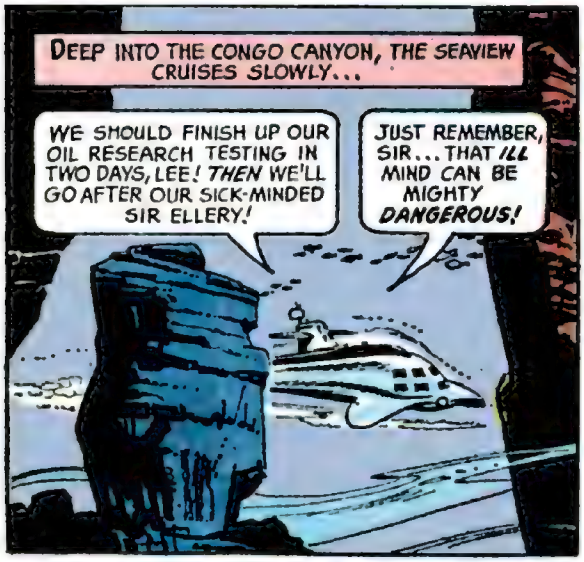

THE FORTUNES OF WAR, KEEJA! BRING OUT THE TOW ROPES! CALL THE OTHERS TOGETHER! WE MUST PREPARE THIS HULK FOR THE TRAP!

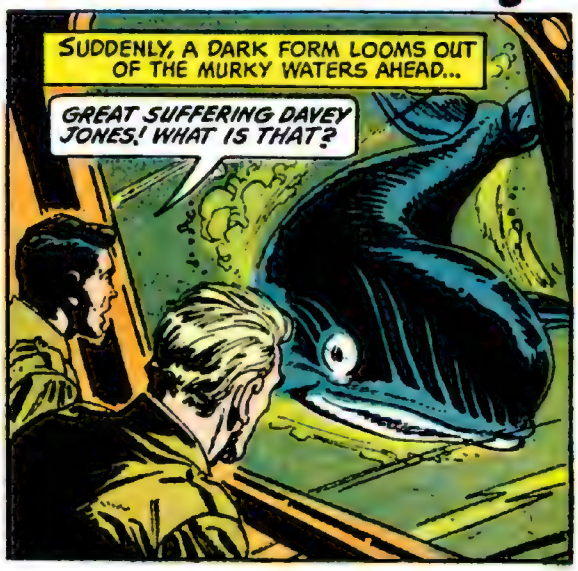
THE WHALE SHALL BE LIKE THE GOAT THAT LURES THE LION TO ITS DOOM! WE SHALL KEEP IT SLEEPING UNTIL THE RIGHT TIME, KEEJA...AND THEN...

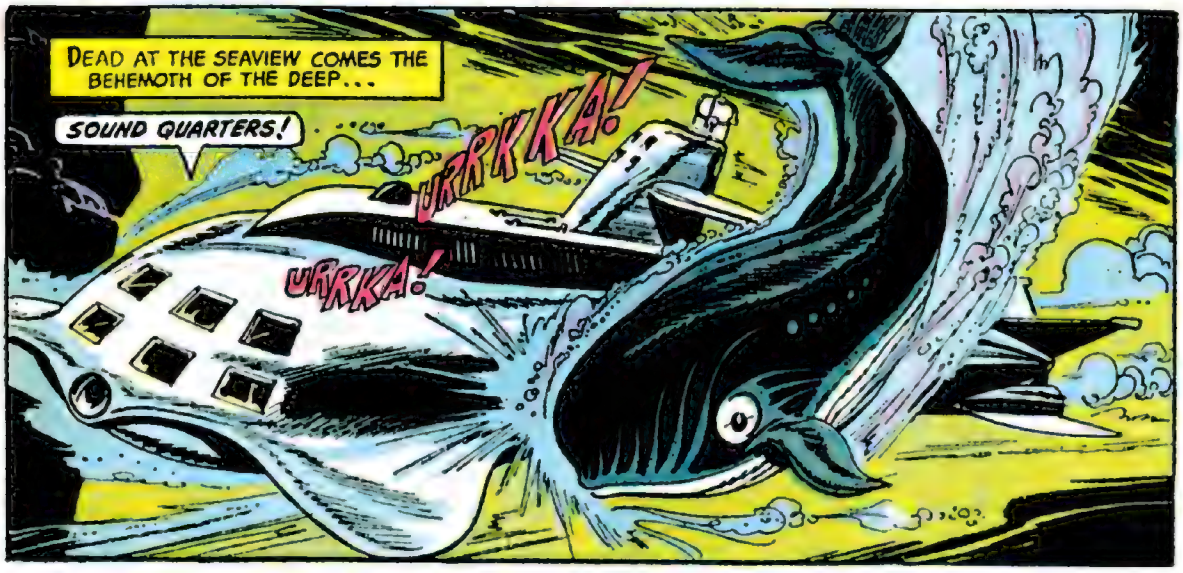
...IT SHALL LURE ADMIRAL NELSON TO CERTAIN DESTRUCTION!


SOON AFTER, SIR ELLERY BARRETT MANS A BIZARRE UNDERWATER LISTENING STATION AND..
WE HAVE HER, KEEJA! OUR GIANT STEEL-PREY IS MOVING NORTH! PREPARE TO SAFARI!
BEEP BEEP BEEP


AND MILES OFF...
BEEP.
BEEP. BEEP!


DEEP INTO THE CONGO CANYON, THE SEAVIEW CRUISES SLOWLY...
WE SHOULD FINISH UP OUR OIL RESEARCH TESTING IN TWO DAYS, LEE! THEN WE'LL GO AFTER OUR SICK-MINDED SIR ELLERY!
JUST REMEMBER, SIR... THAT ILL MIND CAN BE MIGHTY DANGEROUS!


SUDDENLY, A DARK FORM LOOMS OUT OF THE MURKY WATERS AHEAD...
GREAT SUFFERING DAVEY JONES! WHAT IS THAT?


DEAD AT THE SEAVIEW COMES THE BEHEMOTH OF THE DEEP...
SOUND QUARTERS!
URRKKA!
URRKA!

AT TOP SPEED, THE SEAVIEW PULLS ABREAST OF THE GROTESQUE CREATURE... AS DRUG-FILLED PROJECTILES ARE RELEASED, THE "UNKNOWN THING" DIVES TOWARD THE OCEAN FLOOR...

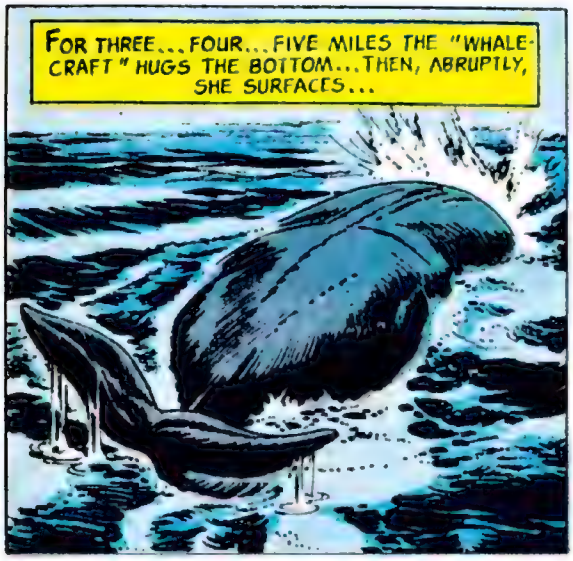
SWIISHH!

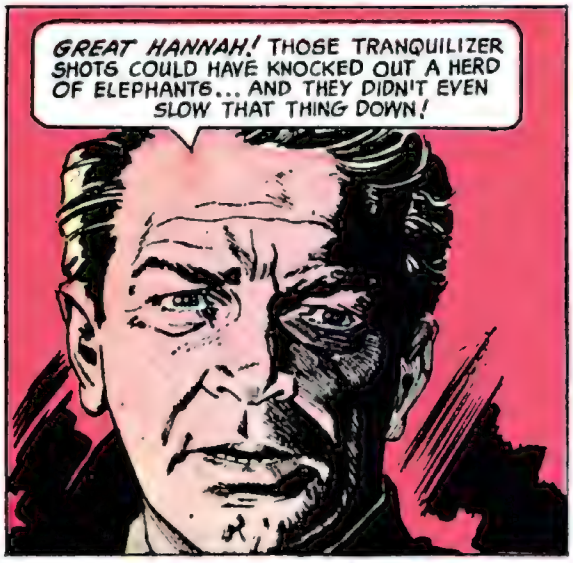
POW!

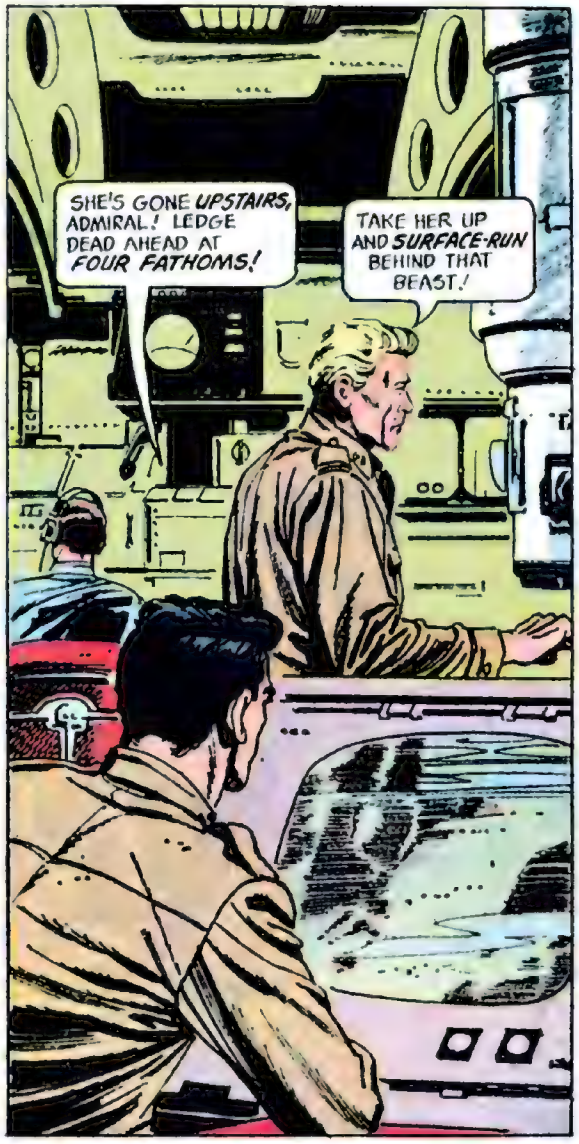
POW!

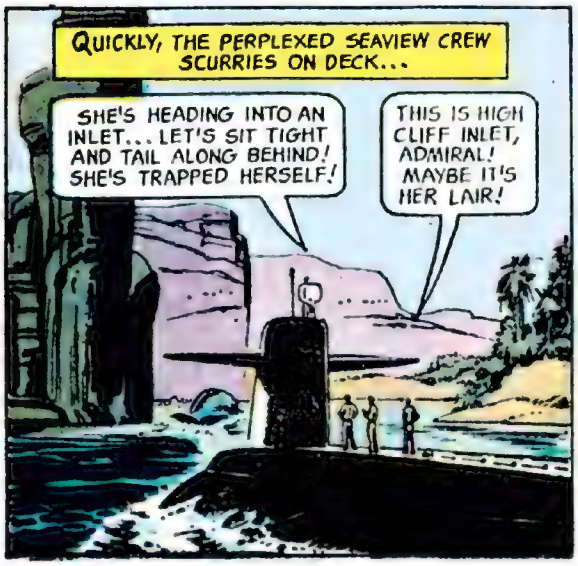
PERFECT, KEEJA! WE HAVE BAITED OUR QUARRY WELL! THEY ARE MOST INTENT UPON TAKING THIS UNIQUE CREATURE BACK ALIVE!

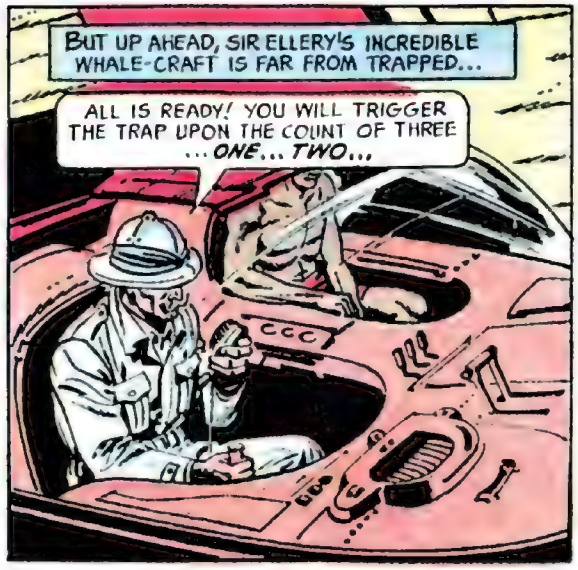
HEAD FOR HIGH CLIFF INLET TOP SPEED!

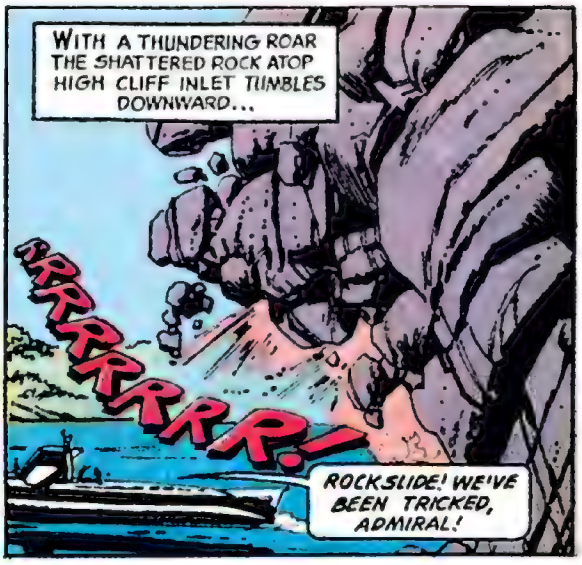

FOR THREE... FOUR... FIVE MILES THE "WHALE-CRAFT" HUGS THE BOTTOM... THEN, ABRUPTLY, SHE SURFACES...


GREAT HANNAH! THOSE TRANQUILIZER SHOTS COULD HAVE KNOCKED OUT A HERD OF ELEPHANTS... AND THEY DIDN'T EVEN SLOW THAT THING DOWN!


SHE'S GONE UPSTAIRS, ADMIRAL! LEDGE DEAD AHEAD AT FOUR FATHOMS!
TAKE HER UP AND SURFACE-RUN BEHIND THAT BEAST!

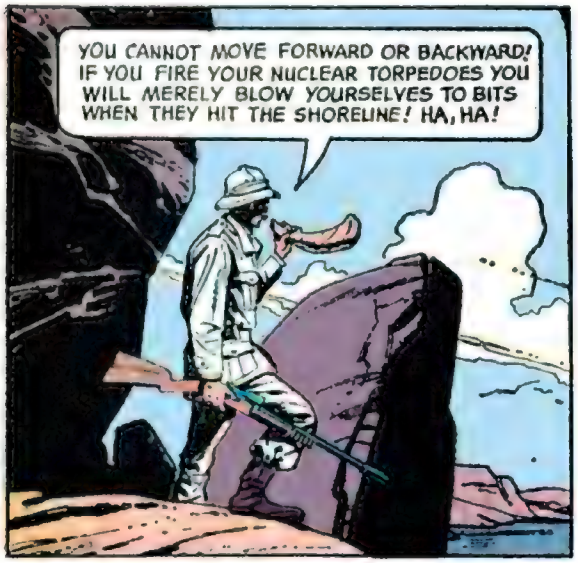

QUICKLY, THE PERPLEXED SEAVIEW CREW SCURRIES ON DECK...
SHE'S HEADING INTO AN INLET... LET'S SIT TIGHT AND TAIL ALONG BEHIND! SHE'S TRAPPED HERSELF!
THIS IS HIGH CLIFF INLET, ADMIRAL! MAYBE IT'S HER LAIR!


BUT UP AHEAD, SIR ELLERY'S INCREDIBLE WHALE-CRAFT IS FAR FROM TRAPPED...
ALL IS READY! YOU WILL TRIGGER THE TRAP UPON THE COUNT OF THREE ...ONE... TWO...



W-WE'RE BLOCKED OFF! THE SLIDE IS CLOSING THE INLET BEHIND US! ALL ENGINES OFF!

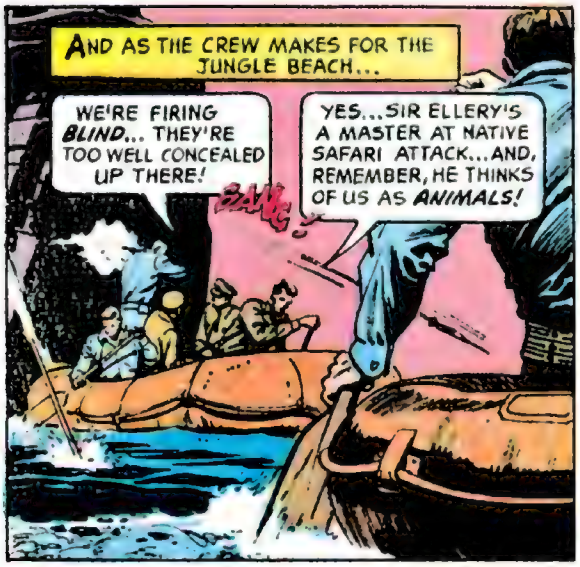
THEN...
NATIVE SPEARS! ALL HANDS BELOW DECK!
NO, LEE! THE SEAVIEW IS A SITTING DUCK AND OUR ATTACKERS HAVE EXPLOSIVES! GET THE CREW ON DECK WITH THEIR ARMS! BREAK OUT THE RUBBER DINGHIES!
SWIISH!
TWANG!


YOU CANNOT MOVE FORWARD OR BACKWARD! IF YOU FIRE YOUR NUCLEAR TORPEDOES YOU WILL MERELY BLOW YOURSELVES TO BITS WHEN THEY HIT THE SHORELINE! HA, HA!

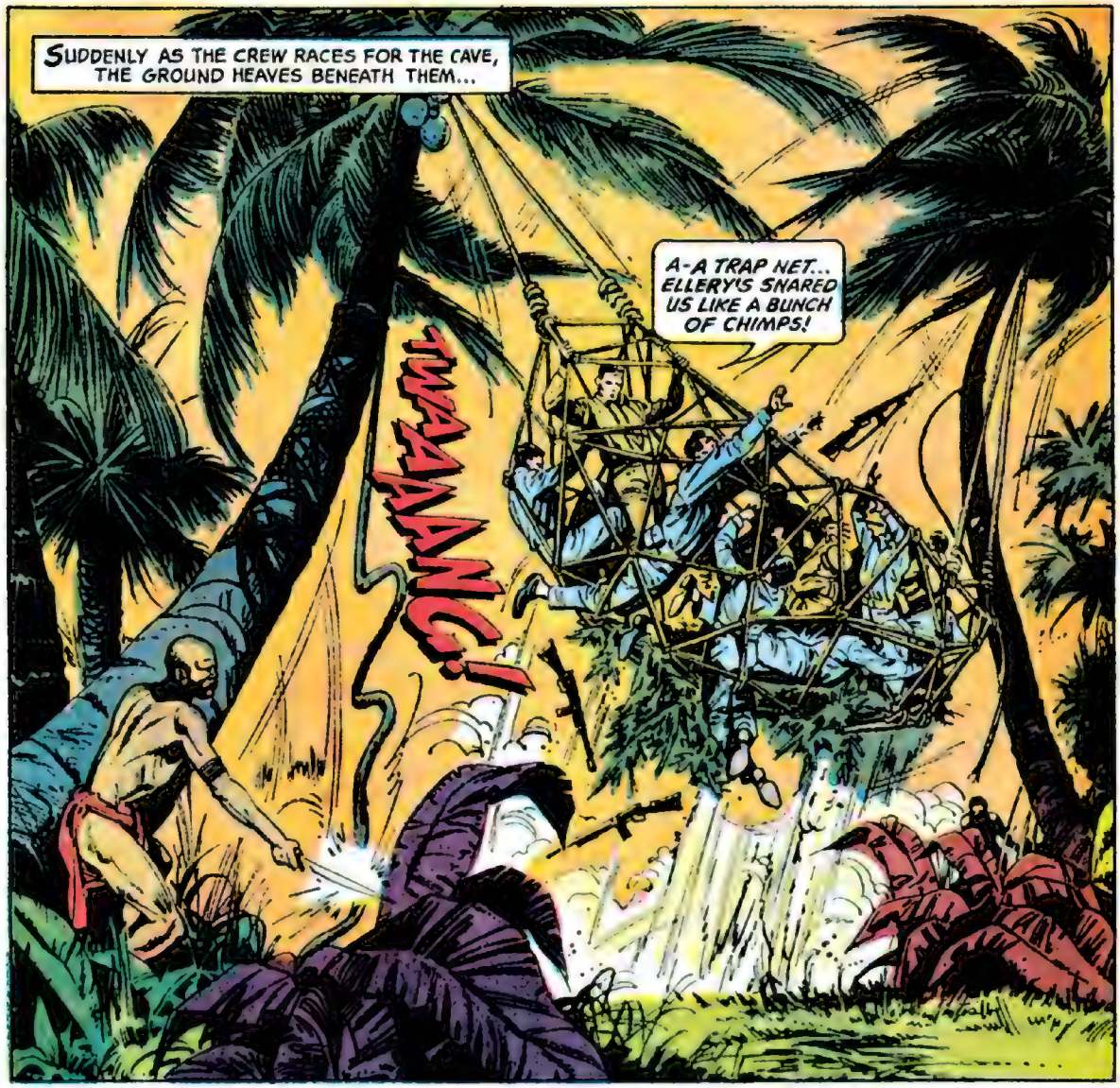
I HAVE TRACKED YOU DOWN, NELSON ...YOU ARE AN ANIMAL CAUGHT IN MY TRAP!
BLAM!

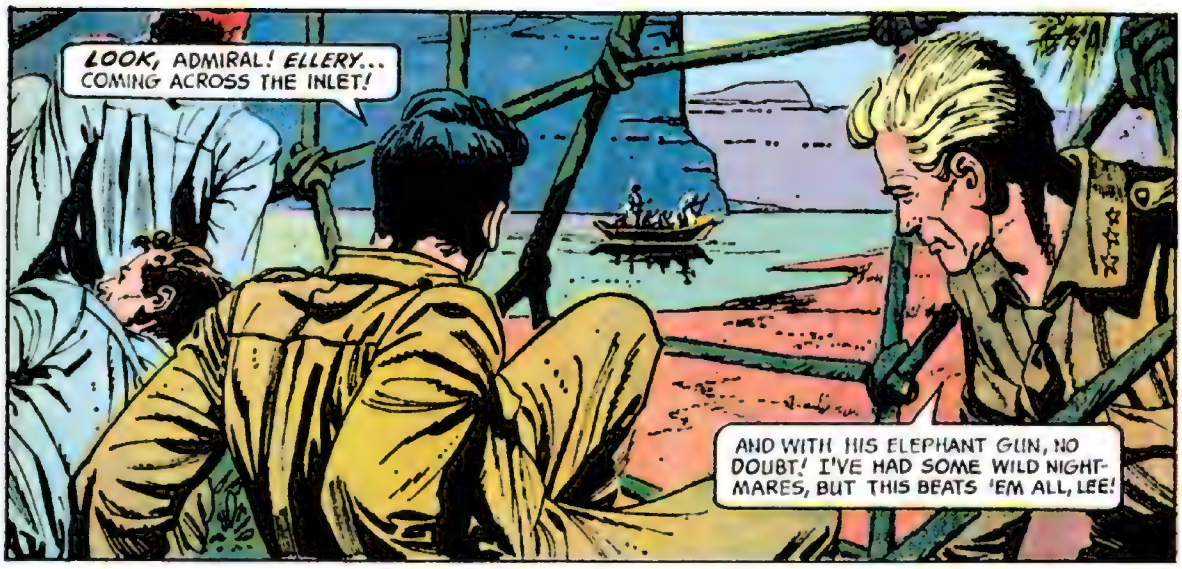
ABRUPTLY A VOICE BELLOWS DOWN FROM THE CLIFFSIDE...
YOU ARE DOOMED, ADMIRAL NELSON! ALL YOUR NUCLEAR MIGHT IS HELPLESS AGAINST MY JUNGLE CUNNING!
SIR ELLERY!

HE'S RIGHT, MEN! THAT CRACKPOT CAN DYNAMITE A HOLE IN THE SEAVIEW AND PICK US OFF LIKE FLIES! HIT THE BEACH!


AND AS THE CREW MAKES FOR THE JUNGLE BEACH...
WE'RE FIRING BLIND... THEY'RE TOO WELL CONCEALED UP THERE!
BANG!
YES...SIR ELLERY'S A MASTER AT NATIVE SAFARI ATTACK...AND, REMEMBER, HE THINKS OF US AS ANIMALS!

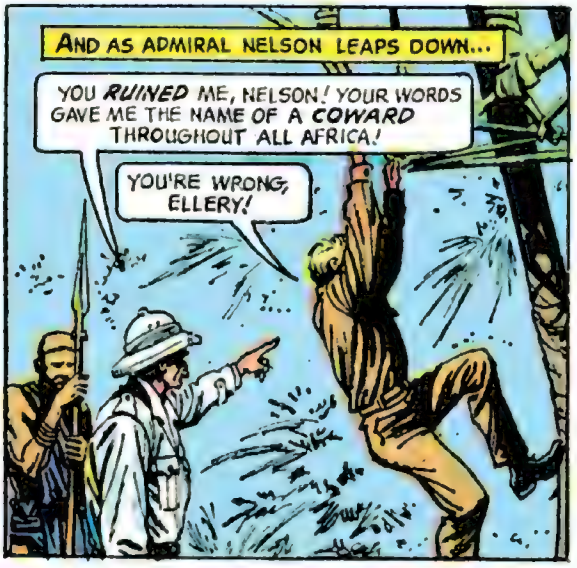
HEAD FOR THAT CAVE IN THE OPEN AREA BETWEEN THE TREES... IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WE CAN TAKE SHELTER TO PLAN A COUNTERATTACK!


SUDDENLY AS THE CREW RACES FOR THE CAVE, THE GROUND HEAVES BENEATH THEM...
A-A TRAP NET... ELLERY'S SNARED US LIKE A BUNCH OF CHIMPS!
TWAAAANG!!

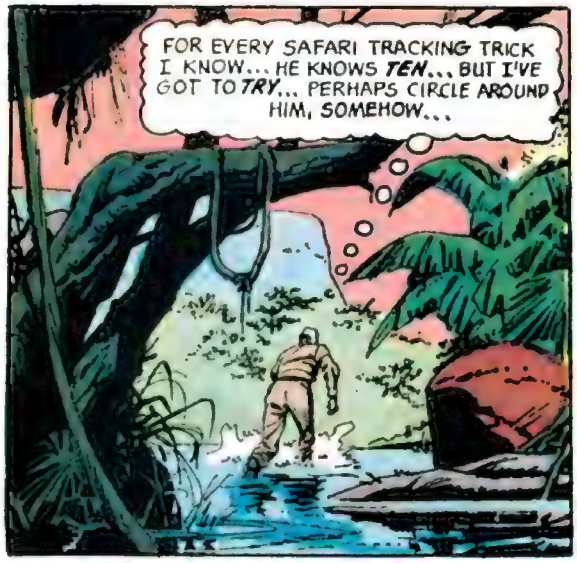

LOOK, ADMIRAL! ELLERY... COMING ACROSS THE INLET!
AND WITH HIS ELEPHANT GUN, NO DOUBT! I'VE HAD SOME WILD NIGHT-MARES, BUT THIS BEATS 'EM ALL, LEE!

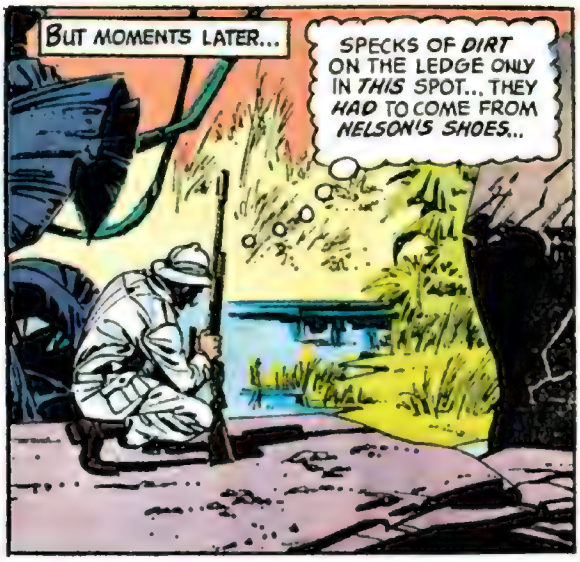
WHAT A FINE CATCH YOU MAKE! AH, NELSON, I HAVE WAITED A LONG TIME TO TRAP YOU! MY SAFARI HAS NEARLY ENDED!
SIR ELLERY! YOU'RE SICK... THIS IS COMPLETE MADNESS! YOU WERE A MAN OF HONOR ONCE! HOW CAN YOU KILL LIKE THIS?

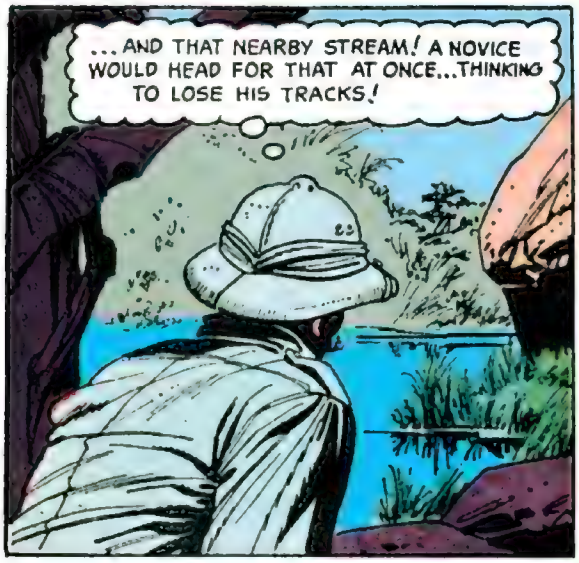
KILL? DO NOT BE ABSURD, NELSON! I AM A HUNTER... I PLAY THE GAME CORRECTLY! GET OUT OF THE NET!


AND AS ADMIRAL NELSON LEAPS DOWN...
YOU RUINED ME, NELSON! YOUR WORDS GAVE ME THE NAME OF A COWARD THROUGHOUT ALL AFRICA!
YOU'RE WRONG, ELLERY!

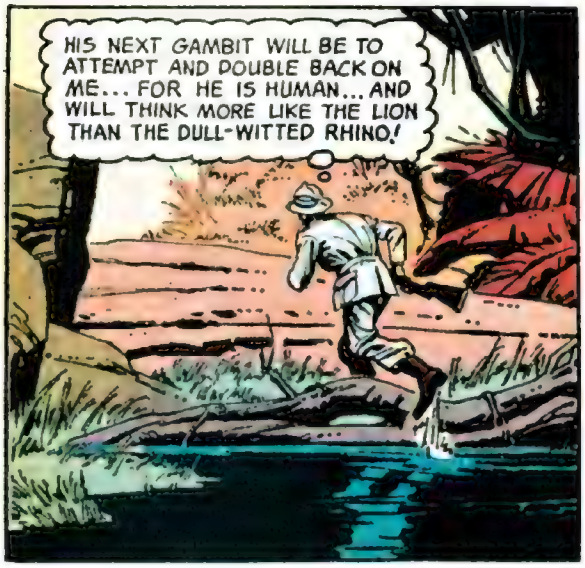
THE NATIVES CARRIED WORD OF YOUR, SHALL WE SAY, WEAKNESS, BACK TO KENYA!
YOU LIE! ONLY YOU COULD KNOW THAT ELEPHANT STOLE MY COURAGE AT THE LAST MOMENT! IT WAS BEFORE YOU THAT I CRINGED IN FEAR!
HEAD INTO THE JUNGLE, NELSON! IN FIVE MINUTES I AM COMING AFTER YOU ON THE HUNT... AND THIS TIME I SHALL NOT FAIL TO MAKE THE KILL!
ADMIRAL! DON'T GO... THIS LUNATIC CAN'T KILL US ALL! WE'LL...
BACK! STAY BACK, LEE! YOU CAN'T REASON WITH AN EGO-MANIAC WHOSE PRIDE HAS BEEN SMASHED! LET HIM HAVE HIS...HUNT!
THIS WILL BE MY LAST SAFARI ON LAND, NELSON...ONCE I HAVE VANQUISHED YOU I WILL NEVER HUNT AGAIN! BUT, REMEMBER, I WILL HAVE DOWNED THE GREATEST GAME OF ALL...MAN!
DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE FOLIAGE ADMIRAL NELSON RACES...
THE CLEVEREST WHITE HUNTER OF ALL TIME ON MY TRAIL...HE CAN TRACK A WATER BUFFALO BY OBSERVING ONE CRUSHED FROND...


FOR EVERY SAFARI TRACKING TRICK I KNOW... HE KNOWS TEN... BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY... PERHAPS CIRCLE AROUND HIM, SOMEHOW...


BUT MOMENTS LATER...
SPECKS OF DIRT ON THE LEDGE ONLY IN THIS SPOT... THEY HAD TO COME FROM NELSON'S SHOES...


...AND THAT NEARBY STREAM! A NOVICE WOULD HEAD FOR THAT AT ONCE...THINKING TO LOSE HIS TRACKS!

AND SHORTLY...
THE FOOL! HE EXPECTED TO LOSE ME BY SWINGING HIMSELF OUT OF THE STREAM ON A BRANCH ...SO THAT I COULDN'T FOLLOW HIS WET TRACKS!

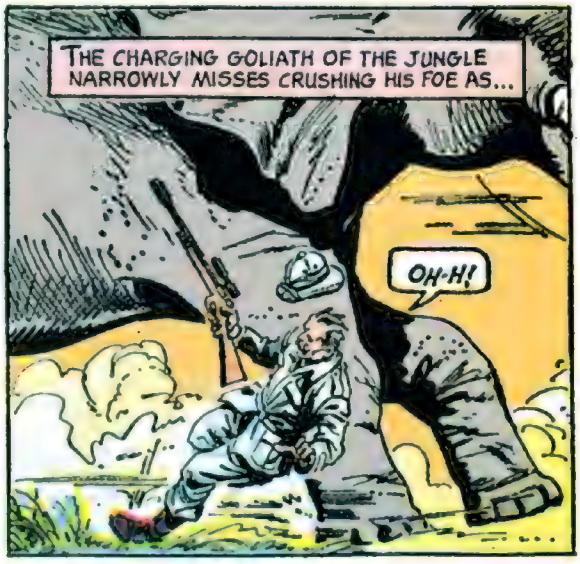

HIS NEXT GAMBIT WILL BE TO ATTEMPT AND DOUBLE BACK ON ME... FOR HE IS HUMAN... AND WILL THINK MORE LIKE THE LION THAN THE DULL-WITTED RHINO!

FINALLY...
ADMIRAL HARRIMAN NELSON... YOU ARE A DEAD QUARRY!

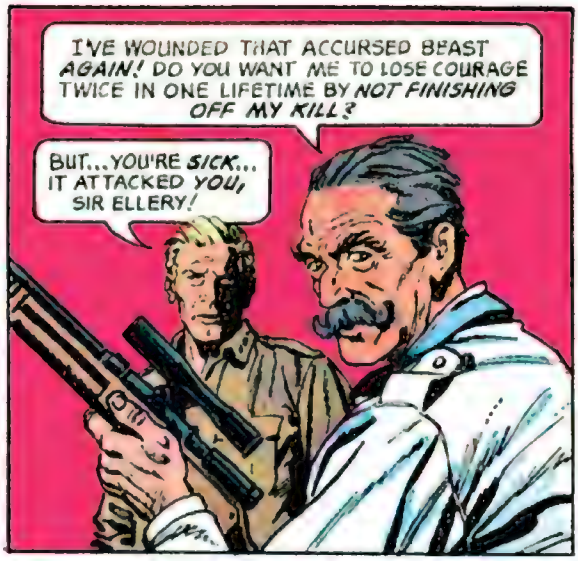
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN THINK, MAN! YOU'RE NOT CLEARING YOUR NAME... YOU'RE BECOMING A MURDERER!
YOU MURDERED MY NAME, NELSON...

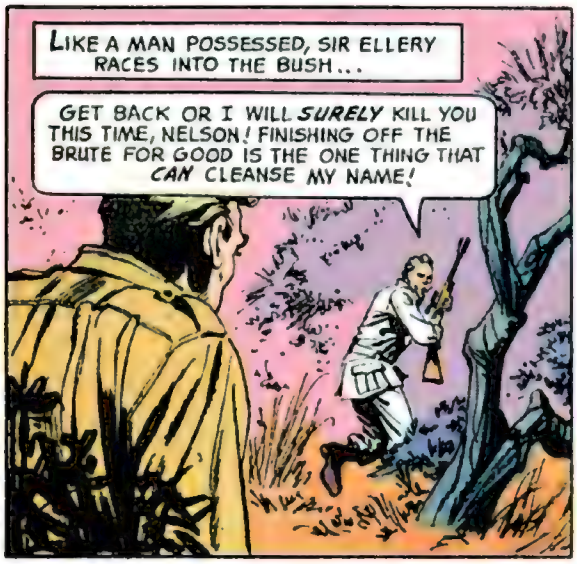
SUDDENLY...
BULL ELEPHANT!

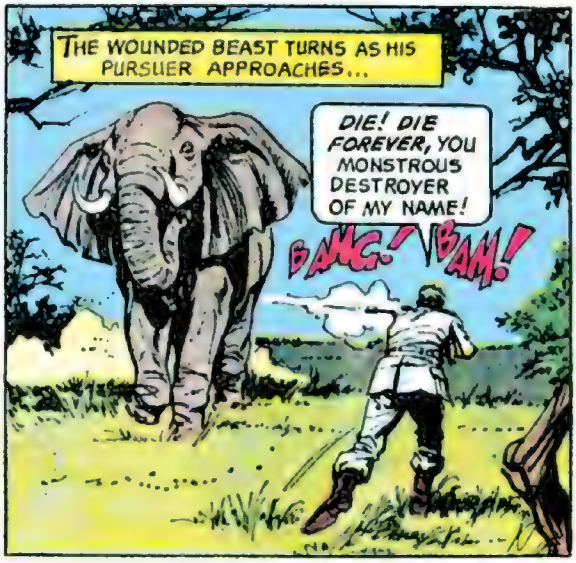
AND AS THE RED BEADY EYES OF THE WILD ELEPHANT FLAME AT SIR ELLERY...
BAM!
BAM!
LOOK OUT, SIR ELLERY!
TH-THE SCAR TISSUE ON HIS HEAD! IT'S HIM! IT'S THE SAME BULL ELEPHANT I WOUNDED YEARS BACK!

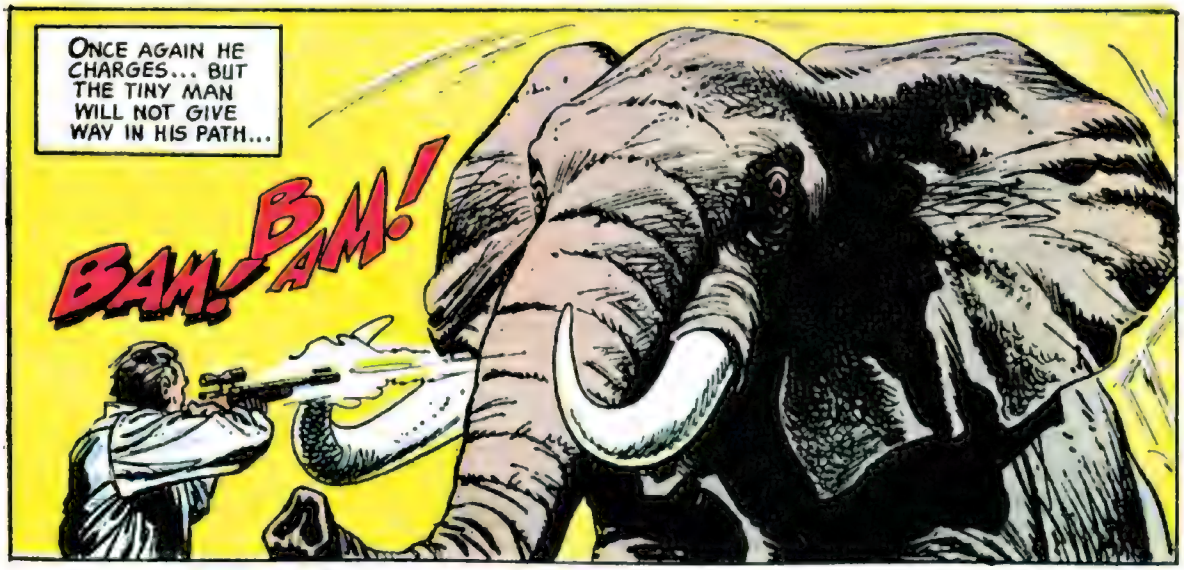

THE CHARGING GOLIATH OF THE JUNGLE NARROWLY MISSES CRUSHING HIS FOE AS...
OH-H!

ALL RIGHT, ELLERY, YOU'VE HAD IT! NOW LET ME TAKE YOU BACK PEACEFULLY! THE ELEPHANT HAS GONE!
PEACEFULLY! H-HOW CAN I EVER BE PEACEFUL, YOU FOOL!


I'VE WOUNDED THAT ACCURSED BEAST AGAIN! DO YOU WANT ME TO LOSE COURAGE TWICE IN ONE LIFETIME BY NOT FINISHING OFF MY KILL?
BUT...YOU'RE SICK... IT ATTACKED YOU, SIR ELLERY!


LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, SIR ELLERY RACES INTO THE BUSH...
GET BACK OR I WILL SURELY KILL YOU THIS TIME, NELSON! FINISHING OFF THE BRUTE FOR GOOD IS THE ONE THING THAT CAN CLEANSE MY NAME!

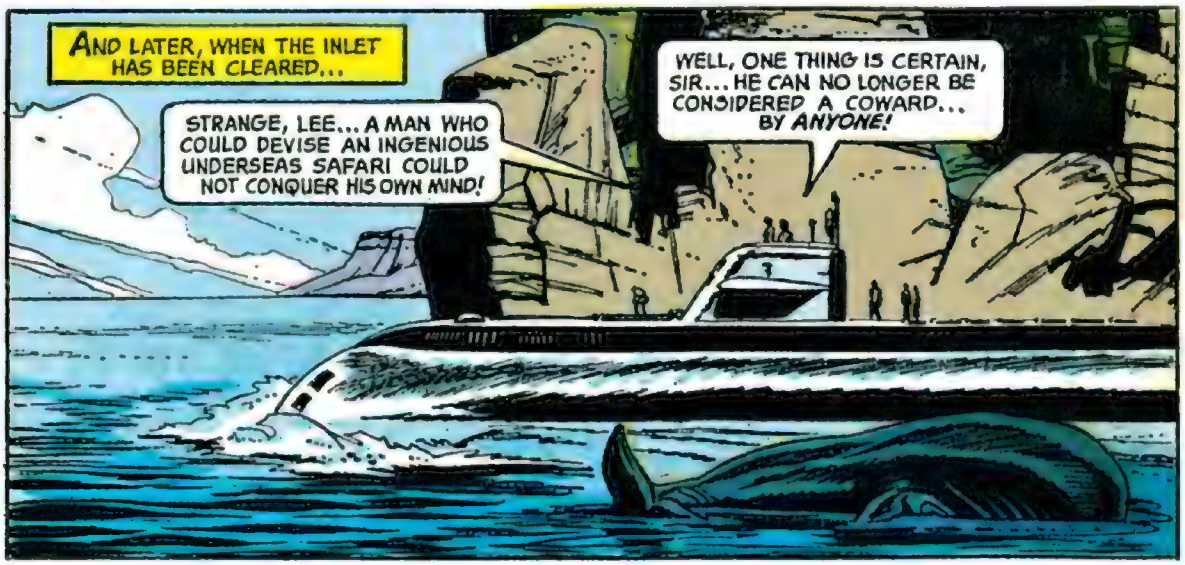

THE WOUNDED BEAST TURNS AS HIS PURSUER APPROACHES...
DIE! DIE FOREVER, YOU MONSTROUS DESTROYER OF MY NAME!
BANG! BAM!


ONCE AGAIN HE CHARGES... BUT THE TINY MAN WILL NOT GIVE WAY IN HIS PATH...
BAM! BAM!

THEN...IT IS OVER...
YAAAGH!
URRROOUGH!

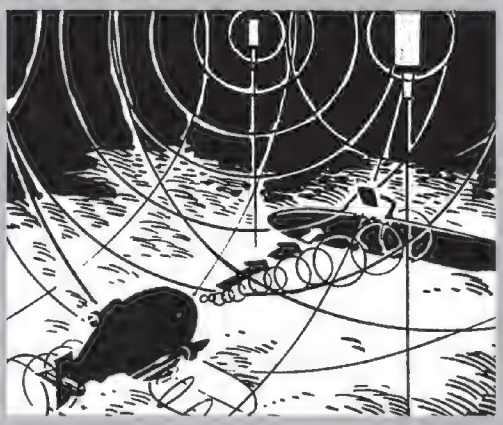
DEAD...BOTH OF THEM!

SOON AFTER...
YOUR MASTER IS DEAD! YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO FIGHT FOR! RELEASE MY MEN AND RETURN TO YOUR JUNGLE HOME!

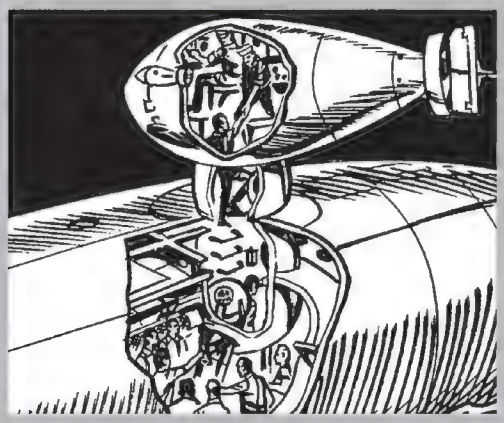

AND LATER, WHEN THE INLET HAS BEEN CLEARED...
STRANGE, LEE... A MAN WHO COULD DEVISE AN INGENIOUS UNDERSEAS SAFARI COULD NOT CONQUER HIS OWN MIND!
WELL, ONE THING IS CERTAIN, SIR... HE CAN NO LONGER BE CONSIDERED A COWARD... BY ANYONE!

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

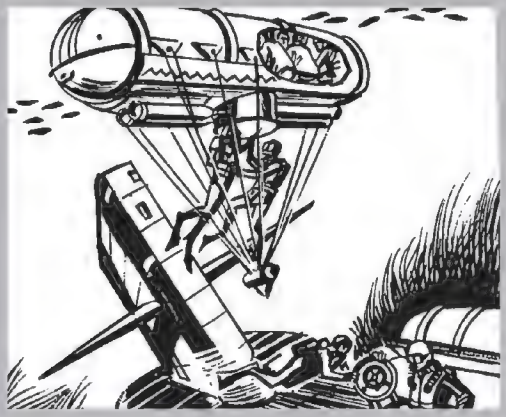
FRONTIERS OF THE DEEP



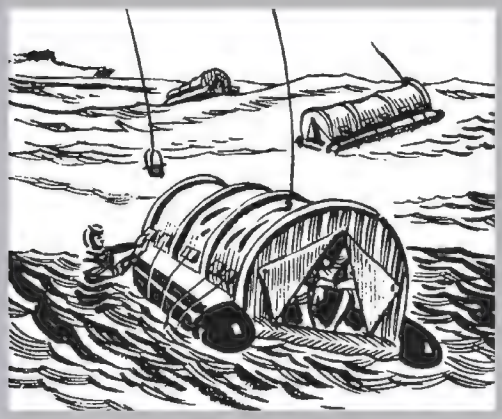
Special submersiles, operating up to 6,000 feet deep may soon be used in order to locate lost and disabled submarines.



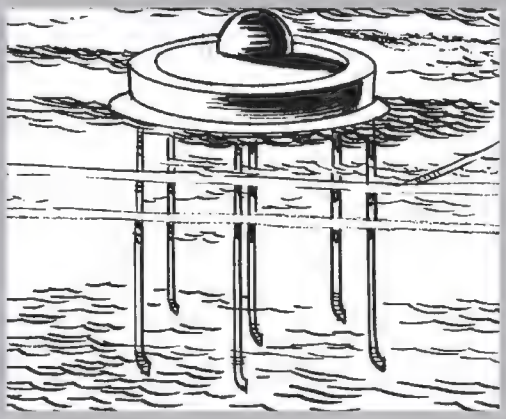
Rescue craft will lock onto special hatches to allow trapped men to escape without being crushed or seriously injured by pressure.



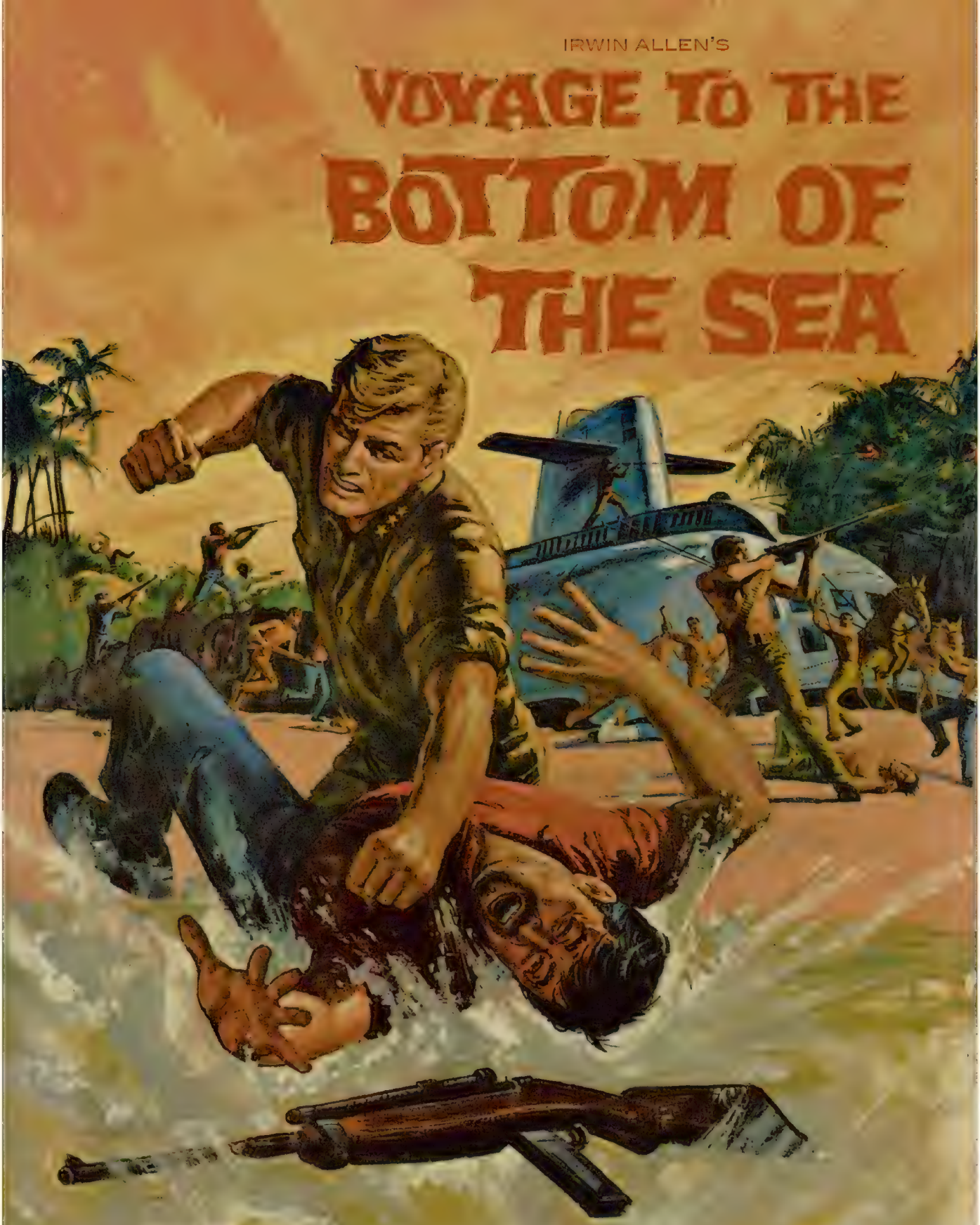
Another rescue method would permit scuba-equipped submariners to escape in an inflatable bag which is carried by the sub.



On the surface, inflated pontoons will turn the rescue craft into rafts. Emergency radios would summon help from far distances.



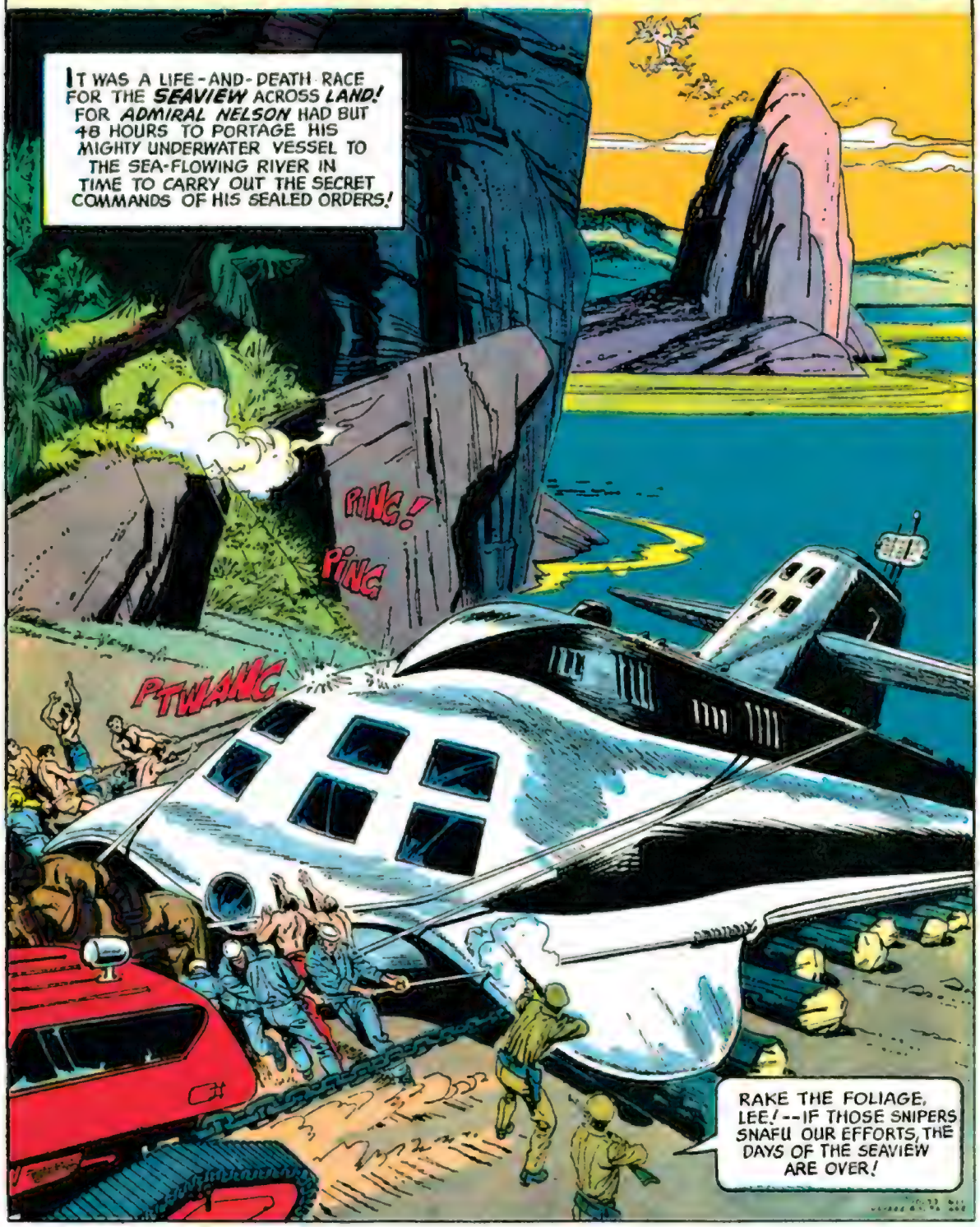
Floating nuclear power plants will distill fresh water from the sea at the amazing rate of a billion gallons of water per day.



Land-locked, the Seaview becomes an open target as it battles its way to water!

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

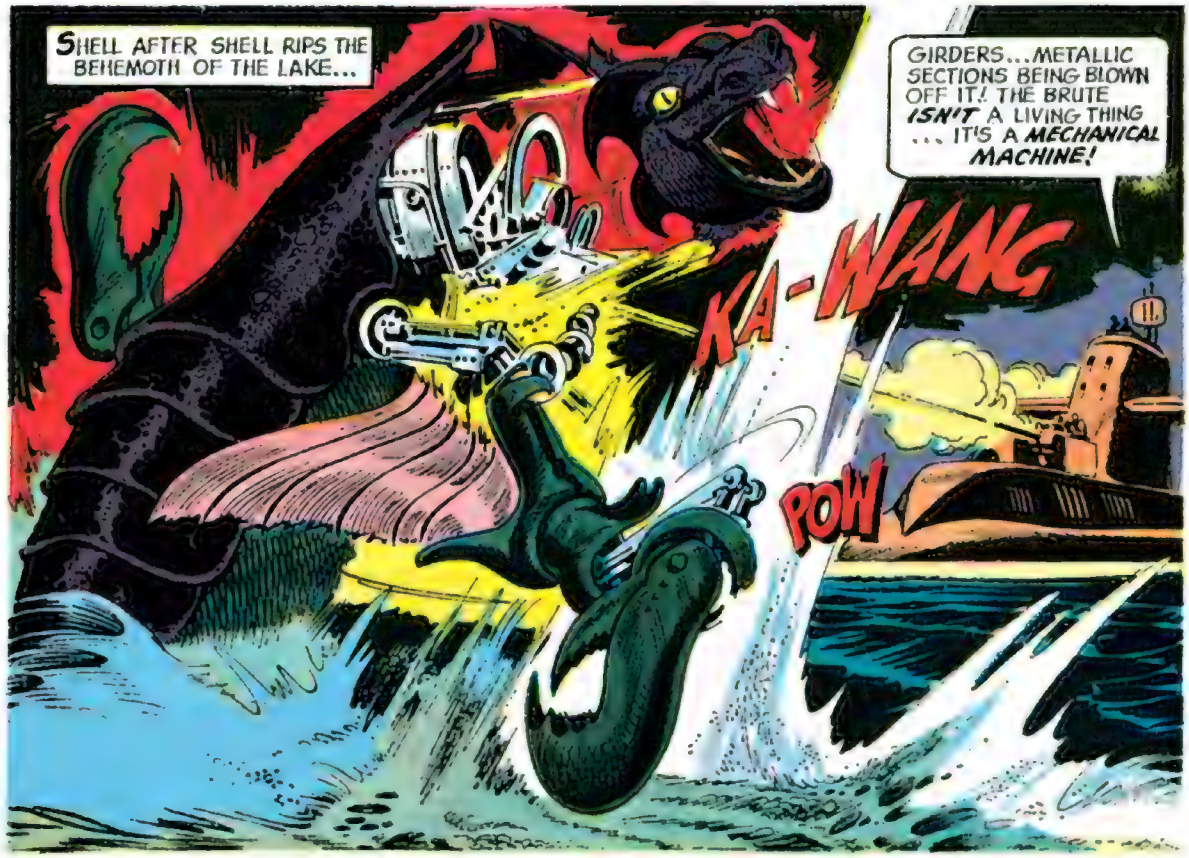
THE OVERLAND TRAIL

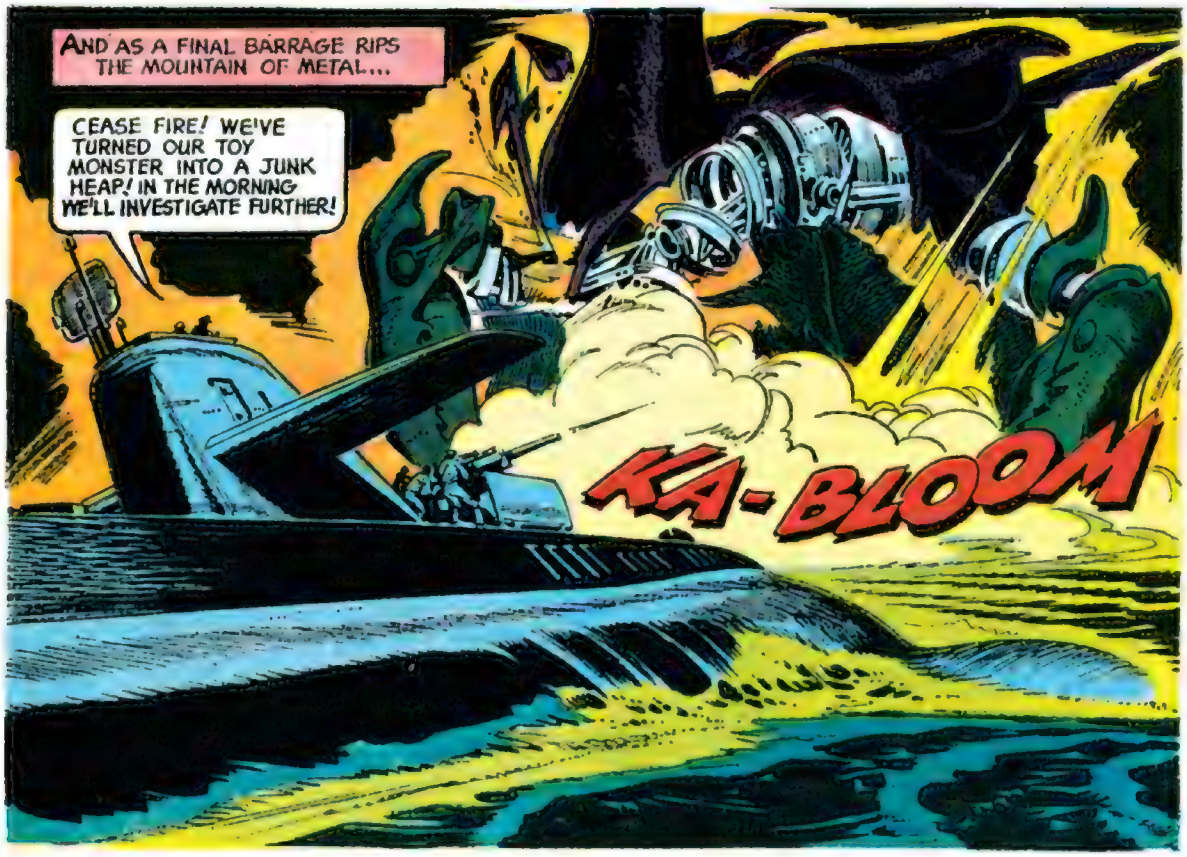


SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA THE SEAVIEW SURFACE CRUISES AS...
THREE DAYS BEFORE WE CAN OPEN OUR SEALED ORDERS, LEE! WE CAN'T CRUISE FAR FROM THIS AREA... SO WE MIGHT AS WELL SIGHT-SEE!
SIR! A SOUTH AMERICAN RADIO STATION IS BEAMING IN SOMETHING HOT!
...AND THE EXPLORING TEAM SAYS THE MONSTER WAS 100 FEET TALL...
A SEA MONSTER HAS BEEN SIGHTED, ADMIRAL!
SUPPOSEDLY, IT WAS SEEN IN THE REMOTE KTIMBA LAKE...
HMMM! WE'RE ONLY A FEW MILES FROM THERE, MEN!
"IT WAS SAID THAT THE CREATURE ROSE OUT OF THE DEPTHS JUST A WEEK AGO...
"AND CAPSIZED THEIR DUGOUT CANOE..."

WHO KNOWS! MAYBE WE HAVE ANOTHER FAMOUS LOCH NESS MONSTER ON OUR HANDS...OR PERHAPS IT IS ALL JUST IMAGINATION!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS LAKE KTIMBA!
THERE SHE IS... JUST TWENTY MILES AWAY... WITH A RIVER CONNECTING IT TO THE SEA! SHALL WE TAKE A LOOK-SEE?
WHY NOT, ADMIRAL? FACT OR FICTION, IT WILL GIVE US SOME OF THAT SIGHT-SEEING YOU MENTIONED!
KTIMBA LAKE
SOON AFTER...
THE LAKE'S DEAD AHEAD, LEE! WE CAN SPEND A FULL DAY CRUISING ON IT AND STILL RETURN IN PLENTY OF TIME TO OPEN THE SEALED ORDERS AT SEA!
SHORTLY, THE SEAVIEW ENTERS LARGE, MYSTERIOUS LAKE KTIMBA...
NOT A LOCH NESS MONSTER IN SIGHT! GUESS SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO GET THIS PLACE SOME PUBLICITY!
THAT'S A BIT SILLY, LEE... IT'S TOO REMOTE TO ATTRACT TOURISTS!
BUT THAT NIGHT...
ADMIRAL! LOOK!
FIRE FLARE PATTERN!

AND AS FLARES LIGHT THE SKY...
GREAT SUFFERING HANNAH! THAT REPORT WAS NO HOAX! THERE IS A MONSTER!
FIRE BOW TORPEDOES! DIRECT SHELL FIRE!
THE MONSTER MOVES FORWARD... SLOWLY, OMINOUSLY...
ARRGH!
SUDDENLY, THE SEAVIEW ERUPTS WITH POWER...
BAM
KA-POW
GOOD CAESAR! THE THING'S STILL COMING! SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO FEEL THE SHELLS RIPPING HER APART!
SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE, LEE! I-IT'S NOT MANEUVERING LIKE A ...LIVING THING!


SHELL AFTER SHELL RIPS THE BEHEMOTH OF THE LAKE...
GIRDERS...METALLIC SECTIONS BEING BLOWN OFF IT! THE BRUTE ISN'T A LIVING THING ... IT'S A MECHANICAL MACHINE!
KA-WANG
POW

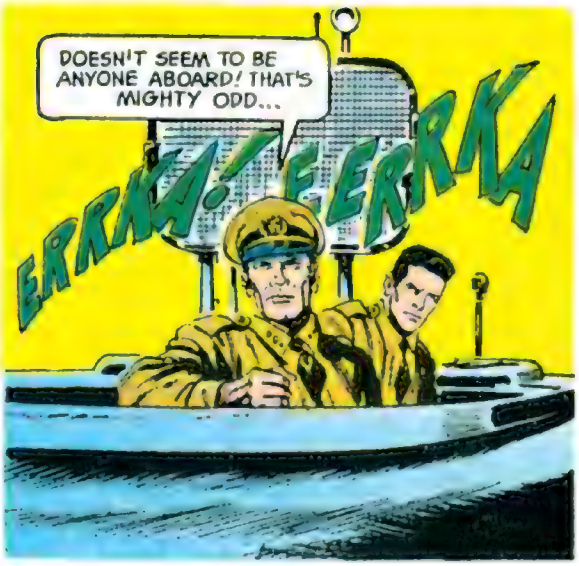

AND AS A FINAL BARRAGE RIPS THE MOUNTAIN OF METAL...
CEASE FIRE! WE'VE TURNED OUR TOY MONSTER INTO A JUNK HEAP! IN THE MORNING WE'LL INVESTIGATE FURTHER!
KA-BLOOM

NEXT MORNING WHEN THE LAKE HAS BEEN DREDGED...
THIS JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! WHO IN THUNDERATION WOULD GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE AND EXPENSE OF BUILDING A THING LIKE THIS?

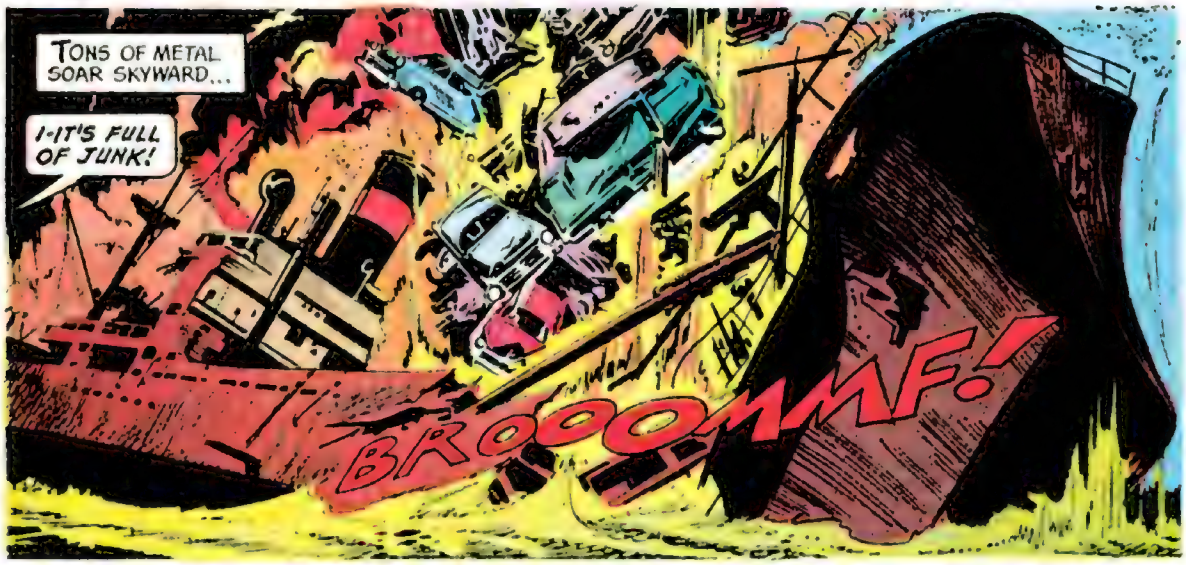
IT HAS A VOICE BOX BUILT INTO ITS HEAD! STRANGE...

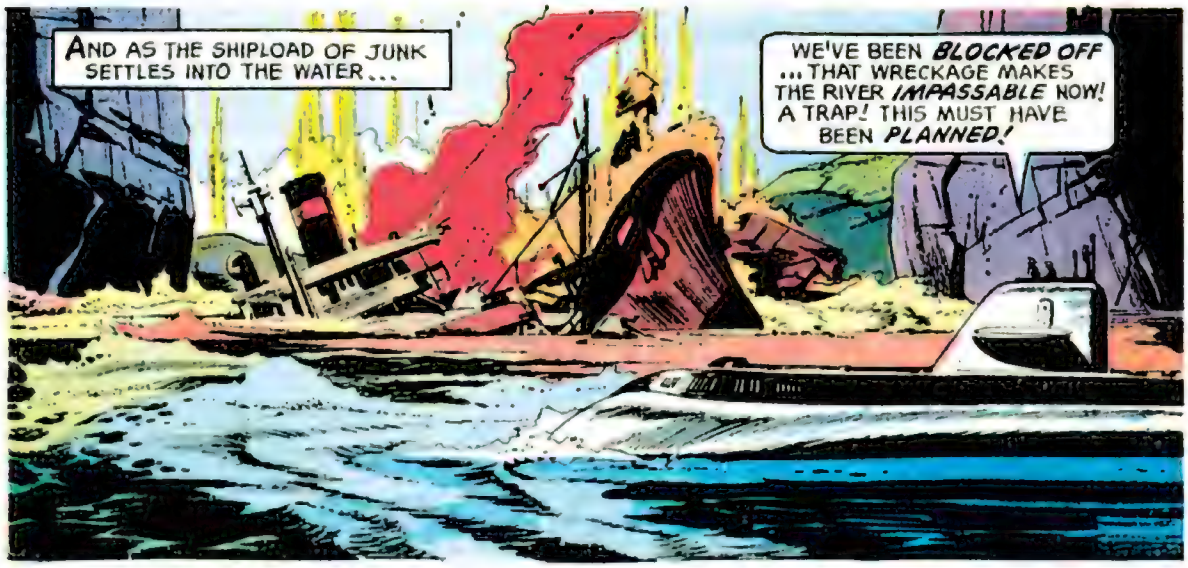
GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION—SOMEBODY WANTED TO MAKE THIS PLACE AS FAMOUS AS LOCH NESS! MAYBE TO LURE EXPLORING PARTIES HERE! LET'S HEAD BACK, LEE!

SLOWLY THE SEAVIEW HEADS FOR THE RIVER EXIT AND...
LOOK AT THAT OLD TUB BLOCKING THE RIVER! WHY WOULD ANYONE RUN A BROKEN DOWN FREIGHTER UP HERE?
SOUND THE HORN, LEE! MOVE THAT THING OUT OF THERE!

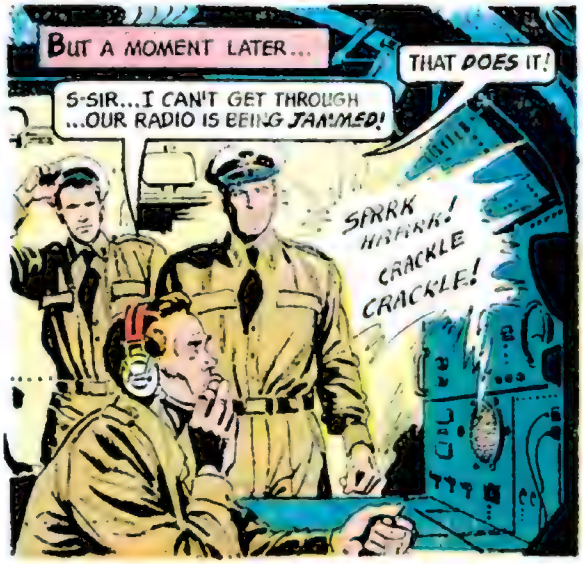

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE ABOARD! THAT'S MIGHTY ODD...
ERRKA! ERRKA

SUDDENLY, THE ANCIENT FREIGHTER BURSTS APART...
WH-WHA..?
WHOOOMP!

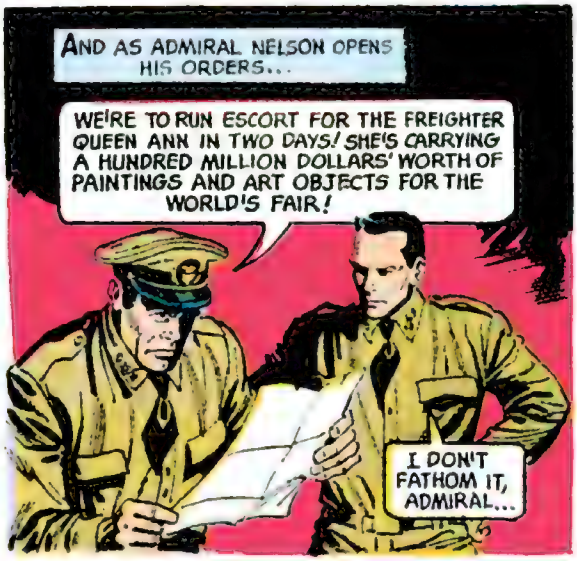

TONS OF METAL SOAR SKYWARD...
I-IT'S FULL OF JUNK!
BROOOMMF!


AND AS THE SHIPLOAD OF JUNK SETTLES INTO THE WATER...
WE'VE BEEN BLOCKED OFF ...THAT WRECKAGE MAKES THE RIVER IMPASSABLE NOW! A TRAP! THIS MUST HAVE BEEN PLANNED!

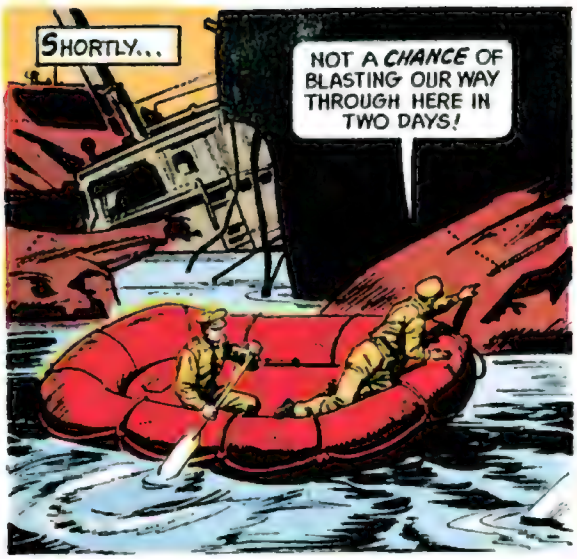
GET ON THE RADIO! CONTACT WASHINGTON AND HAVE THEM ALERT THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE TO OUR SITUATION!

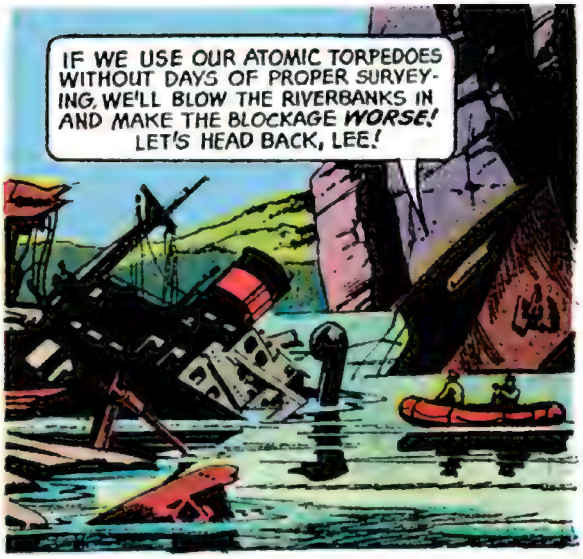

BUT A MOMENT LATER...
S-SIR...I CAN'T GET THROUGH ...OUR RADIO IS BEING JAMMED!
THAT DOES IT!
SPRRK HRRRK! CRACKLE CRACKLE!

SOMETHING BIG IS CRACKLING BEHIND ALL THIS! WE'RE GOING TO OPEN THOSE SEALED ORDERS NOW!


AND AS ADMIRAL NELSON OPENS HIS ORDERS...
WE'RE TO RUN ESCORT FOR THE FREIGHTER QUEEN ANN IN TWO DAYS! SHE'S CARRYING A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF PAINTINGS AND ART OBJECTS FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR!
I DON'T FATHOM IT, ADMIRAL...

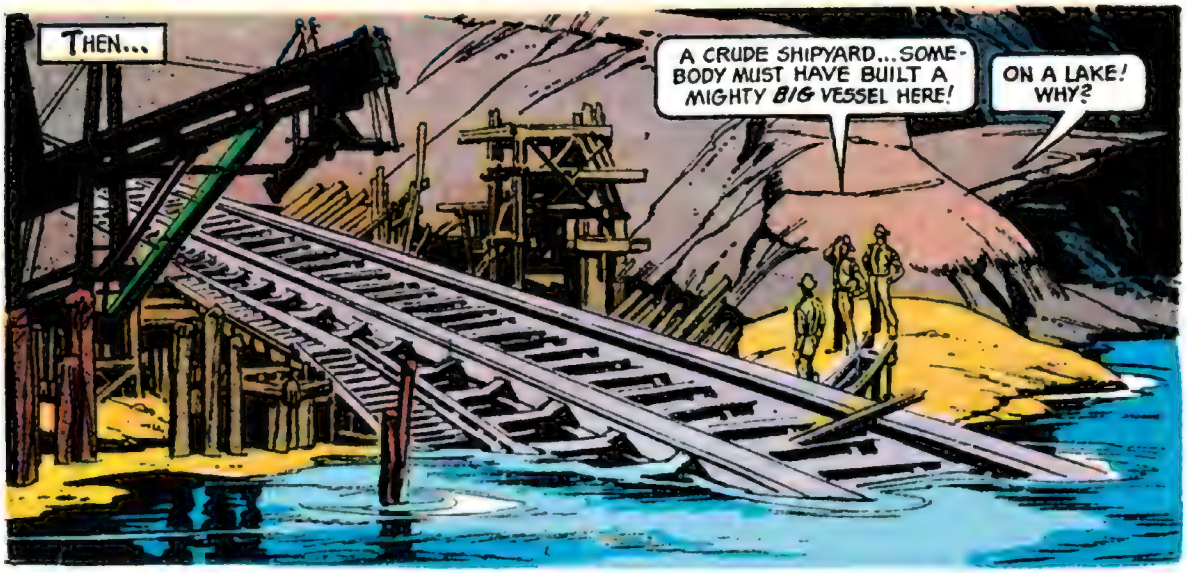
...IF WE'RE LOCKED HERE IN THE LAKE THE AUTHORITIES WILL JUST HAVE A NAVAL CRUISER ESCORT THE QUEEN ANN!
YES, IT WOULD APPEAR THIEVES HAVE NOTHING TO GAIN! LET'S CHECK THAT WRECKAGE, LEE!


SHORTLY...
NOT A CHANCE OF BLASTING OUR WAY THROUGH HERE IN TWO DAYS!


IF WE USE OUR ATOMIC TORPEDOES WITHOUT DAYS OF PROPER SURVEYING, WE'LL BLOW THE RIVERBANKS IN AND MAKE THE BLOCKAGE WORSE! LET'S HEAD BACK, LEE!

SOON AFTER...
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO SCOUT THE SHORE AND TRY TO FIND WHERE THAT JAMMING SET IS HIDDEN...GET A LINE THROUGH TO WASHINGTON FAST!

THE SEAVIEW DOCKS ALONGSIDE A HIGH BANK... AND TWO HOURS LATER...
THIS WAY, SIR, I'VE FOUND SOMETHING!

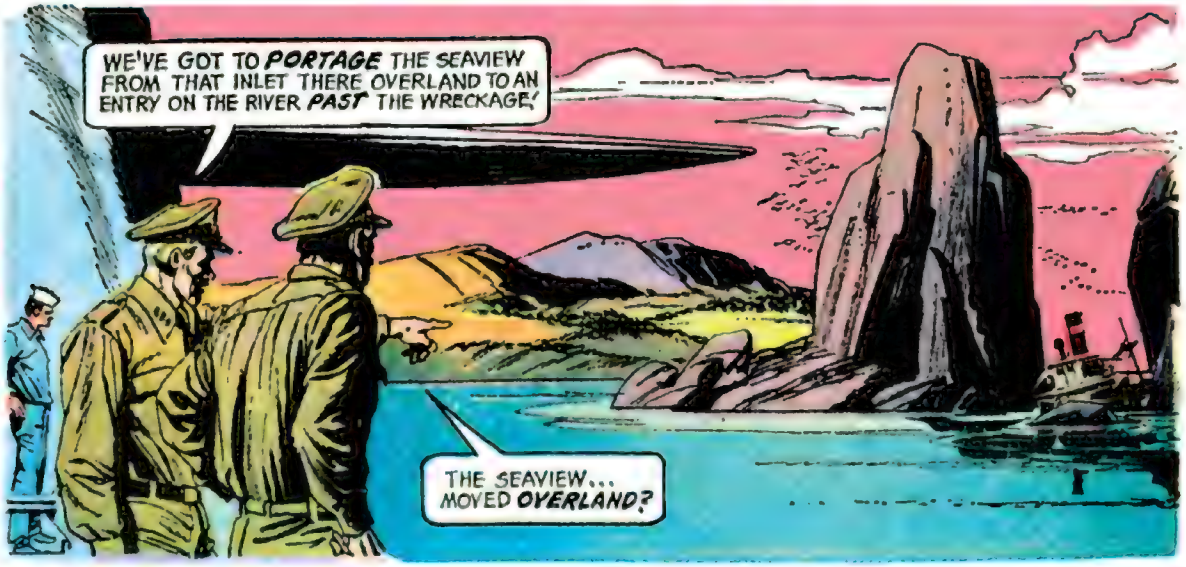

THEN...
A CRUDE SHIPYARD...SOMEBODY MUST HAVE BUILT A MIGHTY BIG VESSEL HERE!
ON A LAKE! WHY?

WHAT'S THIS? ...A PIECE OF BLUEPRINT!

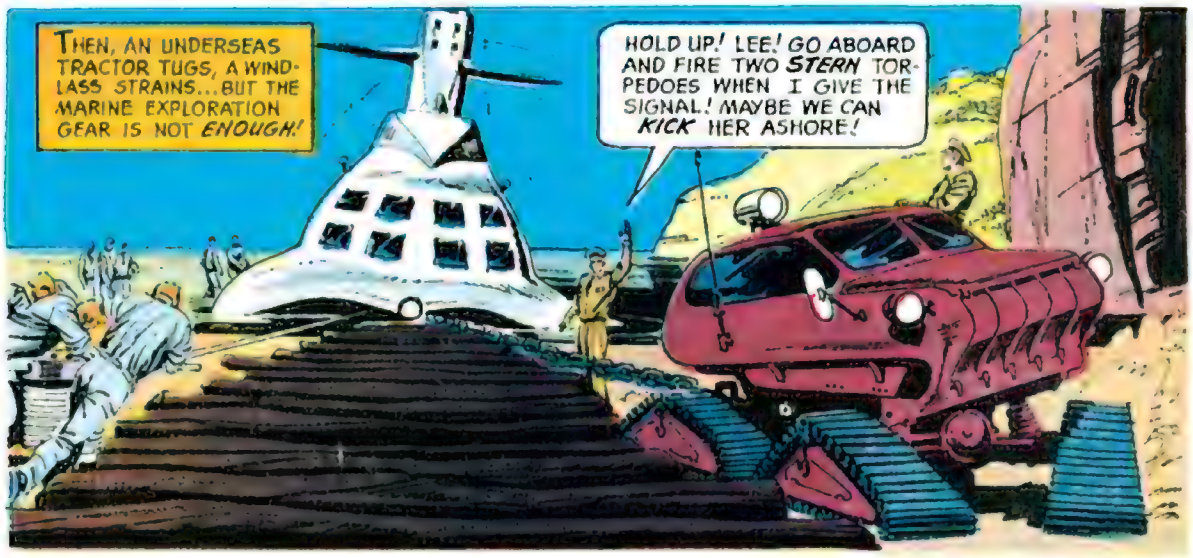
AND AS ADMIRAL NELSON AND LEE LOOK AT THE BLUEPRINT...
THE SEAVIEW DESIGN! GREAT SCOTT! --OF COURSE!

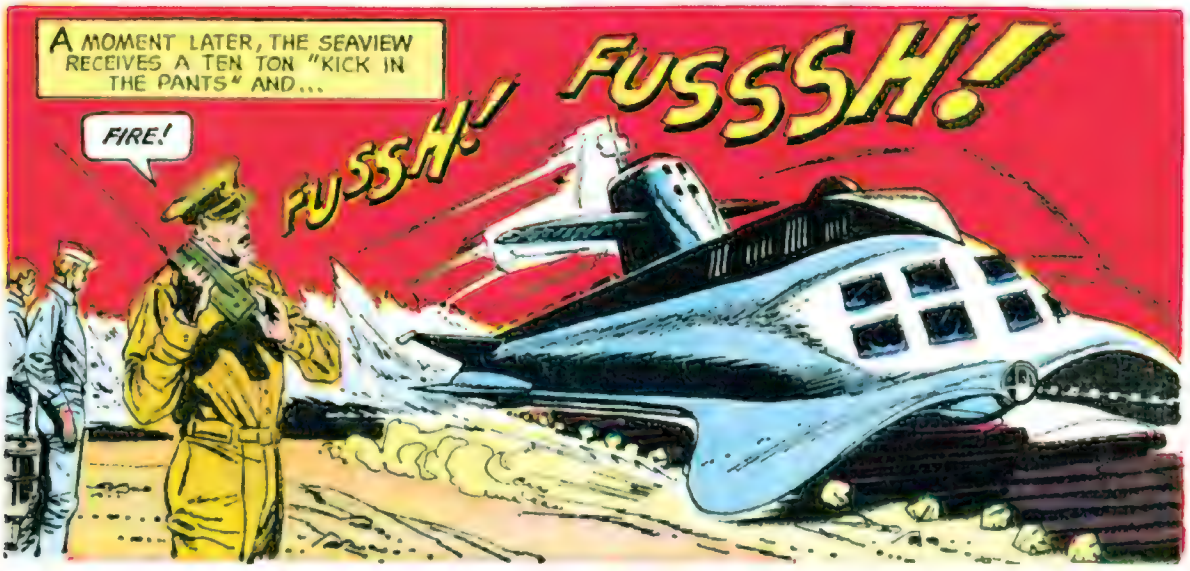
THEY'VE MADE A DUMMY SEAVIEW ...THEY PLAN TO TAKE OUR PLACES, RUN ESCORT ON THE TREASURE-LADEN FREIGHTER AND LOOT HER!

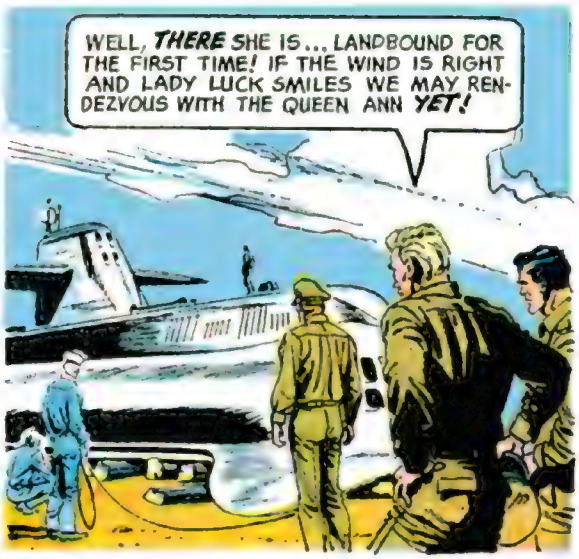
SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING MAKES SENSE TO THE SEAVIEW OFFICERS...
LEE, IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF THIS WATER TRAP A BAND OF MODERN-DAY PIRATES WILL HARVEST A KING'S RANSOM! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT!
HOW, SIR?


WE'VE GOT TO PORTAGE THE SEAVIEW FROM THAT INLET THERE OVERLAND TO AN ENTRY ON THE RIVER PAST THE WRECKAGE!
THE SEAVIEW... MOVED OVERLAND?

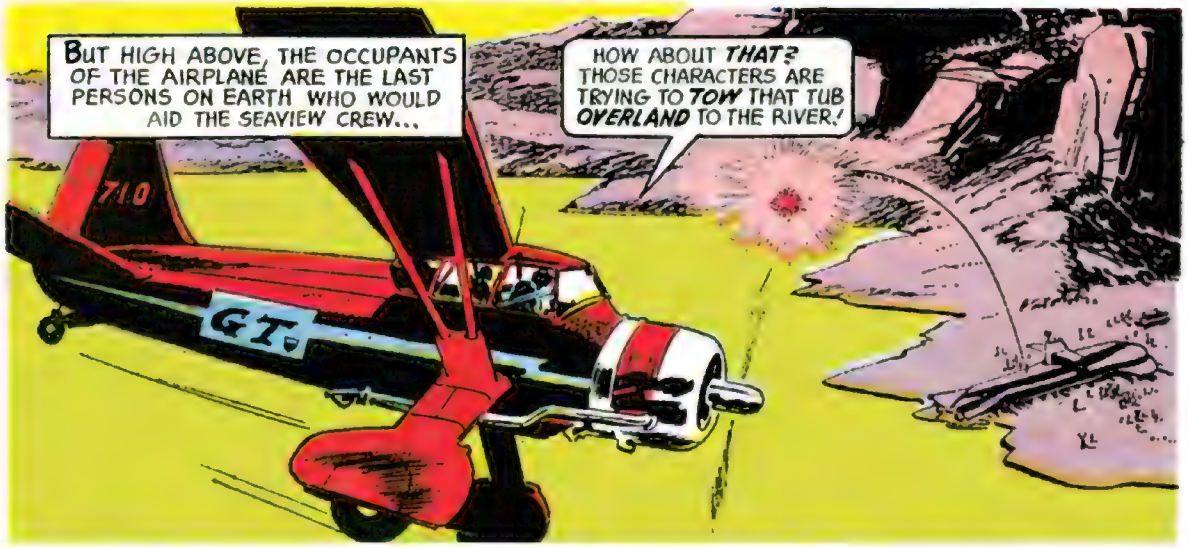
SO IT BEGINS...LIKE SOME MONSTROUS CREATURE OF THE DEEP, THE SEAVIEW IS NOSED ONTO THE SHORE...
SLAB THAT GREASE ON THICK, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO SLIP OUR GIANT BABY THREE MILES IN TWO DAYS!


THEN, AN UNDERSEAS TRACTOR TUGS, A WINDLASS STRAINS...BUT THE MARINE EXPLORATION GEAR IS NOT ENOUGH!
HOLD UP! LEE! GO ABOARD AND FIRE TWO STERN TORPEDOES WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL! MAYBE WE CAN KICK HER ASHORE!


A MOMENT LATER, THE SEAVIEW RECEIVES A TEN TON "KICK IN THE PANTS" AND...
FIRE!
FUSSSH!
FUSSSH!

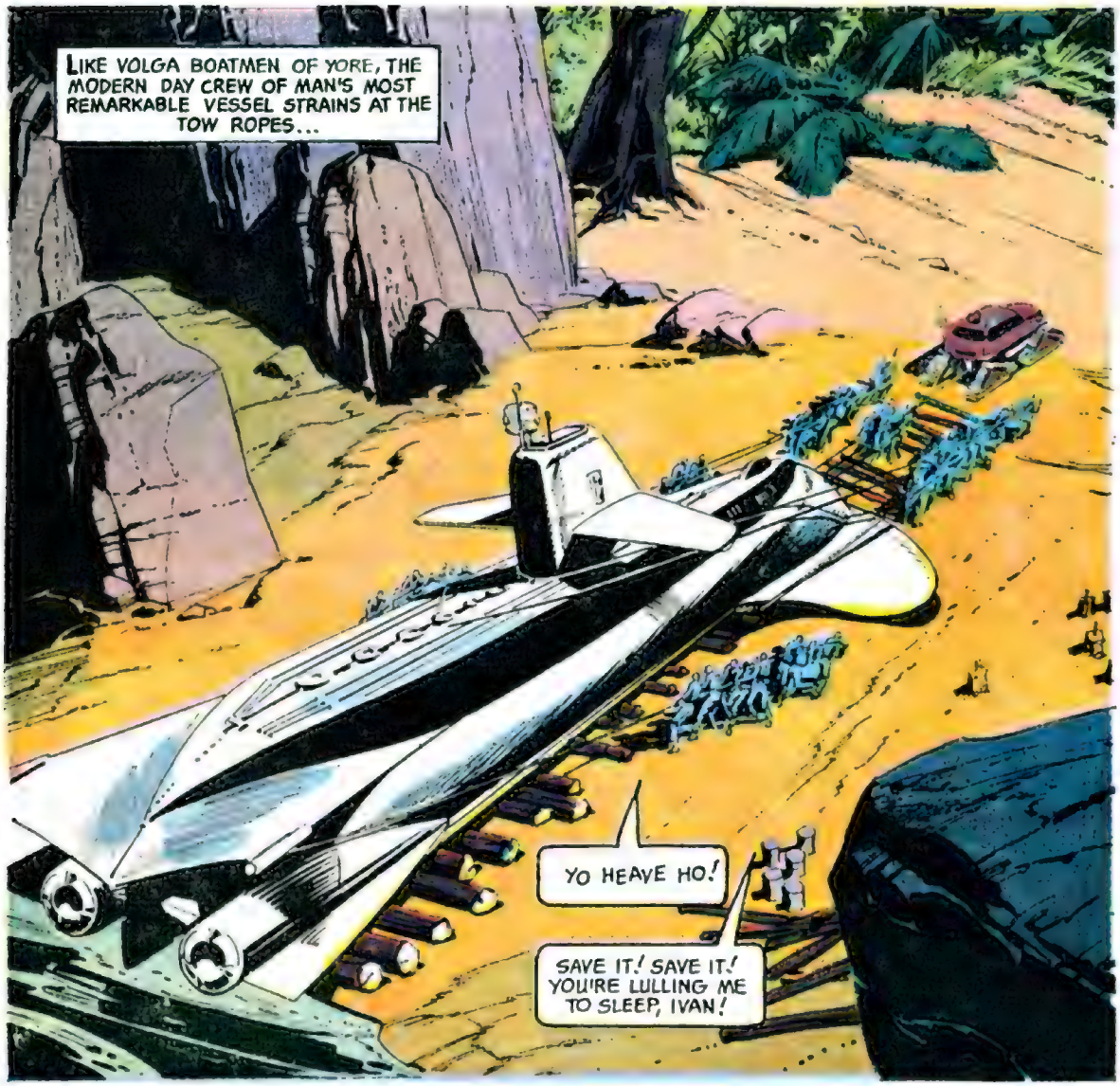

WELL, THERE SHE IS... LANDBOUND FOR THE FIRST TIME! IF THE WIND IS RIGHT AND LADY LUCK SMILES WE MAY RENDEZVOUS WITH THE QUEEN ANN YET!

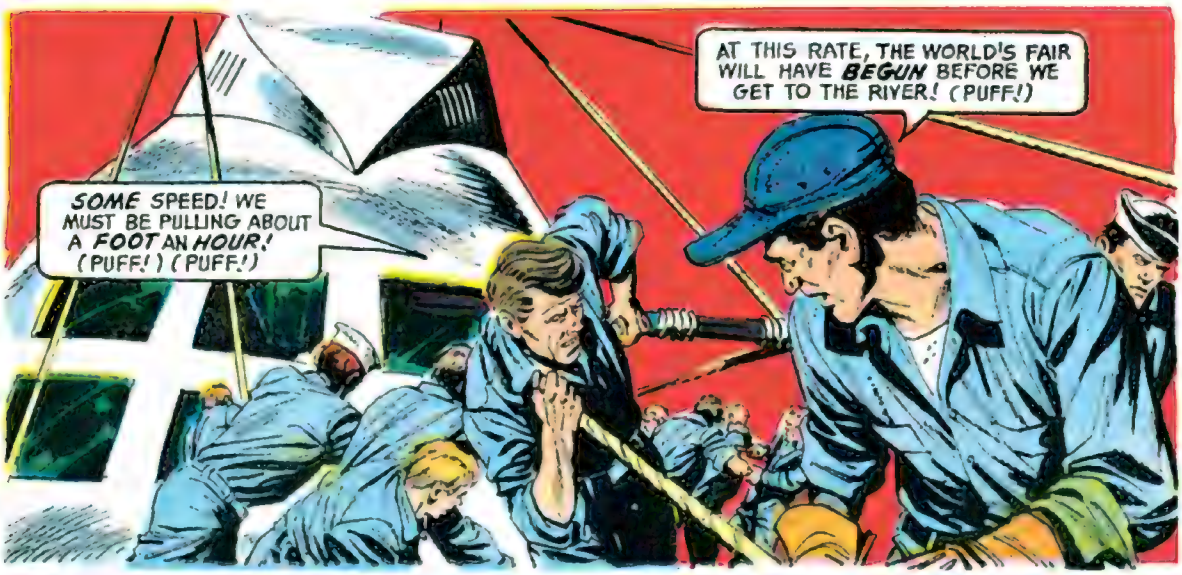
SUDDENLY...
A PLANE! FIRE A FLARE—ON THE DOUBLE! THAT CRAFT CAN CONTACT WASHINGTON FOR US!


BUT HIGH ABOVE, THE OCCUPANTS OF THE AIRPLANE ARE THE LAST PERSONS ON EARTH WHO WOULD AID THE SEAVIEW CREW...
HOW ABOUT THAT? THOSE CHARACTERS ARE TRYING TO TOW THAT TUB OVERLAND TO THE RIVER!
710
GT

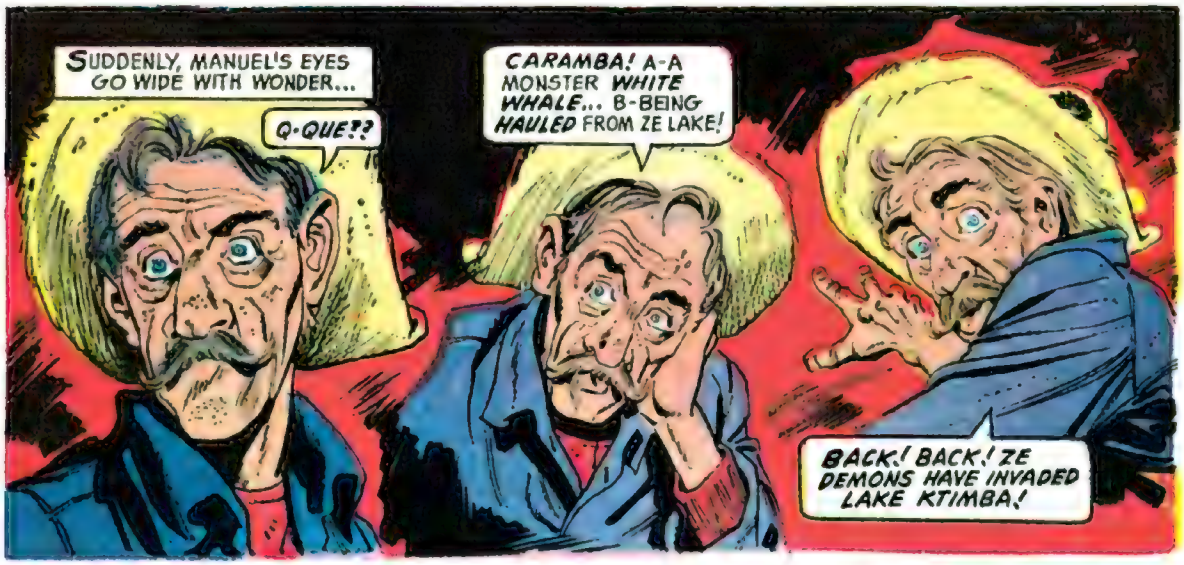
CRAZY!
MAYBE AND MAYBE NOT! OBSERVER CRAFT TO CONTROL! NELSON HAS BEACHED HIS SHIP! HE'S TRYING TO PORTAGE TO THE RIVER! SEND SOME MUSCLE... JUST IN CASE!

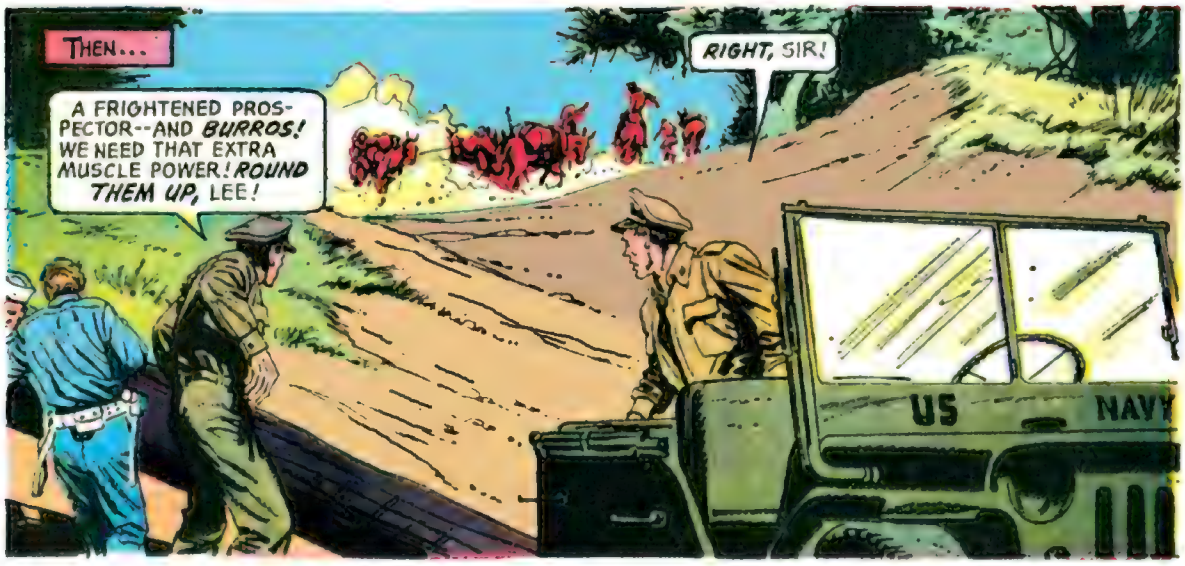
WHILE DOWN BELOW...
GUESS YOUR LADY LUCK'S ON VACATION, ADMIRAL! THE CRAFT IS WINGING OFF!
ALL RIGHT, SO WE'LL MAKE OUR OWN LUCK! LET'S GET THIS TUB SKIDDING! ATTACH THOSE TOW LINES! ALL HANDS IN ACTION!

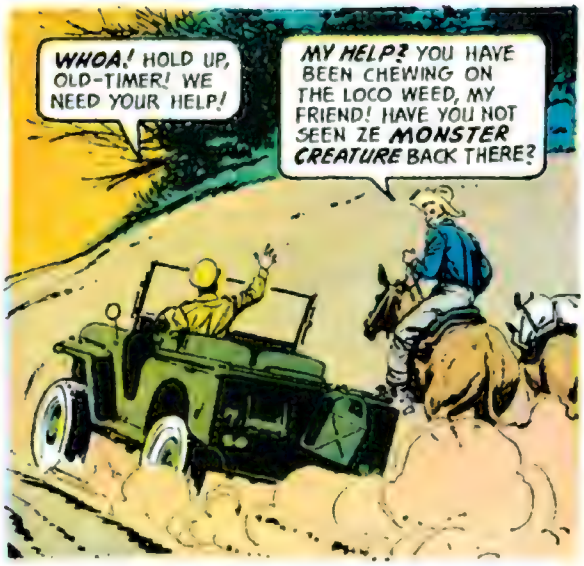

LIKE VOLGA BOATMEN OF YORE, THE MODERN DAY CREW OF MAN'S MOST REMARKABLE VESSEL STRAINS AT THE TOW ROPES...
YO HEAVE HO!
SAVE IT! SAVE IT! YOU'RE LULLING ME TO SLEEP, IVAN!


AT THIS RATE, THE WORLD'S FAIR WILL HAVE BEGUN BEFORE WE GET TO THE RIVER! (PUFF!)
SOME SPEED! WE MUST BE PULLING ABOUT A FOOT AN HOUR! (PUFF!) (PUFF!)

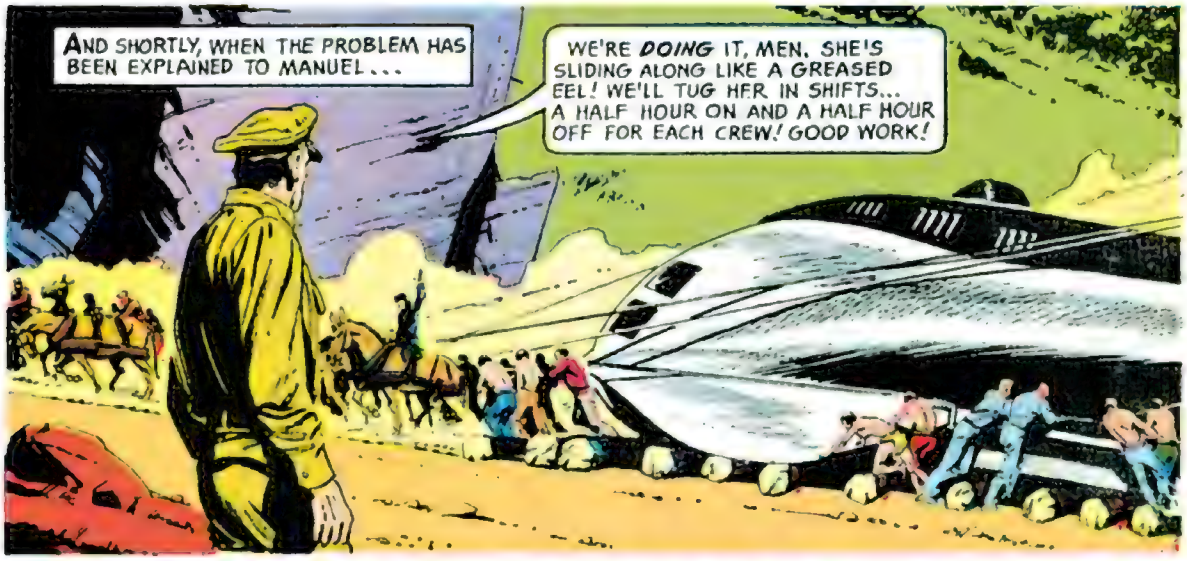
AT THIS MOMENT, CONCEALED BY THE JUNGLE FOLIAGE UP AHEAD, A SOUTH AMERICAN PROSPECTOR JOGS TOWARD HIS DIGGINGS...
TWEEE TWEE
AH, SOON MANUEL WILL BE RICH! FOR SURELY, I HAVE FOUND THE RICHEST EMERALD MINE IN ALL SOUTH AMERICA! I NEED ONLY HAVE MY NATIVES MINE IT AND MY BURROS CARRY IT AWAY!


SUDDENLY, MANUEL'S EYES GO WIDE WITH WONDER...
Q-QUE??
CARAMBA! A-A MONSTER WHITE WHALE... B-BEING HAULED FROM ZE LAKE!
BACK! BACK! ZE DEMONS HAVE INVADED LAKE KTIMBA!


THEN...
A FRIGHTENED PROSPECTOR--AND BURROS! WE NEED THAT EXTRA MUSCLE POWER! ROUND THEM UP, LEE!
RIGHT, SIR!
US NAVY


WHOA! HOLD UP, OLD-TIMER! WE NEED YOUR HELP!
MY HELP? YOU HAVE BEEN CHEWING ON THE LOCO WEED, MY FRIEND! HAVE YOU NOT SEEN ZE MONSTER CREATURE BACK THERE?

NO, NO! THAT IS ONLY A SHIP... A SUBMARINE... BUT WE ARE IN TROUBLE... WE MUST BRING IT OVER LAND! WE WANT TO HIRE YOU!
SO?
NAVY


AND SHORTLY, WHEN THE PROBLEM HAS BEEN EXPLAINED TO MANUEL...
WE'RE DOING IT, MEN. SHE'S SLIDING ALONG LIKE A GREASED EEL! WE'LL TUG HER IN SHIFTS... A HALF HOUR ON AND A HALF HOUR OFF FOR EACH CREW! GOOD WORK!

BUT FROM CONCEALMENT, DARK EYES ARE WATCHING...
LOOK AT THAT! NELSON IS REALLY MOVING THAT BARGE!

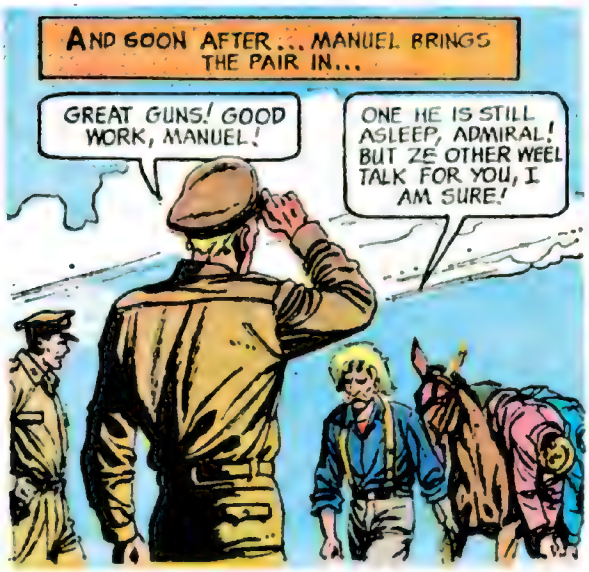
YOU MEAN... HE WAS!
BAM!
END PART I

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
THE OVERLAND TRAIL
PART II
THE SEAVIEW HAS BEEN CLEVERLY LURED INTO AN INLAND TRAP, AND TO BRING IT BACK TO THE OCEAN, THE CREW MUST HAUL THE MIGHTY SUBMARINE OVER MILES OF RUGGED TERRAIN. THIS IMPOSSIBLE TASK GETS EVEN HARDER WHEN THEY FIND THEMSELVES UNDER FIRE!
SNIPERS... UP ON THE HILLSIDE, ADMIRAL!
BAM! BAM
I HAVE ZE BUSHWHACKERS SPOTTED...RIGHT UP THERE... HIDING LIKE YELLA COUGARS IN ZE BUSH!
BANG!
ZING
YOU STAY PUT, ADMIRAL! I KNOW THAT BUSH LIKE ZE NOSE ON MY FACE!

SHORTLY...
NOW, ROSA, YOU JUST GO CHARGING THROUGH THAT BRUSH LIKE A WILD ANIMAL AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN'T HOODWINK THEES CHARACTERS!

THEN...
WH-WHAT IS IT?
A WILD BOAR, MAYBE?

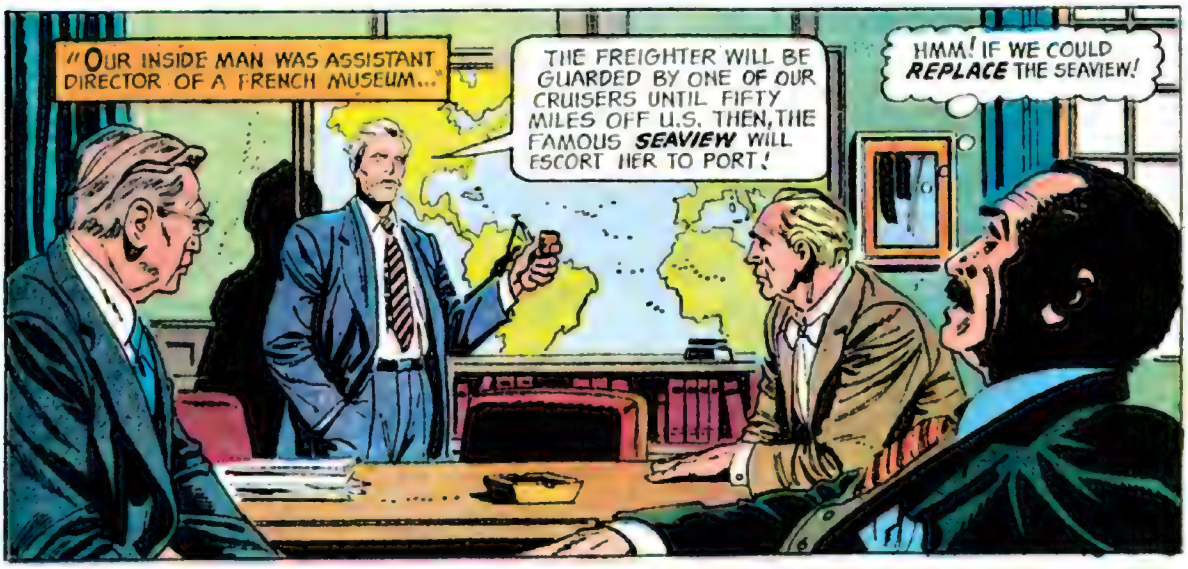
CARAMBA!


AND SOON AFTER... MANUEL BRINGS THE PAIR IN...
GREAT GUNS! GOOD WORK, MANUEL!
ONE HE IS STILL ASLEEP, ADMIRAL! BUT ZE OTHER WEEL TALK FOR YOU, I AM SURE!

YOU WEEL TALK TO THE GOOD ADMIRAL, WON'T YOU, MY FRIEND?
Y-YES! P-PUT THAT THING AWAY!

AND AS THE SNIPER IS QUESTIONED...
WE'RE NOT GOING TO WASTE TIME! WE WANT TO KNOW WHO IS BEHIND THIS SABOTAGE AND EXACTLY WHAT THEIR PLANS ARE!
I'LL TELL YOU ...EVERYTHING!

SIX MONTHS AGO OUR ORGANIZATION FIRST KNEW THE ART TREASURES OF EUROPE WOULD BE SHIPPED TO THE WORLD'S FAIR IN THE U.S.A!

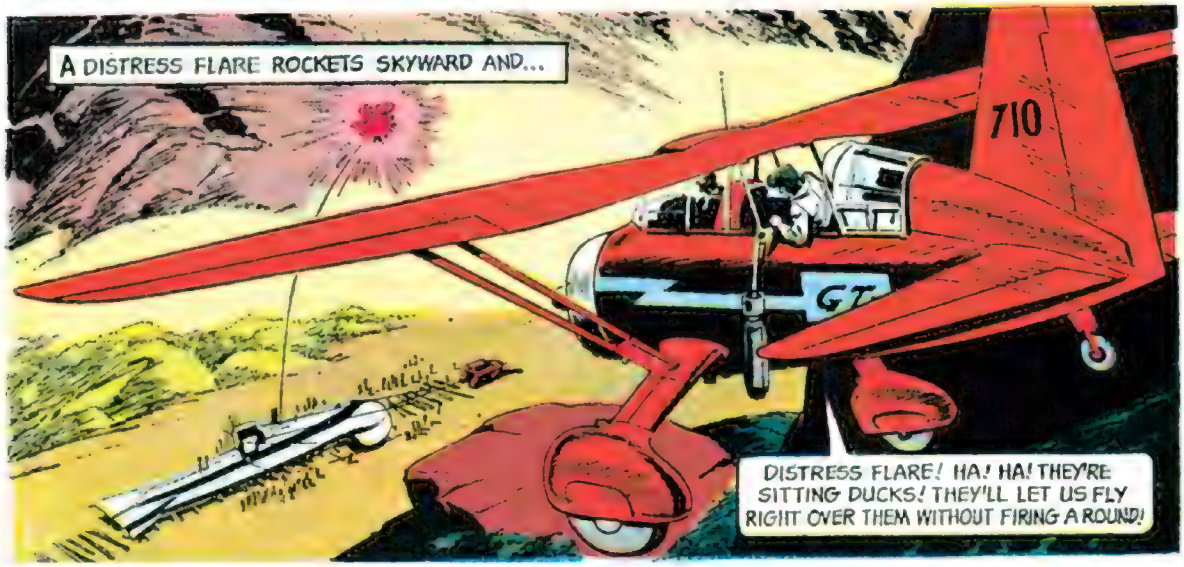

"OUR INSIDE MAN WAS ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF A FRENCH MUSEUM..."
THE FREIGHTER WILL BE GUARDED BY ONE OF OUR CRUISERS UNTIL FIFTY MILES OFF U.S. THEN, THE FAMOUS SEAVIEW WILL ESCORT HER TO PORT!
HMM! IF WE COULD REPLACE THE SEAVIEW!

"QUICKLY, THE ORGANIZATION HATCHED A PLAN..."
WE HAVE SIX MONTHS TO BUILD A REPLICA SEAVIEW AND PIRATE THOSE TREASURES WITH IT, GENTLEMEN!
BUT THE REAL SEAVIEW—EVEN IF WE COULD SABOTAGE HER, THEY'D SEND A WARSHIP TO TAKE HER PLACE AS ESCORT!

NOT IF WE LURE HER TO KTIMBA LAKE HERE, TRAP HER... AND JAM HER RADIO!
TREMENDOUS! OUR AGENT WILL KNOW PRECISELY WHEN THE RENDEZVOUS IS TO TAKE PLACE...AND OUR FAKE SEAVIEW CAN BE THERE!

AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW! HONEST!
ADMIRAL! ANOTHER AIRCRAFT IS HEADING THIS WAY! LOOKS LIKE SHE'LL GO RIGHT OVER US!

A HALF-BLIND PILOT COULDN'T MISS SEEING US DOWN HERE! BUT FIRE A DISTRESS FLARE SO THEY WON'T THINK WE'RE JUST DRYDOCKING THE SEAVIEW!
YESSIR!


A DISTRESS FLARE ROCKETS SKYWARD AND...
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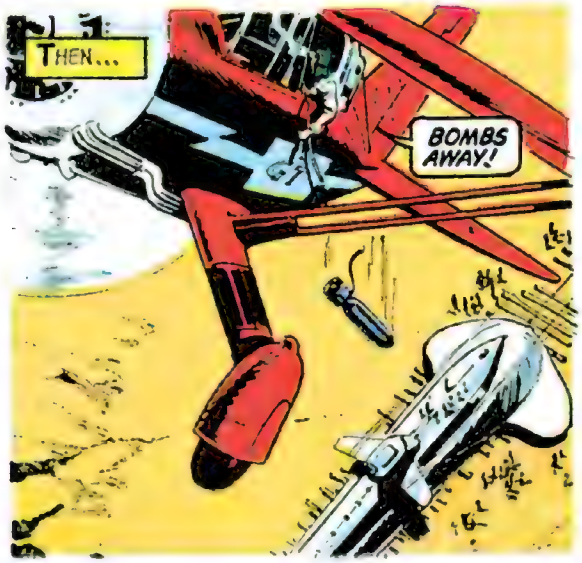
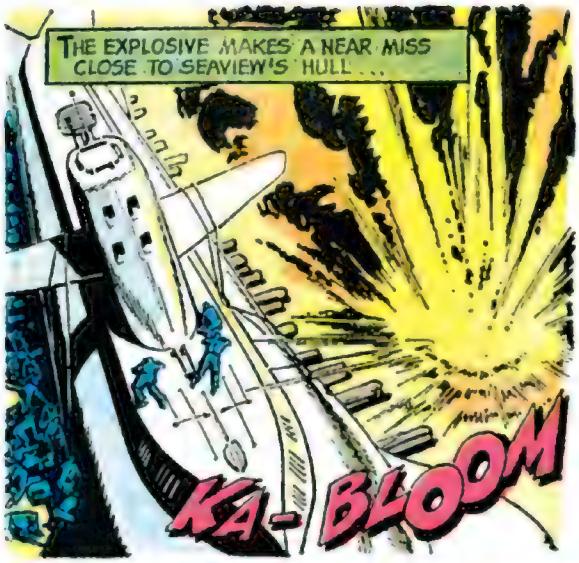
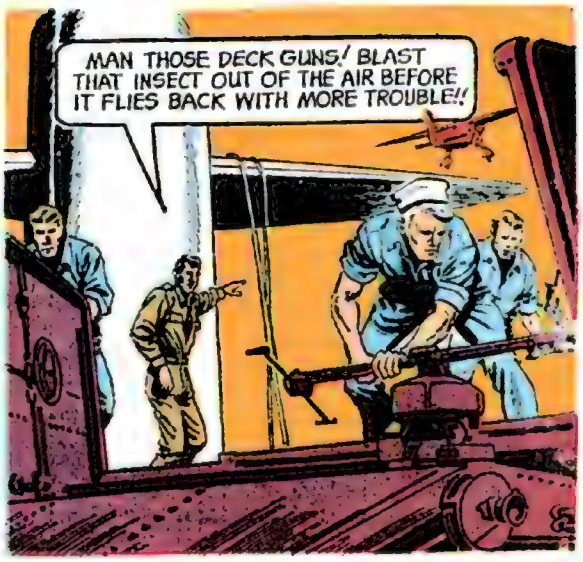
DISTRESS FLARE! HA! HA! THEY'RE SITTING DUCKS! THEY'LL LET US FLY RIGHT OVER THEM WITHOUT FIRING A ROUND!


THEN...
BOMBS AWAY!

WHILE BELOW...
TAKE COVER! THAT CRATE'S DROPPING A BOMB!


THE EXPLOSIVE MAKES A NEAR MISS CLOSE TO SEAVIEW'S HULL ...
KA-BLOOM


MAN THOSE DECK GUNS! BLAST THAT INSECT OUT OF THE AIR BEFORE IT FLIES BACK WITH MORE TROUBLE!!

THE HASTILY RIGGED GUNS UNLEASH A VOLLEY OF DEATH SKYWARD...
WE'VE BEEN SLEEPING! WE SHOULD HAVE RIGGED OUR DECK WEAPONS FOR AERIAL COMBAT!

THE "INSECT" SUCCESSFULLY EVADES THE DESTRUCTIVE MIGHT OF THE SEAVIEW...
HA! HA! IT'S LIKE HERCULES TRYING TO SWAT A FLY! THEY CAN'T REACH US NOW!

WHILE ON THE SEAVIEW...
THAT PLANE COULDN'T CARRY MORE THAN ONE BOMB...BUT IT WILL BE BACK WITH MORE! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THAT PORTAGE FAST! GET ALL HANDS ON THOSE TOW LINES!

THE HERCULEAN OPERATION CONTINUES... ON THROUGH THAT DAY AND INTO THE NIGHT, ANIMALS, MEN AND MACHINES STRAIN TO TOW THE MIGHTY SEAVIEW...

RADAR SHOWS AIRCRAFT COMING IN AT ZERO ALTITUDE OVER THE LAKE, ADMIRAL!

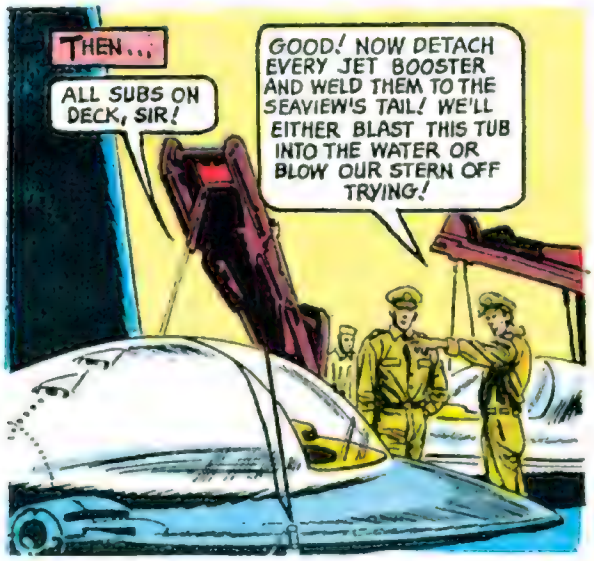
AT DAWN, THE CREST OF A SLOPE HAS BEEN GAINED...BUT A NEW MENACE THREATENS...

THE TORPEDOES ARE PROPELLED INTO THE LAKE...
NOW PRAY... OUR TIMING HAS TO BE ALMOST PERFECT!
THE BOMB-LADEN ENEMY CRAFT WINGS TOWARD HER TARGET...
HA, HA! WE'VE GOT 'EM BOXED IN... WITH ALL THEIR SUPER WEAPONS, THEY CAN'T PICK US OFF THIS LOW! HEY! WHAT ARE THOSE STREAKS IN THE WATER?
GT.
THE FIRST TORPEDO CHURNS BY HARMLESSLY...
T-TORPEDOES!
TOO LATE, THE PILOT SENSES DANGER...
BANK! BANK! T-THOSE THINGS ARE TIME BOMBS!
KA-BLAM!
WHILE ON SHORE...
THAT DOES IT! OUR FRIENDS HAVE BLOWN THEMSELVES OUT OF ACTION! NOW LET'S GET ON WITH IT!

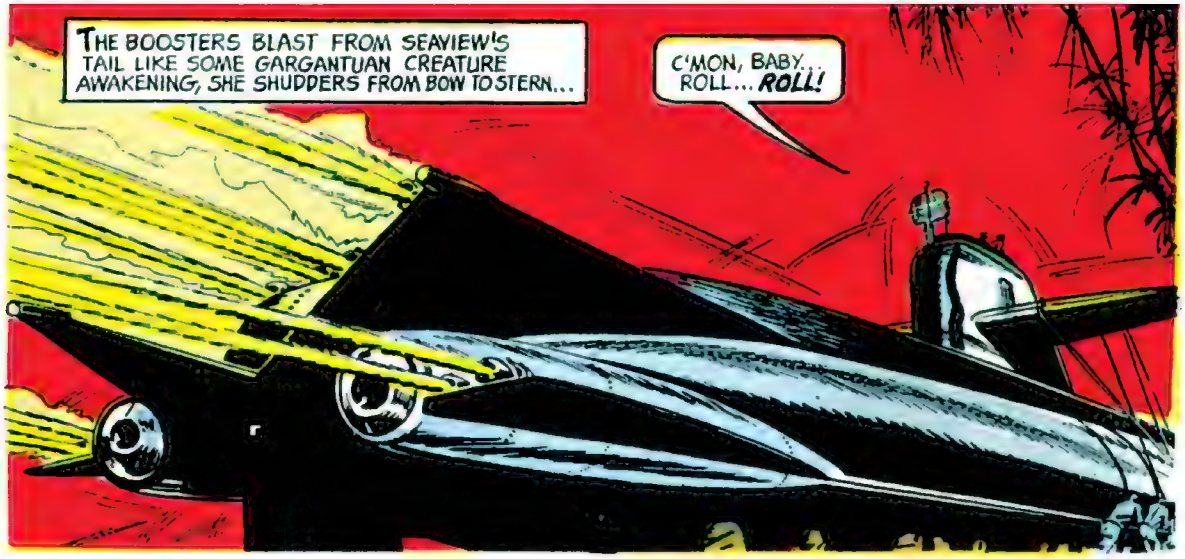
THIRTY HOURS TO REACH THE HALFWAY MARK! WE CAN'T MAKE OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH THE FREIGHTER AT THIS RATE, LEE!
WE'VE GOT A SLIGHT SLOPE DOWN TO THE RIVER! THAT SHOULD HELP!

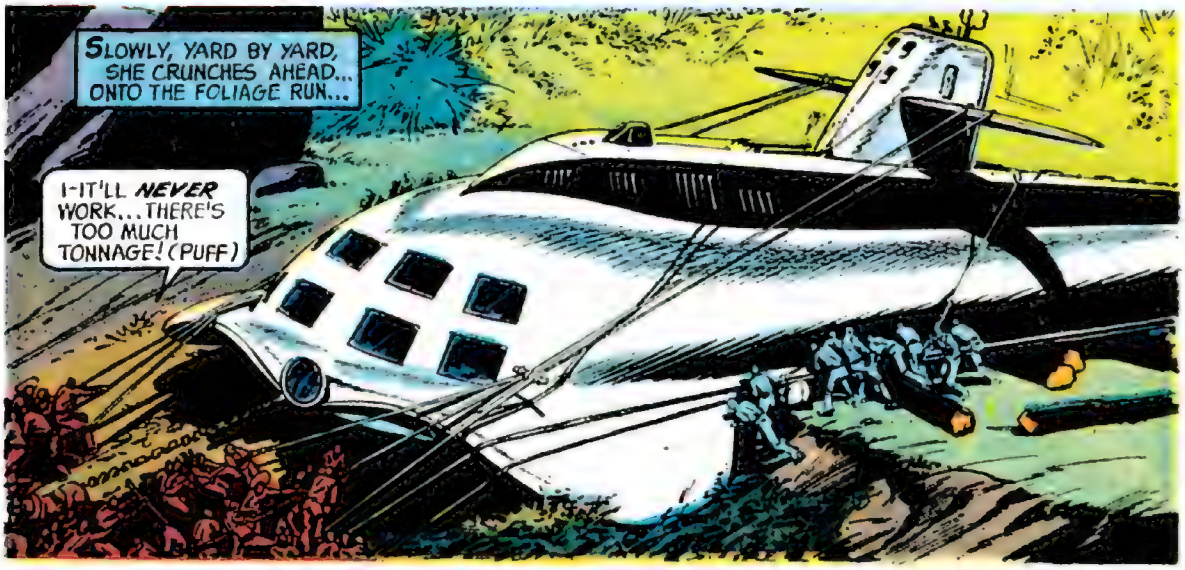
YES, BUT NOT ENOUGH! BUT THERE MAY BE A WAY! JOHNSON! GET OUR FLYING SUBS ON DECK!

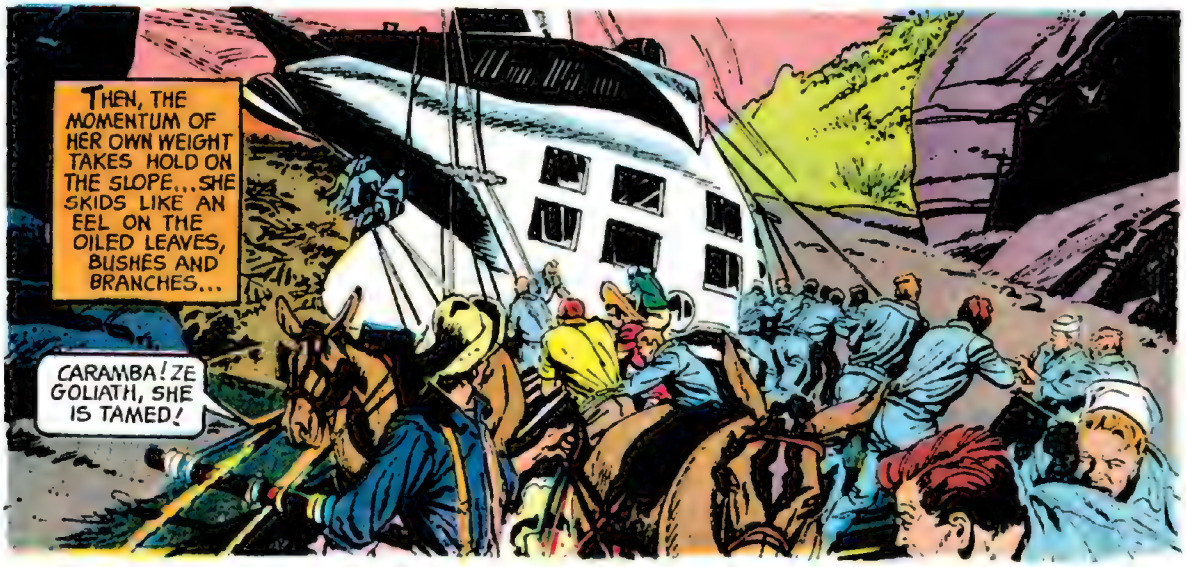
LEE, GET EVERY HAND AT WORK CUTTING SMALL TREES, BUSHES... I WANT A RUNWAY OF FOLIAGE LAID RIGHT DOWN TO THE WATER!
THEN TAKE EVERY GALLON OF RESERVE OIL WE'VE GOT AND SMOTHER THE WHOLE WORKS WITH IT!


THEN...
ALL SUBS ON DECK, SIR!
GOOD! NOW DETACH EVERY JET BOOSTER AND WELD THEM TO THE SEAVIEW'S TAIL! WE'LL EITHER BLAST THIS TUB INTO THE WATER OR BLOW OUR STERN OFF TRYING!

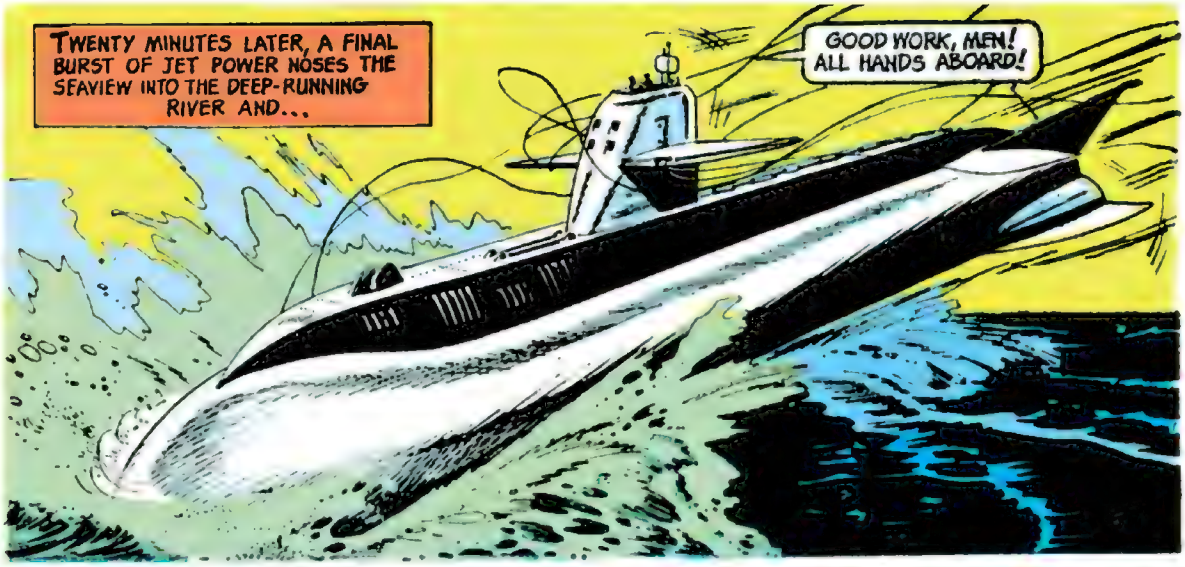
AND FOUR HOURS LATER...
ALL HANDS AT THE TOW ROPES! BOOSTER'S READY, SIR!
THIS IS IT, LEE! WE'VE EITHER LOST FOUR HOURS OR WE'LL KEEP THAT RENDEZVOUS! CONTACT!


THE BOOSTERS BLAST FROM SEAVIEW'S TAIL LIKE SOME GARGANTUAN CREATURE AWAKENING, SHE SHUDDERS FROM BOW TO STERN...
C'MON, BABY... ROLL... ROLL!


SLOWLY, YARD BY YARD, SHE CRUNCHES AHEAD... ONTO THE FOLIAGE RUN...
I-IT'LL NEVER WORK... THERE'S TOO MUCH TONNAGE! (PUFF)

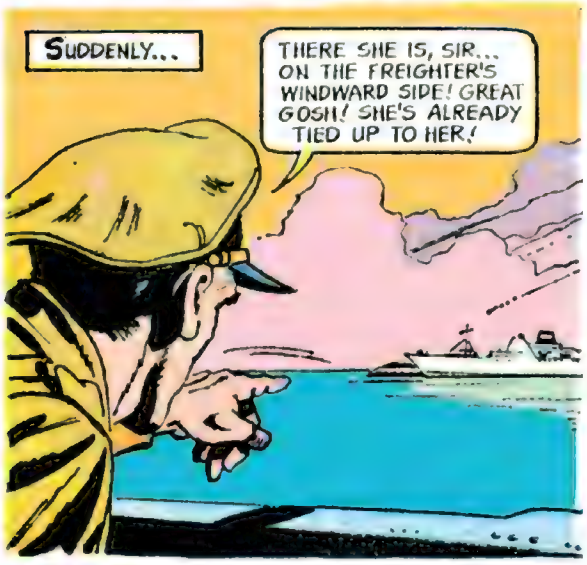

THEN, THE MOMENTUM OF HER OWN WEIGHT TAKES HOLD ON THE SLOPE... SHE SKIDS LIKE AN EEL ON THE OILED LEAVES, BUSHES AND BRANCHES...
CARAMBA! ZE GOLIATH, SHE IS TAMED!

IT IS LIKE SOME BIZARRE SCENE FROM ANOTHER WORLD AS THE MIGHTY SEAVIEW IS BLASTED DOWN HER MAKESHIFT RUNWAY TOWARD THE RIVER AHEAD! FASTER...FASTER SHE SLITHERS UNDER HER COMBINED MAN AND ROCKET POWER...
THE RIVER BANK, ADMIRAL... WHEN WE HIT THE BANK, OUR PROPS MIGHT SNAG!
OF COURSE, LEE! HAVE ALL HEAVY CARGO SHIFTED INTO THE BOW HOLDS! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE HER NOSE HEAVY!

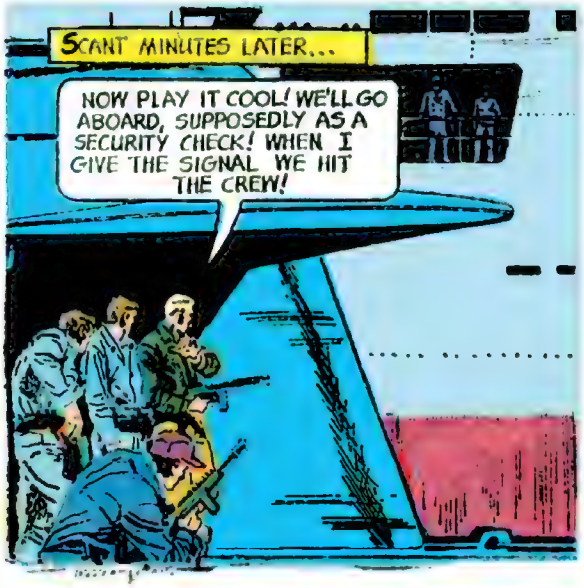

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, A FINAL BURST OF JET POWER NOSES THE SEAVIEW INTO THE DEEP-RUNNING RIVER AND...
GOOD WORK, MEN! ALL HANDS ABOARD!

WHEN THE SEAVIEW HAS BEEN MADE SHIP-SHAPE FOR CRUISING...
THANK YOU, MANUEL! THE CREW OF THE SEAVIEW WILL NEVER FORGET YOUR ASSISTANCE...
IT WAS ZE PLEASURE, SENOR ADMIRAL NELSON!

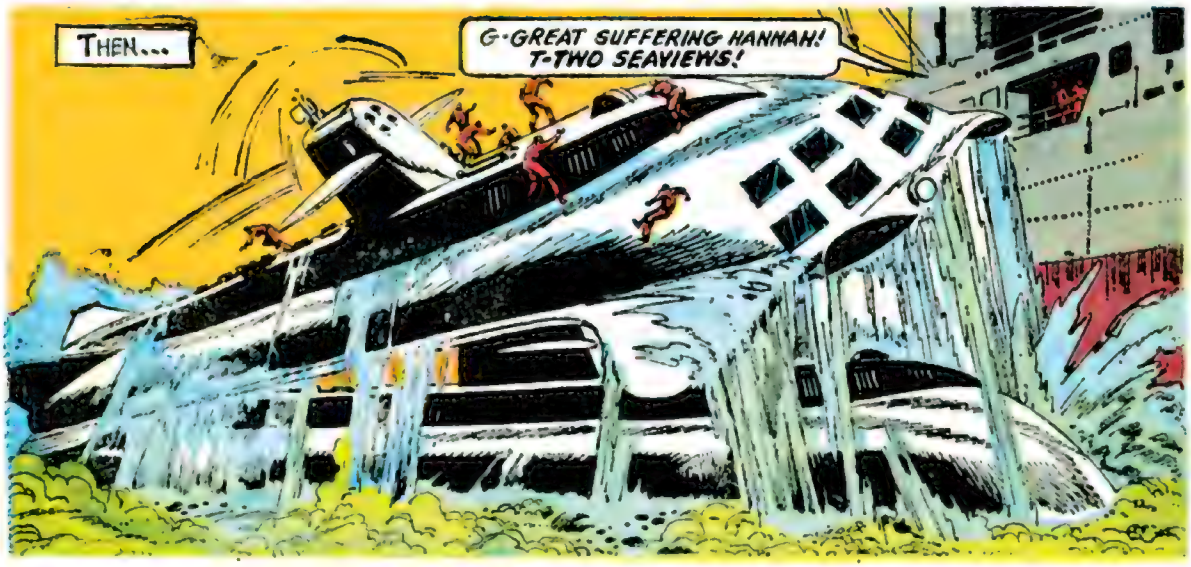
AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS THE MIGHTY VESSEL SURFACE RUN AT TOP SPEED...
THERE'S OUR RENDEZVOUS SPOT AND THERE'S OUR TREASURE-LADEN FREIGHTER! BUT WHERE'S THE DUMMY SEAVIEW? SHE CERTAINLY WASN'T MADE TO REALLY DIVE!

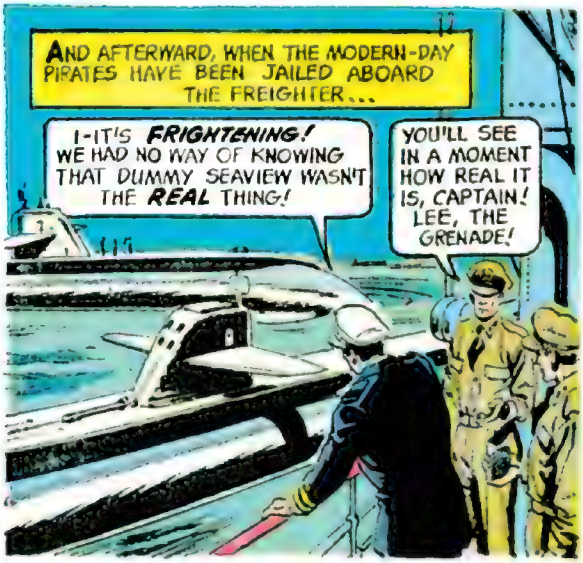

SUDDENLY...
THERE SHE IS, SIR... ON THE FREIGHTER'S WINDWARD SIDE! GREAT GOSH! SHE'S ALREADY TIED UP TO HER!

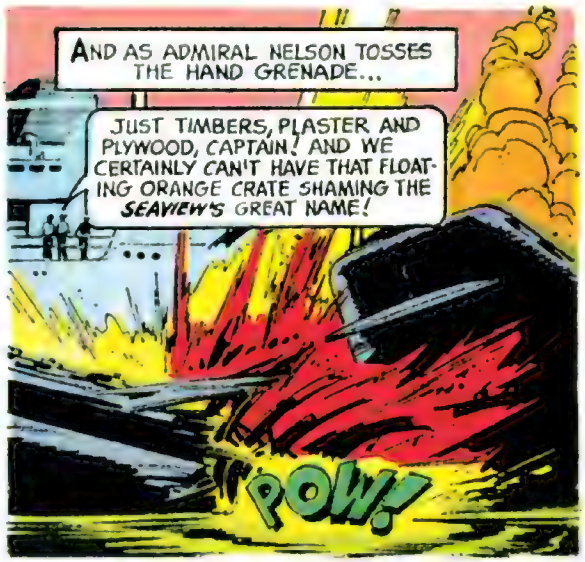
PREPARE TO DIVE!
LET'S GO BELOW, LEE! NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN!


SCANT MINUTES LATER...
NOW PLAY IT COOL! WE'LL GO ABOARD, SUPPOSEDLY AS A SECURITY CHECK! WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL WE HIT THE CREW!

SUDDENLY...
H-HUH? WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?


THEN...
G-GREAT SUFFERING HANNAH! T-TWO SEAVIEWS!

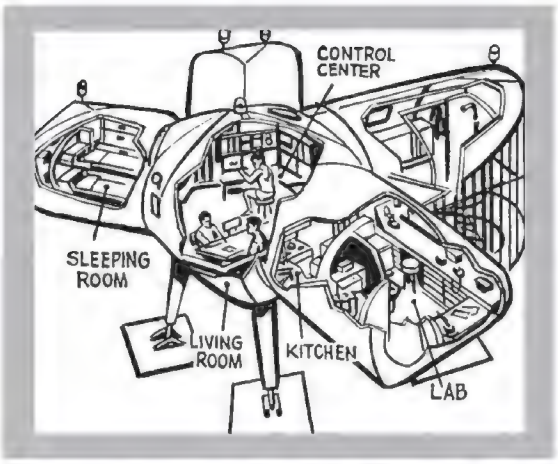

AND AFTERWARD, WHEN THE MODERN-DAY PIRATES HAVE BEEN JAILED ABOARD THE FREIGHTER...
I-IT'S FRIGHTENING! WE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT DUMMY SEAVIEW WASN'T THE REAL THING!
YOU'LL SEE IN A MOMENT HOW REAL IT IS, CAPTAIN! LEE, THE GRENADE!


AND AS ADMIRAL NELSON TOSSES THE HAND GRENADE...
JUST TIMBERS, PLASTER AND PLYWOOD, CAPTAIN! AND WE CERTAINLY CAN'T HAVE THAT FLOATING ORANGE CRATE SHAMING THE SEAVIEW'S GREAT NAME!
POW!

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

VILLAGE BENEATH THE SEA

In 1963 a group of French aquanauts spent a month in a completely equipped "village" on the floor of the Red Sea.



Headquarters was Starfish House, an underwater villa, with comfortable living quarters for 5 aquanauts.

Pigs of lead were used to weigh down the adjustable feet of Starfish House to keep the chamber from drifting.

An ultraviolet lamp provided sun bathing facilities. Each crew member sunned himself for ten minutes a day.

Watertight pressure cookers carried mail and supplies down to the aquanauts. Messengers wore clubs to ward off sharks.

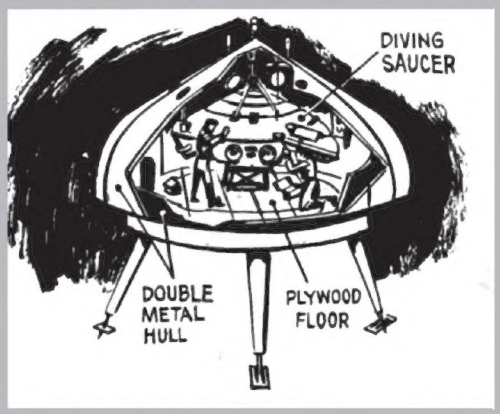
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

VILLAGE BENEATH THE SEA II

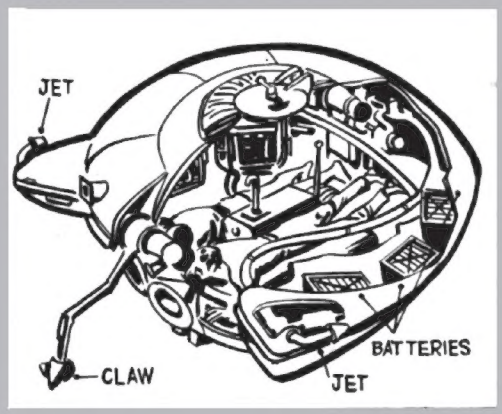
As part of the Red Sea experiment, special cabins were anchored in deeper waters. TV cameras were used to spot trouble.

A plastic paneled fish pen held captured specimens in a stockade until biologists were ready to study them.

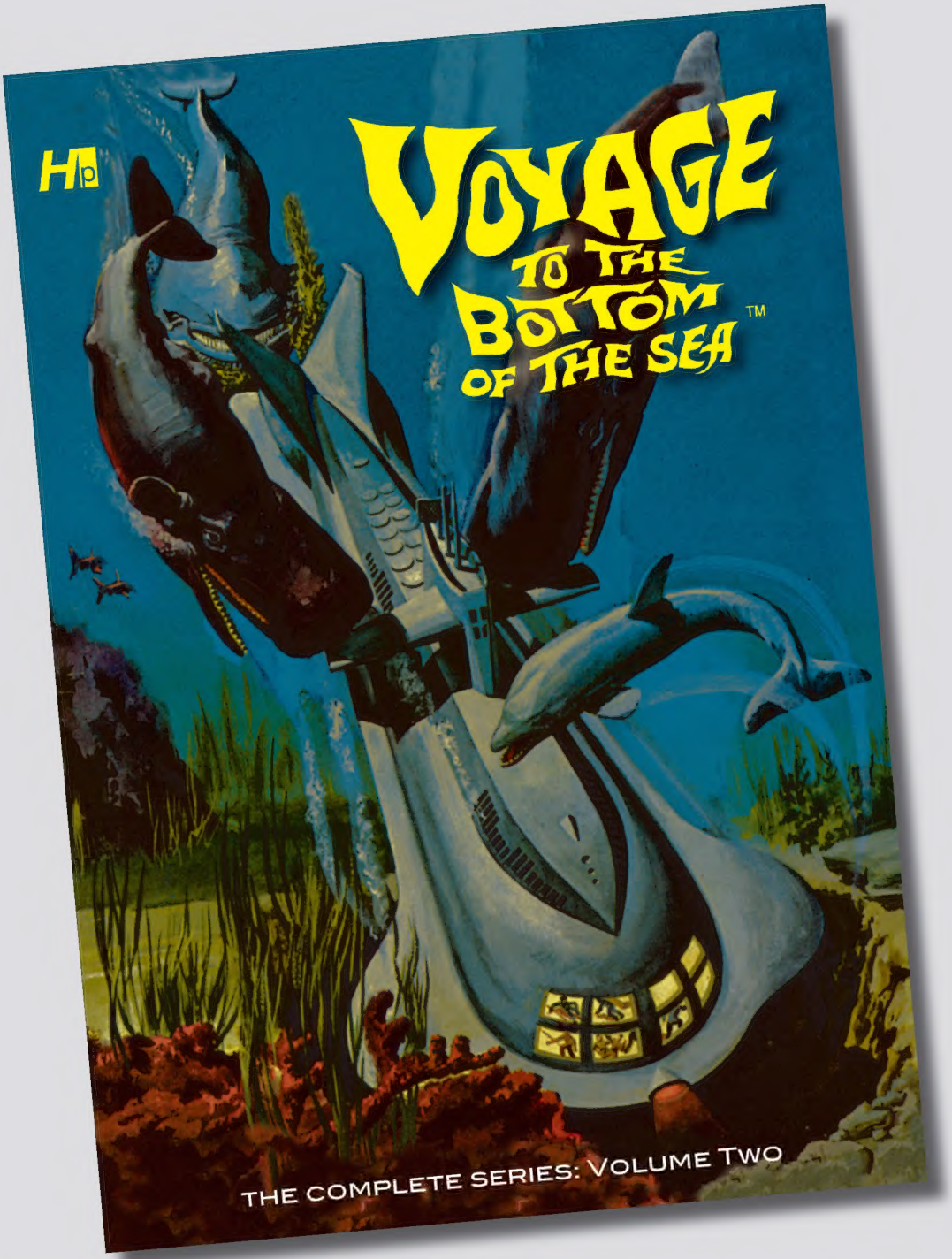
When shipped to the surface, fish were imprisoned in plastic bags. Oxygenated water kept them healthy on the trip.



The village included a double-walled, pressurized hangar on stilts. This housed the DS2—a diving saucer.



The diving saucer was used for underwater exploration. Speed and direction were controlled by water pumped through jets.



Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea returns with Volume Two, featuring the final eight issues of the series, books seven through fourteen, available in September, don't miss it! Also, look for Hermes Press' complete reprints of *The Time Tunnel* and *Land of the Giants*! Visit us at www.Hermespress.com.

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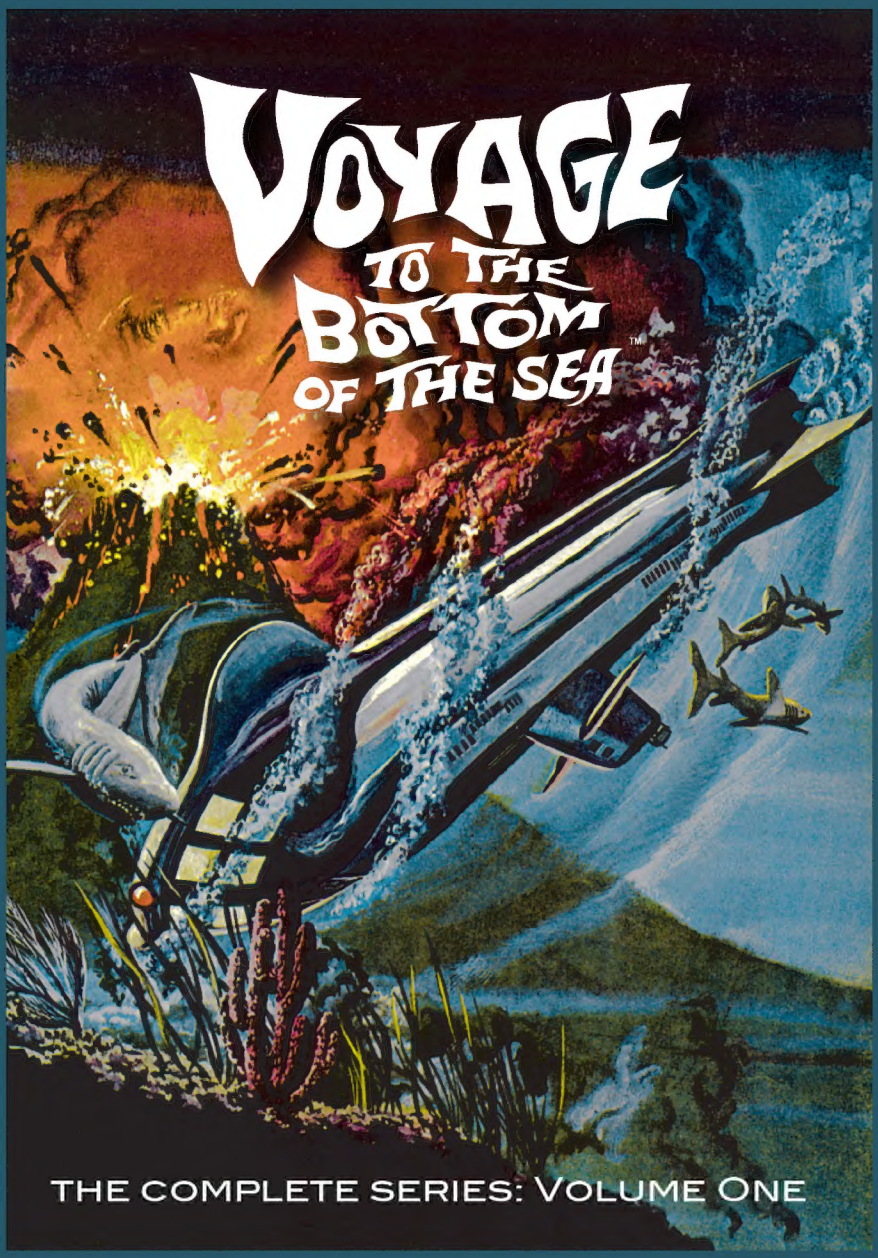

It's back, the comic book adaptation of one of the most famous and popular sci-fi television series of the 1960s: Irwin Allen's *Voyage to the Bottom of Sea*. The first of two hardcover volumes presenting reprints of the entire series of Gold Key comic books featuring Admiral Nelson, Captain Crane, and the Seaview. Featuring painted cover art by George Wilson with interior artwork by such Silver Age greats as Mike Sekowsky, George Tuska, Don Heck, and Alberto Giolitti.

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